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THE NEW YORKER

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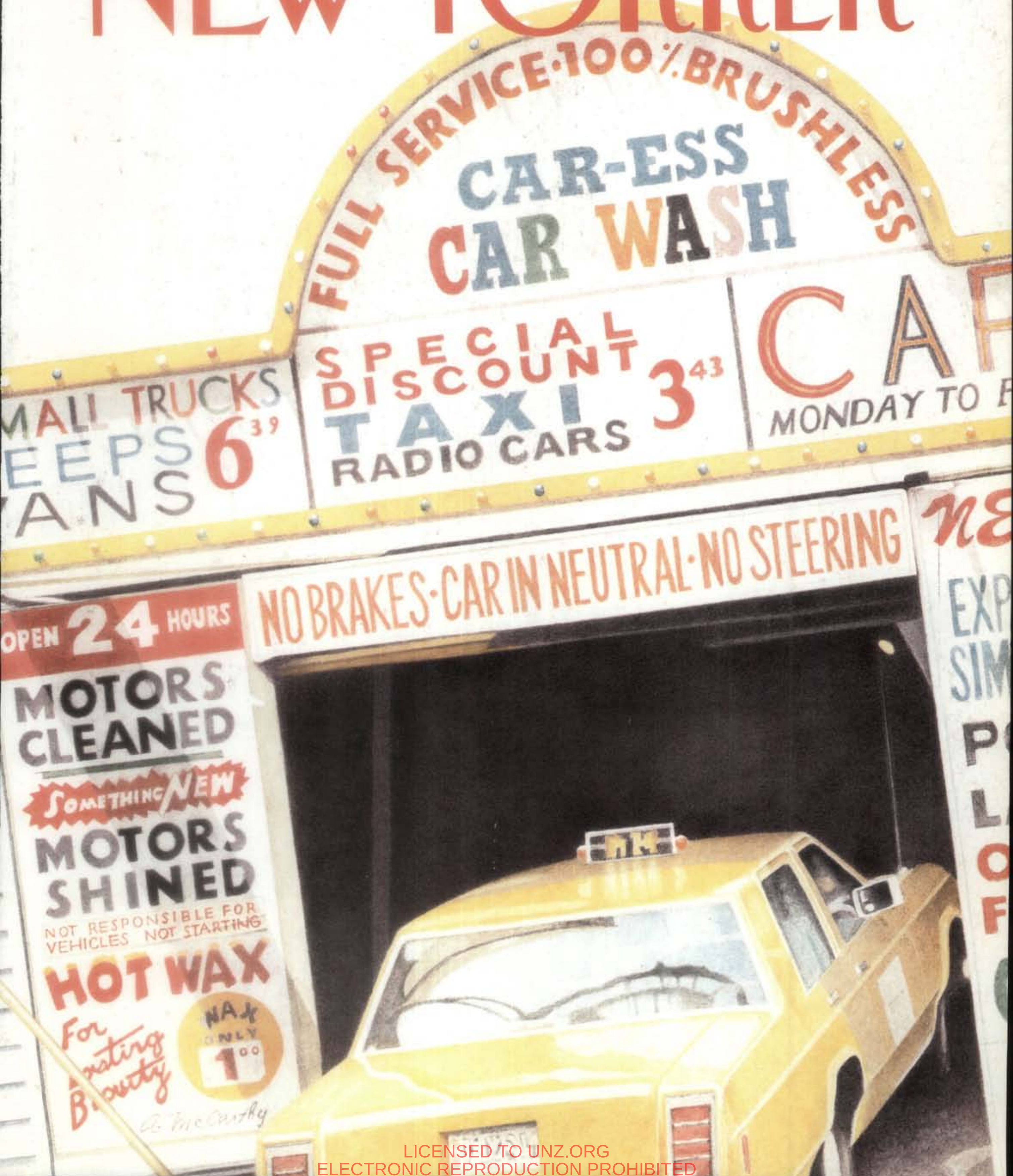
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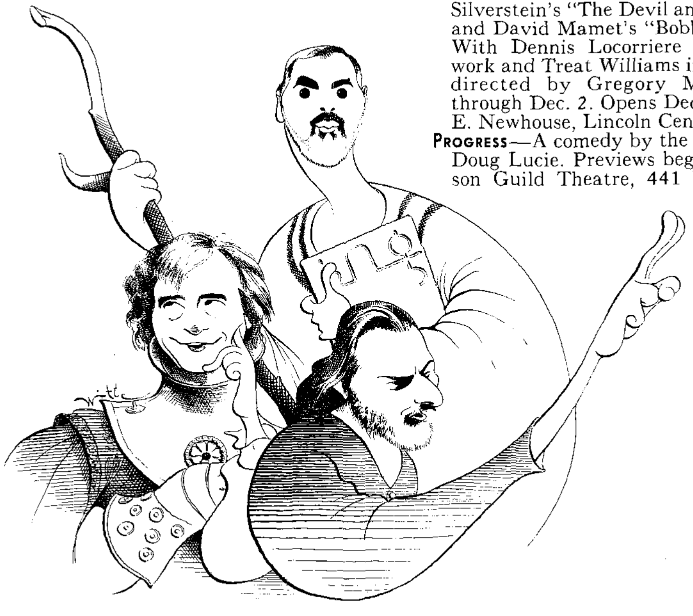
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

THE other day, we dropped by the Actors' Outlet (120 W. 28th St.), where the Atlantic Theatre Company was rehearsing its first production of the season—a revival of Stephen Poliakoff's "Strawberry Fields," directed by Scott Zigler. Poliakoff belongs to that generation of left-leaning contemporary British playwrights—David Hare, Caryl Churchill, and Howards Brenton and Barker—whose work tends to be interesting partly because of the influence of Brecht on postwar London theatre and partly because the reactionary streak in British culture and society is so deeply ingrained that to be lefty there isn't to be very lefty at all.

"Strawberry Fields" is largely about that reactionary streak: a schoolteacher (Todd Weeks) cadges a lift from a couple of members of a National Front-type organization (Mary McCann, Neil Pepe) who are on a tour of England, disseminating leaflets. When we first heard about the play we thought it sounded like "A Few Good Men," a play in which another member of the Atlantic Theatre Company, Clark Gregg, is currently giving a bang-up performance at the Music Box. Both are about a confrontation between liberal and reactionary values, but "A Few Good Men" requires actors to play into their roles: the villains must be made to seem stupid or sinister, the heroes charming and sympathetic. The point of "Strawberry Fields" is that the frightful characters—the soft-spoken English rose, the bumbling rock-concert enthusiast, the nattering housewife—seem so harmless and unthreatening. It's the schoolteacher who, until the play's turning point, seems to be menacing *them.*



Austin Pendleton in "Richard III," Frank Langella in "The Tempest," and Dustin Hoffman in "The Merchant of Venice"

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OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

(Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for schedule and ticket information.)

ARTIST DESCENDING A STAIRCASE—Tom Stoppard's play about three artists—played by Harold Gould, John McMartin, and Paxton Whitehead—and the woman they all once loved, portrayed by Stephanie Roth. Previews through Nov. 29. Opens Nov. 30 at 7. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450.)

BABA GOYA—Estelle Parsons and her daughter Martha Gehman in a revival of Steve Tesich's 1973 comedy. Directed by Harris Yulin. Previews through Dec. 3. Opens Dec. 5 at 8. (Second Stage, Broadway at 76th St. 873-6103.)

CITY OF ANGELS—James Naughton and Gregg Edelman in a musical comedy by Larry Gelbart (book), Cy Coleman (score), and David Zippel (lyrics). Directed by Michael Blakemore. In previews. (Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-0102.)

DR. JEKYLL & MR. HYDE—Georg Osterman's version of the strange case, presented by the Ridiculous Theatrical Company. With Mr. Osterman, Everett Quinton, and Eureka, among others. In previews. (Charles Ludlam Theatre, One Sheridan Square. 691-2271.)

HYDE IN HOLLYWOOD—A play by Peter Parnell, with Robert Joy and Keith Szarabajka, which is the season opener for Playwrights Horizons. Directed by Gerald Gutierrez. Preview on Nov. 28. Opens Nov. 29 at 8. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 279-4200.)

KATE'S DIARY—A short comedy by Kathleen Tolan, with Lizbeth Mackay. Opens Nov. 28 at 8. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150.)

LOTTO—A comedy by Glenn O'Brien, directed by Carlos Almada. The cast includes Bill Rice, Thomas Voth, and Jenny Lumet. Opens Nov. 30 at 8. (La Mama, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710.)

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE—Dustin Hoffman heads the cast of this production, which is imported from the West End and directed by Sir Peter Hall. Also with Geraldine James, Leigh Lawson, and Nathaniel Parker. Previews begin Nov. 29. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0102.)

MY CHILDREN! MY AFRICA!—John Kani, Courtney B. Vance, and Lisa Fugard in the American première of a play written and directed by Athol Fugard. Previews begin Dec. 2. (Perry Street Theatre, 31 Perry St. 279-4200.)

OH, HELL—A double bill consisting of Shel Silverstein's "The Devil and Billy Markham" and David Mamet's "Bobby Gould in Hell." With Dennis Locorriere in the Silverstein work and Treat Williams in the Mamet; both directed by Gregory Mosher. Previews through Dec. 2. Opens Dec. 3 at 7:30. (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)

PROGRESS—A comedy by the British playwright Doug Lucie. Previews begin Nov. 29. (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 760-9810.)

ROMANCE IN HARD TIMES—Lillias White and Cleavant Derricks star in William Finn's musical, which is set in a nineteen-thirties soup kitchen. In previews. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150.)

THE TENTH MAN—A revival of Paddy Chayefsky's 1959 play, directed by Ulu Grosbard. The large cast includes Phoebe Cates, Bob Dishy, and Jack Weston. In previews. (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)

TRU—Robert Morse in a one-man play about Truman Capote, written and directed by Jay Presson Allen. Previews begin Dec. 2. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

UP AGAINST IT—A musical based on a screenplay that Joe Orton wrote for the Beatles in 1967. Adapted by Tom Ross, with music and lyrics by Todd Rundgren. Previews through Dec. 3. Opens Dec. 4 at 8. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150.)

NEW THIS SEASON

BRIGHTNESS—A new work by Ping Chong. With five actors, three of whom have nonspeaking roles. (La Mama Annex, 66 E. 4th St. 475-7710. Closes Dec. 3.)

CHRIS DURANG & DAWNE—Mr. Durang and company play Tuesdays through Thursdays at 10:30. (Criterion Cabaret, Broadway at 45th St. 239-6200.)

THE CIRCLE—Rex Harrison, Glynis Johns, and Stewart Granger have the leads in a revival of Somerset Maugham's romantic comedy. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 239-6200.)

CLOSER THAN EVER—This charmer amounts to an anthology of songs and sketches by Richard Maltby, Jr. (words), and David Shire (music), as sung and performed by Brent Barrett, Sally Mayers, Richard Muenz, and Lynne Wintersteller. They are a gifted quartet, and lucky to have such attractive, humorous, and tender songs to sing and words to speak. That there is no amplification is an extra boon. (11/13/89) (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020.)

FEAST HERE TONIGHT—A musical by Ken and Daniel Jenkins, which is set in a small Kentucky town. The cast includes two bluegrass musicians, Don Brooks and Kenny Kosek. (Vineyard Theatre, 108 E. 15th St. 353-3874.)

A FEW GOOD MEN—"Mister Roberts" meets "The Mary Tyler Moore Show." Aaron Sorkin's military-courtroom drama treats issues like justice, honor, loyalty, and morality with the slick, facile smugness of a half-hour comedy series, but the performances, by an ace cast under Don Scardino's direction, are wonderful. (11/27/89) (Music Box, 239 W 45th St. 239-6200.)

GRAND HOTEL—The dazzling imagination of Tommy Tune's direction and choreography and the dazzling scenery by Tony Walton almost make up for the inner vacancy of this show, but not quite. The story and characters are skimpy and the music undistinguished. Nevertheless, there isn't a boring moment. (11/27/89) (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-0102.)

GYPSY—Tyne Daly stars in this revival of the 1959 musical. The score is by Jule Styne, the lyrics are by Stephen Sondheim, and the book is by Arthur Laurents, who is the director of this production. (Reviewed in this issue.) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 246-0102.)

THE LADY IN QUESTION—Charles Busch's new play, set in Germany during the Second World War, is the perfect entertainment for a cool autumn evening. It's less pointedly a parody of one genre or movie than his last work, "Psycho Beach Party," was, and more a travesty of an entire week's worth of TNT programming, compressed into a single evening of theatre. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477.)

THE LISBON TRAVIATA—This superb production of Terrence McNally's play about two fanatical opera aficionados (Anthony Heald and Nathan Lane) was staged by John Tillinger, and originated at the Manhattan Theatre Club. Since its run there, McNally has recast the ending so as to make it more plausible, less melodramatic. The result is that the serious second half (in which we get a life-behind-the-façade look at one of the characters from the comic first act) now bears out McNally's over-all point, which is something about the unrealistic, contrived, and upper-register level on which these characters live. (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313.)

LOVE LETTERS—A. R. Gurney's two-character play, with Jane Curtin and Edward Herrmann Nov. 28-Dec. 3, and with Nancy Marchand and Fritz Weaver starting Dec. 5. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 302-2302.)

MASTERGATE—Larry Gelbart's comedy, which takes off from the Iran-Contra hearings,

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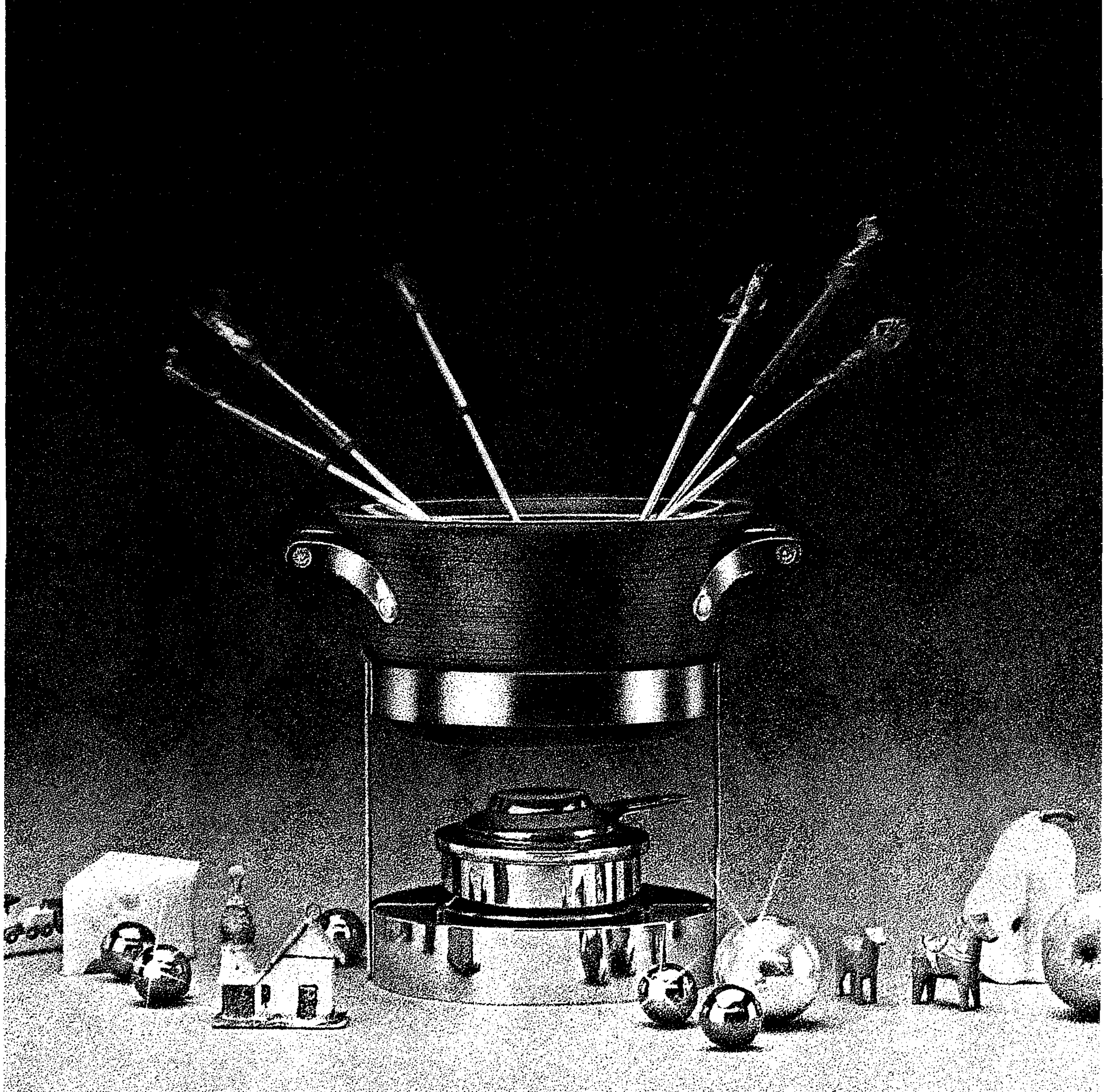

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THE THEATRE—Cont'd

doesn't quite achieve satire, but it does make for quite a lot of good jokes. The performance, under Michael Engler's direction, is excellent. (10/23/89) (Criterion Center Stage Right, Broadway at 45th St. 239-6200.)

Meet Me in St. Louis—If you like the old M-G-M musical, you probably won't like this stage version, which combines the earnest, wholesome values of the movie with an aesthetic of surpassing vulgarity. In any case, why see the show when you can rent the movie? (11/20/89) (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 246-0102.)

Mountain Language and The Birthday Party—This Pinter double bill, directed by Carey Perloff, offers a chance to see the work of the much lionized British playwright as it should be produced. The first play is an American première, the second a revival of the production CSC presented last year, with one notable cast change—Jean Stapleton in the role of Meg. The actors, with the exception of Peter Riegert, are all superb, particularly Miss Stapleton and David Strathairn, who give brilliantly complex performances. (CSC, 136 E. 13th St. 677-4210.)

Orpheus Descending—A chaotic production of Tennessee Williams' ramshackle play about the passionate love affair between an Italian immigrant woman and a young man who goes from town to town, in the South, guitar in hand, making trouble. Vanessa Redgrave, though hardly convincing in the leading role, is certainly arresting. (10/9/89) (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 246-0102.)

Richard III—Austin Pendleton has the title role in this production by the Riverside Shakespeare Company. (West-Park Presbyterian Church, Amsterdam Ave. at 86th St. 877-6810. Closes Dec. 10.)

Strawberry Fields—A revival of Stephen Poliakoff's play, with Mary McCann, Neil Pepe, Karen Kohlhaas, and Todd Weeks. (Actors' Outlet, 120 W. 28th St. 529-1646. Closes Dec. 10.)

Sweeney Todd—Bob Gunton and Beth Fowler in the York Theatre Company's production of the Sondheim musical. Susan H. Schulman is the director. (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200.)

The Tempest—As an experiment, the English director Jude Kelly has staged the play as if it had been written yesterday, but without skimping on any of its eloquence. Frank Langella is Prospero, and B. D. Wong is Ariel. (11/27/89) (Roundabout, 100 E. 17th St. 420-1883. Closes Dec. 12.)

HIGH SIGHTS

If the scenery you like is urban, hop on a Brooklyn-to-Manhattan train that crosses the East River on the Manhattan Bridge. Fellini, master of the grand and the fantastical, might have invented this two-and-a-half-to-four-minute ride. An instant after you lift off on the Brooklyn side, you sail into a world of urban roofscapes. Forget the patio-in-the-sky, complete with grill, outdoor chairs, and weatherproof neon-green turf. Consider instead the mysterious, hole-filled white boards staring out from a water tower, looking like overblown ticker tapes waiting to be deciphered. Consider the mosaic design that circles a smokestack in carefully patterned black and tan brick. Then you are out over the East River, with a view of the water that might still prompt the rise of an East River School. Then you are heading down into Manhattan, sliding across Chinatown, and sometimes you can see a scaffold with crisscrossing shapes that echo Chinese pictographs. Then you are back in Gotham's underworld.

This airy trip is good year-round. Take the B, the D, or the Q.

3 Penny Opera—Kurt Weill and Bertolt Brecht's savage fable of bourgeois capitalism packaged as a vehicle for a rock star. Were it not for the casting of Sting in the role of Macheath, John Dexter's revival would be exactly like a school production. (11/20/89) (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 246-0102.)

The Widow's Blind Date—Israel Horovitz's very well-written recent play tells a story about two men and a woman in their mid-thirties who are former high-school classmates, and about an act of brutal violence that took place many years before and involved all of them. This moderately interesting tale is very well played by Christine Estabrook, Tom Bloom, and Paul O'Brien, but the men are bores. Mr. Horovitz directed. (11/20/89) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330.)

LONG RUNS

BLACK AND BLUE: An evening of classic blues and jazz, conceived, designed, and directed by Claudio Segovia and Héctor Orezzoli, who created "Tango Argentino" in a similarly commemorative but far less visually opulent style. Musicians of renown have been assembled, and while Ruth Brown, Linda Hopkins, and Carrie Smith sing, Bunny Briggs, Jimmy Slyde, and a troupe of hoofers young and old give the tap-dance subculture a workout. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 246-0102.) . . . **CATS:** Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction and to John Napier's sets and costumes. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200.) . . . **DRIVING MISS DAISY:** Frances Sternhagen and Arthur French star in Alfred Uhry's play, which tells of the growing attachment of a cranky old woman in Atlanta to her black chauffeur. Directed by Ron Lagomarsino. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 564-8038.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** The longest-running long run turned twenty-nine this year. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838.) . . . **FORBIDDEN BROADWAY 1989:** A source of continual merriment, this revue is a cluster of parodies of shows along the Great White Way. Gerard Alessandrini conceived and directed it, and wrote the witty, barbed lyrics. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. 838-9090.) . . . **THE HEIDI CHRONICLES:** Wendy Wasserstein's play looks at first glance like standard baby-boom playwriting fare, but some alchemical combination of graceful-mindedness and good writing enables her to capture, lampoon, and transcend her generation all at the same time. With Christine Lahti. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200.) . . . **JEROME ROBBINS' BROADWAY:** A collection of high spots from "On the Town," "Billion Dollar Baby," "High Button Shoes," "The King and I," "Peter Pan," "West Side Story," "Gypsy," "A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum," and "Fiddler on the Roof," all of which were choreographed or directed, or both, by Jerome Robbins. Whether Robbins' era—the fifties—was your generation or your parents', this is the show for you. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200.) . . . **THE KATHY AND MO SHOW: PARALLEL LIVES:** Comedy skits and vignettes about gender and its role in society, written and performed by Kathy Najimy and Mo Gaffney. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394.) . . . **LEND ME A TENOR:** The setting of this farce by Ken Ludwig is a hotel suite in Cleveland in 1934, where a famous tenor who is booked to sing "Otello" takes an overdose of barbiturates. A substitute must be found. Under Jerry Zaks' direction, all the surprises up the dramatist's sleeve are brought to comic life. Philip Bosco, Victor Garber, and Tovah Feldshuh are among the members of the splendid cast. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200.) . . . **M. BUTTERFLY:** Tony Randall and A. Mapa in David Henry Hwang's funny, mysterious, and often beautiful play. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220.) . . . **ME AND MY GIRL:** An infelicitously rehabilitated British musical out of the thirites. (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 246-0102.) . . . **LES MISÉRABLES:** The stars of this musical adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel are John Napier's settings and David Hersey's lighting. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200.) . . . **NUNSENSE:** A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321.) . . . **ONLY KIDDING!:** Jim Geoghan's comedy about standup comedians, in all their panic and desperation, has the ring of authenticity, and jokes that invariably pay off. With Ralph Macchio. (5/29/89) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394.) . . . **OTHER PEOPLE'S MONEY:** Jerry Sterner's comedy about a New York stockbroker's attempt to take over a decorous New England business maintains its suspense from beginning to end. With Kevin Conway and Mercedes Ruehl. (Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000.) . . . **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA:** The much ballyhooed Andrew Lloyd Webber musical is fun—if you're not bothered by theatre that cares not a whit for words and contains not one ghost of an idea. Except for the sets, everything about the show is negligible. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200.) . . . **RUMORS:** This farce about a party to celebrate a couple's tenth anniversary (the host and hostess are mysteriously absent) may well be the funniest play that Neil Simon has written. Directed by Gene Saks. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200.) . . . **STEEL MAGNOLIAS:** This first play by Robert Harling takes place in a beauty shop in a small town in Louisiana and consists mainly of the often amusing, wisecracking chatter of the proprietress, her assistant, and four steady customers. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 246-0102.)

DANCE

A FEW weeks ago, we went to Hunter College for an invigorating daylong workshop in dances of the ragtime period (from the eighteen-nineties through the First World War). The teacher was the dance historian Elizabeth Aldrich, who seems to know everything that can be taught about what two people would do in a ballroom from the seventeenth century on. In the case of ragtime, she elucidated much that had always puzzled us—how the striding one-step differs from the chasing two-step, how the grizzly bear differs from the turkey trot, and what the Sam Hill a maxixe is. When she showed us the Castle walk, we suddenly had to see the movie "The Story of Vernon and Irene Castle," with Fred and Ginger in the title roles. We two-stepped home and flipped on the VCR, and we could *see* the Castles, through Fred and Ginger, performing every step we had just learned, from the grapevine to the Yale position, though in scintillating double time.

Hunter will take on Fred Astaire directly on December 6, from 3:10 to 5:10 P.M., with a film/lecture analyzing his choreography. The speaker is John Mueller, author of the exhaustive compendium "Astaire Dancing: The Musical Films," and professor of dance history at the University of Rochester, where he also teaches political science and heads the Dance Film Archive. Mr. Mueller's favorite Astaire dance films are "Swing Time," "The Sky's the Limit," and (lamentably) "The Belle of New York," but he told us that "virtually every Astaire film has at least one great dance." Astaire, he went on to say, is one of the master artists of the twentieth century, and even if we didn't already agree Mr. Mueller's focussed, knowledgeable, and enthusiastic lecturing style would long ago have persuaded us.

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DANCE–Cont'd

New York City Ballet—Performances of "The Nutcracker" are being presented through Dec. 31. (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Nov. 30-Dec. 1 at 8, Dec. 2 at 2 and 8, Dec. 3 at 1 and 5, and Dec. 5-6 at 6. The season continues through Feb. 25.)

Joffrey Ballet—The engagement concludes with "The Nutcracker." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-7907. Nov. 28 at 7:30, Nov. 29 at 2 and 7:30, Nov. 30-Dec. 1 at 7:30, and Dec. 2 at 2 and 7:30.)

Erick Hawkins Dance Company—A one-week engagement by this seventeen-member troupe. Nov. 28 at 7:30: "Today, with Dragon," "New Moon" (première), and "Cantilever Two." . . . ¶ Nov. 29 at 8: "Today, with Dragon," "God the Reveller," and "Cantilever Two." . . . ¶ Nov. 30 at 8: "New Moon," "Parson Weems and the Cherry Tree, Etc.," and "Hurrah!" . . . ¶ Dec. 1 at 8: "Today, with Dragon," "God the Reveller," and "Hurrah!" . . . ¶ Dec. 2 at 2: "Hurrah!," "God the Reveller," and "Parson Weems and the Cherry Tree, Etc." . . . ¶ Dec. 2 at 8: "New Moon," "God the Reveller," and "Cantilever Two." . . . ¶ Dec. 3 at 2 and 7:30: "New Moon," "Parson Weems and the Cherry Tree, Etc.," and "Cantilever Two." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800.)

Stephan Koplowitz and Company—Presenting the New York première of "I Met Someone" and other works. (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Nov. 30-Dec. 2 at 8, and Dec. 3 at 3. Through Dec. 10.)

Rod Rodgers Dance Company—In "Echoes of Ellington" and other repertory works. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Dec. 1 at 8. For information about tickets, call 353-4196.)

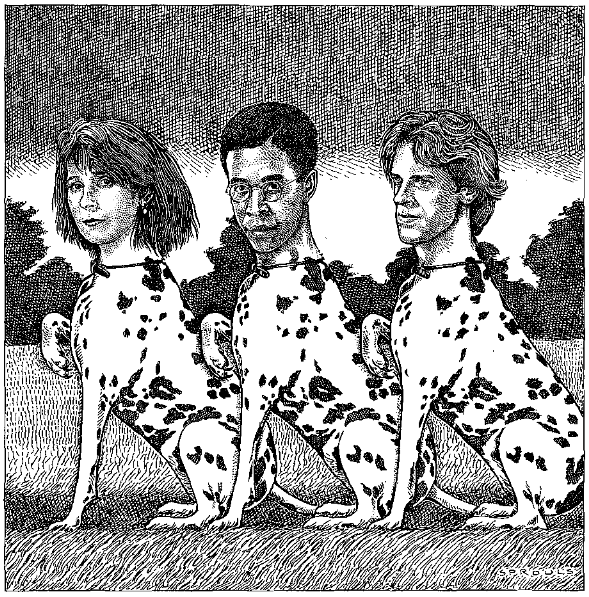
Saeko Ichinohe and Company—Presenting traditional and contemporary Japanese dances. (Asia Society, Park Ave. at 70th St. 517-2742. Dec. 2 at 3 and 8.)

Zenon Dance—A Minneapolis company, also known as Jazzdance, which is directed by Linda Z. Andrews and Danny Buraczeski. (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Dec. 5 at 7:30 and Dec. 6 at 8. Through Dec. 10.)

NIGHT LIFE

"MANIC DEPRESSION" arranged for piano, trombone, and percussion? "Little Wing" for solo saxophone? Jimi Hendrix fans may wonder what's going on when they hear the late guitar hero's songs performed at Town Hall on December 1. The concert, entitled "If I Could Get That Sound," isn't so much a Hendrix tribute as a set of eclectic, playful interpretations of Hendrix compositions, and the musicians involved are hardly your typical rockers. The core group, responsible for most of the arrangements, comprises four young musicians—the pianist Geri Allen, the guitarist Jean-Paul Bourelly, the trombonist Craig Harris, and the saxophonist Julius Hemphill—who are versed in jazz, blues, and more experimental idioms. (All told, there will be twenty musicians on hand.)

The show was conceived by the producer Craig Dennis Street, who told us recently, "I got the idea of doing this project when I realized how many people outside the rock genre claim Hendrix as a major influence. Toward the end of his life, Hendrix spent time hanging out with jazz musicians—people like Miles Davis and Gil Evans. Evans over the years incorporated a lot of Hendrix material into his music, and even recorded an album of Hendrix songs." In search of lesser-known material, Street got permission from the Hendrix estate to rummage through old studio tapes, and one of the songs he chose for this show was never released. We asked him how he thought Hendrix fans would react to hearing their idol's songs scored for, say, four brass and a harmonica. "I'm sure there will be people who'll be mad," he said. "But I think that Hendrix would have liked the idea of playing with his songs—of making them into a tango or a march. He liked to push things to their limit."



Animal Logic at the Ritz

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—In the lobby, people come and go talking of the Forty-fourth Street Marching and Chowder Club, which used to meet here, and of Lerner and Loewe, who knocked out "My Fair Lady" here, and of **MARY CLEERE HARAN,** who is singing in the woody nook known as the Oak Room beginning Nov. 28; shows at nine-fifteen. From Nov. 29, **LILIANE MONTEVECCHI** will be following Ms. Haran with an eleven-fifteen performance. Music Tuesdays through Saturdays. Dining.

Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—A big, soigné cabaret on the edge of Chelsea, in the heart of the fur and fashion-student districts. **EARTHA KITT,** a singer whose vocal style is part human, part feline, is appearing through Dec. 2. Her shows are Tuesday through Thursday at nine, and Friday and Saturday at nine and eleven.

Birdland, 2745 Broadway, at 105th St. (749-2228)—The jazz personnel turns over nearly every night at this airy, loftlike restaurant-bar, in the gray zone between Zabar's and Columbia. Some may cry gentrification at the sight of the pastel walls, the potted greenery, and the bar crowded with Frascati sippers, but the floor-to-ceiling windows make for some fine Broadway-viewing. **GEORGE COLEMAN,** the fiery Memphis reedman who has teamed up with the likes of B. B. King and Miles Davis, takes over the bandstand Nov. 30-Dec. 2. Music from nine Sundays through Thursdays and from nine-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—A jazz club that would be a perfect stop on a bus tour (there's even a souvenir shop that sells Kodak film). It's a good idea to make a reservation and show up well in advance. An outfit belonging to **JACK DEJOHNETTE,** a Chicago-born drummer who has been under the influence of Max Roach and Tony Williams, shares the bill with saxophonist **ARTHUR BLYTHE'S** quartet Nov. 28-Dec. 3. The pianist, composer, and crossover king **CHICK COREA** leads a group here as of Dec. 5. First set at nine. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A big, pleasant room where they pack them in until someone says uncle. The walls and columns are basic black with some rainbow detailing here and there—the place looks a little like the outside of a van. If you end up without a seat, you can stand at the bar without fear—finally, a club where they don't force you to drink. **DANIEL LANOIS**—producer of U2's "The Joshua Tree" and Peter Gabriel's "So," two of *Rolling Stone's* favorite eighties albums—comes in on Nov. 30 to promote a record of his own, a début offering called "Acadie." The **ROCHES,** three groovy folk sisters who sing in close three-part harmony, will be here Dec. 1-2. **A FLOCK OF SEAGULLS** perform on Dec. 5, and **TREVOR RABIN** follows them on Dec. 6. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Burgers, fries, and other things to make your heart beat faster.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A neighborhood bar, tucked between a D'Agostino supermarket and a greengrocery. In 1969, when the late Bradley Cunningham and a partner bought it, it was called the Stirrup. Its light is distinctive, something between dim generic tavern light and refined haze; its patrons are famously gabby; its piano, which Paul Desmond bequeathed to Mr. Cunningham, has been played by many first-rate musicians, including Jimmy Rowles, Tommy Flanagan, and Dave McKenna. Pianist **JOHN HICKS** is in good company here through Dec. 3; on Dec. 4 **JOANNE BRACKEEN** goes to the bench for a week-long gig with bassist **CECIL MC BEE.** Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

Carlos I, 432 Sixth Ave., at 10th St. (982-3260)—The "great savory *pot au feu* called New York" (in the words of the great romantic Duke Ellington) has loads of West Indian restaurants, but not too many that feature name-brand jazz. The pianist **AHMAD JAMAL** is at the helm Nov. 28-Dec. 3; **HANK JONES,** a pianist who has backed up a lot of biggies—Charlie Parker, Lester Young, and Billy Holiday, to name a few—in his long and illustrious career, swings into action on Dec. 5. Music from nine-thirty.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The Café Carlyle, a small, well-upholstered room decorated with quaint Marcel Vertès murals (a nude at her easel, a leaping poodle), is a place where time stands still. Singer and pianist **BOBBY SHORT,** who played here in 1968, liked it, and decided to stay, is in action Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. For those who plan ahead, Mr. Short's stay here will end during the wee hours of the New Year. . . . ¶ Across the hall, in a bar whose pillars and walls are decorated with Ludwig Bemelmans park scenes (a man and his bulldog, rabbity creatures at play, schoolchildren and a nun), **BARBARA CARROLL** is at the piano from nine-forty-five Tuesdays through Saturdays.

Cat Club, 76 E. 13th St. (505-0090)—This room, which caters to thrash-metal buffs and cooler heads on weeknights, opens its doors on Sundays to swing-music fans, most of whom come to Lindy. The dancers are young, old, middle-aged, semi-pro, one hundred per cent amateur, happy, earnest, in love; shoe styles (men's) run from white bucks to clodhoppers to gleaming patent-leather jobs. On Dec. 3, the New York Swing Dance Society, which sponsors these events, is throwing a seventieth-birthday bash for Norma Miller, who, as a member of Whitey's Lindy Hoppers in the thirties and forties, helped put the Lindy on the map. The Ray Abrams band will provide the music. Activities from eight to midnight.

Delta 88, 332 Eighth Ave., at 26th St. (924-3499)—A long, rambling bar and restaurant with a white-trash-chicken-shack theme. The decorator went kind of hog-wild with all the old filling-station and soft-drink signs and the hubcaps and the dime-store portrait of the

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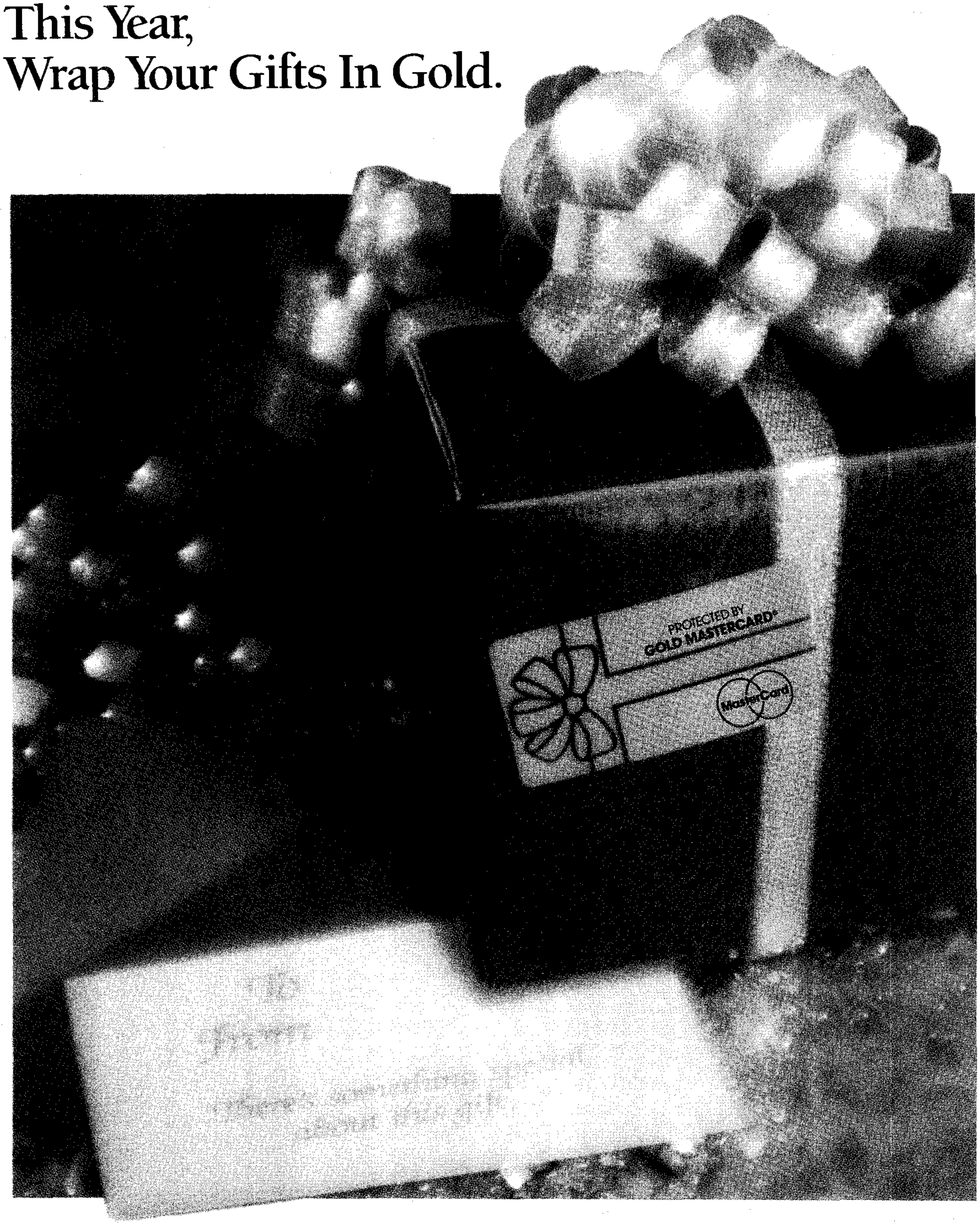

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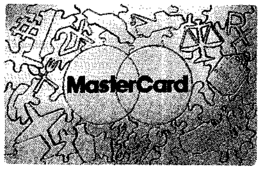

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Enough Information About Scotch To Order A Drink.

You're thirsty for Scotch and water. But if you just say "Scotch and water," you're taking a chance on mediocrity. Say "Ballantine's and water," and you'll get a smooth, mellow, smoky Scotch with a hint of Island peat and a breath of Highland smoke. Your water will taste a lot better, too.

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THE TRUE TASTE OF SCOTCH.

Ballantine

Ballantine's Blended Scotch Whisky 43% Alc./Vol. (86 proof). ©1989 Maidstone Wine & Spirits Inc., Los Angeles, CA.

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ENOUGH INFORMATION ABOUT SCOTCH TO HAVE A CONVERSATION.

You're out on the town with a friend. But you hesitate before ordering the same old Scotch.

Peering over the bar, you spot a bottle of Ballantine's Finest.

"Hmm. I haven't had that in a while."

"One of the better blends," your friend says. "Number one in Europe."

So you order Ballantine's and water.

"It has 42 different single malts in it," he says.

"Really? Does that matter?"

"Only if you like your Scotch to be smooth."

You take a sip.

"It is smooth. How come it tastes smoky?"

Your friend explains, "That's from Highland single malts in the blend. Taste it again. It has an earthy flavor, too."

You do and it does.

"That's peat. From the Scottish islands. See, with blended Scotch, the single malts are married together to enhance each other. But you can still taste the individual flavors."

"You know too much. How am I supposed to keep up with that?"

"We have time," he says. "Another round?"

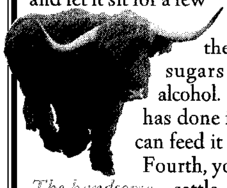
Ballantine's

THE TRUE TASTE OF SCOTCH.

ENOUGH INFORMATION ABOUT SCOTCH TO OPEN A DISTILLERY.

Aristotle. He would have enjoyed Ballantine's.

Some people are cut out to run a distillery. Some aren't.



The handsome Highland cattle.

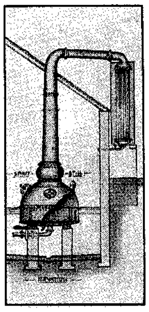
First, you need water. Scotland has more than enough, because it rains so much. And the best, because on its way to the burns and lochs, Scottish water is naturally filtered and purified as it flows through granite or peat.

Second, you need peat. Peat, to put it delicately, is a layer of compressed vegetable matter covering about 1,700,000 acres in Scotland. That's 11% of the entire country. That's a lot of peat. You can taste the peat in a great Scotch like Ballantine's Finest. What you do is cut it into logs and burn it in kilns to stop the malting of your barley.

Third, you need barley. Barley is one of those grains that thrives where you might think only rocks would grow. Which is why it does so well in Scotland. You malt your barley by soaking it in water, then drying it over the peaty fire. Then you grind it, mix in hot water and let it sit for a few hours. Add a little yeast to the liquid and the sugars turn into alcohol. The barley has done its job. You can feed it to cattle.

Fourth, you need cattle. Some of the happiest cattle in the world live in Scotland. (Not to mention some of the best tasting.)

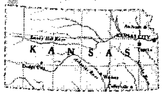
Fifth, you need a still. These are the funny looking copper pots without which there would be no Scotch. It is said that Aristotle invented distillation. But sadly, he never lived to taste a fine Scotch like Ballantine's. After distillation, you have whisky. Which longs for barrels in which to grow old.



Save your pennies for a copper still.

Sixth, you need barrels. There aren't many oak trees left in Scotland. At least not enough to age Ballantine's Finest. So you need oak barrels imported from America. Once your Scotch is in the barrels, you need to put them away for a long time.

Seventh, it helps to have an ocean. There's a refreshing scent of sea air in a select few of the single malts used in Ballantine's. Some say it creeps into barrels stored near the ocean. In any case, it adds distinction to the Scotch. It may be that Scotland is the best place to make Scotch precisely because there's no point more than 70 miles from the sea. Kansas is not a good place to make Scotch.

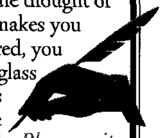


Kansas. Too far from the North Sea.

And last, you'll need patience. The only thing left to do is wait. If you want your Scotch to be part of Ballantine's Finest, you'll have to wait quite a while, because we don't blend any malt whisky younger than five years. Patience is essential when starting your own distillery. But, as you've read this far, it would seem that you have a good supply of it.

Ballantine's
FINEST
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

Whew! If the thought of all this work makes you feel a bit tattered, you might enjoy a glass of Ballantine's Finest. Maybe you don't need your own distillery after all.



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THE NEW ENGLAND PRESENTS CRAFTS THAT MIGHT HAVE GONE UNNOTICED 150 YEARS AGO.

An American Sampler

At the Wadsworth Atheneum, Hartford, Connecticut
June 14 — Sept. 3, 1989

At the New-York Historical Society, New York, New York
Oct. 3, 1989 — Jan. 7, 1990

At the Worcester Art Museum, Worcester, Massachusetts
April 15 — Aug. 5, 1990

Folk art wasn't created for museum display. In homes and atop barns and businesses, these pieces played functional, decorative roles in daily American life.

Today, interest in folk art is soaring. Credit in large part is due to Electra Havemeyer Webb, a visionary collector who founded Vermont's Shelburne Museum.

To celebrate America's artistic heritage, some of the nation's leading museums are hosting a special exhibition, *An American Sampler: Folk Art from the Shelburne Museum.*

The New England is proud to sponsor this exhibition because our corporate values so closely parallel those of the classic American craftspeople and their commitment to quality and integrity.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

King and the display of dozer caps and the shingle from the taxidermist in Spanish Fort, Alabama—but it's a friendly enough place. There's live music most nights, including Cajun crazies **LOUP GAROU**, who'll perform here on Nov. 30. Shows tend to get going after nine. Chicken-fried steak, deep-fried crawdads (a.k.a. Cajun popcorn), and other exotic Southern fare.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—There's not a lot of elbow- or headroom in this downstairs jazz club, but the musicians sometimes make you forget all about it. Pianist **MC COY TYNER** thunders in on Nov. 28 and thunders out again on Dec. 3; **ASTRUD GILBERTO**, the breathy First Lady of bossa nova, will be in residence as of Dec. 5. On Mondays, guitarist-inventor **LES PAUL**, the Thomas Edison of reverb, leads a trio. Music from eight. Dining.

Fortune Garden Pavilion, 209 E. 49th St. (753-0101)—A satisfying combination of Chinese food and homegrown music. Rubberneckers may see the moon wheeling by the greenhouse roof on its regular tour of romantic Manhattan. Pianist **ADAM MAKOWICZ** and trumpeter **WARREN VACHÉ** are in residence through Dec. 2; a trio consisting of **CLARK TERRY** (trumpet), **VICTOR GASKIN** (bass), and **MARK ELF** (guitar) takes over beginning Dec. 3. Music from eight Mondays through Saturdays, and from seven on Sundays.

J's, 2581 Broadway, at 97th St. (666-3600)—An Upper West Side jazz room, one steep flight up from the hurly-burly. Jazz people are on the premises nightly except Sundays, when a jukebox stocked with sixties rock and soul lights up. Current attractions include the **LYNN BERNSTEIN** trio on Nov. 29; seven-string guitarist **JOHN PIZZARELLI** on Nov. 30, with a trio; the Brazilian Fantasy Quartet on Dec. 4; and **VIRG DZURINKO** on Dec. 5. Music from eight Mondays through Thursdays, and from nine Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

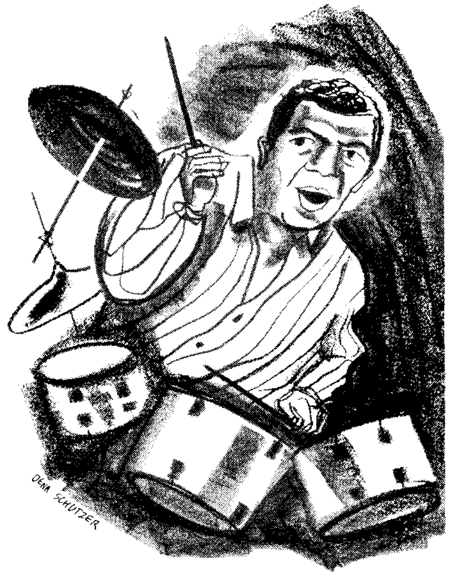
Knickerbocker, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—An Old New York kind of place, with dark-wood panelling, white tablecloths, and brass figurine lamps. The musicians gather around the Steinway that sits in the dining room, next to a brass-railed partition, but chin music is often the dominant sound. The pianist **VLADIMIR SHAFRANOV** and the guitarist **GENE BERTONCINI** team up Nov. 28-Dec. 2. Music from nine-thirty.

Lauterbach's Brooklyn Beat, 335 Prospect Ave., at Sixth Ave., Brooklyn. (1-718 788-9140)—A grungy but well-intentioned watering hole devoted to homegrown Brooklyn bands. The emphasis here is on exposed cement, although one wall is decorated with Polaroids—"St. Patty's 1980" (people in green hats and leis), "New Year's 1988-89" (people in red hats and leis). Lauterbach's microwave menu includes shepherd's pie and chicken parmigiana, but the musical menu, just as varied, is almost always a better bet.

Lone Star Roadhouse, 240 W. 52nd St. (245-2950)—The façade is a Silver Eagle bus, the kind your itinerant musician cat tools around in. The inside features some stuff you probably wouldn't find in a county-line roadhouse—like a wallful of de-luxe Gibson guitars—and some you might expect to find, like men wearing dozer caps. Most of the music—rock, country, blues—is provided by local talent. **LEON RUSSELL**—the Oklahoma-born rock superstar who, in the seventies, had a brief tenure as a country superstar—will be here Dec. 1-2. The **WORLD SAXOPHONE QUARTET** performs Dec. 6-7. Music after nine. Dining.

Maxwell's, 1039 Washington St., Hoboken. (1-201 798-4064)—A good sound system, cheap drinks, and a regular-guy atmosphere make this restaurant-bar, home of the Hoboken Sound and of the phrase "jangly guiters," a popular hangout for musicians and their followers. Manhattanites who stay through the second set will need all their Scout training to get home, but the smell of the nearby Maxwell House factory will no doubt give them a boost.

Ritz, 254 W. 54th St. (541-8900)—**ANIMAL LOGIC**, who will play here on Dec. 1, looked pretty good on paper. The project was the brainchild of **STANLEY CLARKE**, the light-fingered jazz bassist, and **STEWART COPELAND**, the former Police drummer who has ventured afield lately by composing a ballet score and an opera. In an effort to launch this pop group, Copeland and Clarke went on a "Fabulous Baker Boys" search for a female to front them. The person they found was **DEBORAH HOLLAND**, an unknown piano teacher-songwriter who had never sung in front of more than a couple hundred people. Ms. Holland has a likable voice, but the vaguely countryish songs she sings on the group's début album are heavy with clichés. Still, Copeland and Clarke form a tight, bright rhythm section, and there's some fine guitar work by Steve Howe on the record. In other Ritz-related news, French violinist and electronics buff **JEAN-LUC PONTY** will perform Dec. 6-7. Shows begin at nine Sundays through Thursdays, and at eleven Fridays and Saturdays.



Jack DeJohnette at the Blue Note

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—**PHIL WOODS**, a hard-blowing alto-sax player whose style has been likened to Charlie Parker's, sets foot in this Village temple of jazz (pressed-tin ceiling, grainy b. & w. photos of your favorite demigods, knee-to-knee seating) Nov. 28-Dec. 3. **ABDULLAH IBRAHIM**, a South African pianist, flutist, and saxophonist, and his band, **EKAYA**, will be here beginning Dec. 5, serving up a stirring blend of gospel, swing, and soul. The electrified big band that the late Gil Evans brought here on Mondays—it shimmered a little and rumbled a lot, while Evans, a hands-off conductor, let his soloists blow at length—is now under the direction of his son, trumpeter Miles Evans, and is in action on Mondays. Shows from ten. Dining.

Tramps, 43 W. 21st St. (727-7788)—The old Tramps, a small Irish pub on East 15th Street, closed its doors last year, and this new incarnation, located on a Chelsea block that's fast becoming an urban Disneyland (a pool hall, indoor miniature golf, a trendy all-night diner, Limelight around the corner), opened early this year. The new place, about the size of a roller rink, has the converted-loft-space slickness much in evidence downtown lately, but the emphasis on solid rock and blues remains.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—In the gym-size downstairs room, which, with its black walls, black pillars, and black pipes and ducts, resembles a giant Louise Nevelson sculpture, salsa bands pack them in on Mondays. The great blues guitarist and singer **ALBERT KING**, who has been at it for some fifty years, stirs things up Dec. 1-2. . . . ¶ One flight up, in the airy space known as the Terrace Bar, the **JOANNE BRACKEEN** duo works through Dec. 3. **JOHN HICKS** settles in at the piano beginning Dec. 5.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—People from all over the world descend the stairs to this ancient jazz club; many of them later emerge from it in an excited condition. Trumpeter **TOM HARRELL** leads a quintet Nov. 28-Dec. 3, and alto saxophonist **BOBBY WATSON** is here with a quintet as of Dec. 5. Mondays are prime time for **MEL LEWIS'S** big band. Music from ten.

EDGE OF NIGHT LIFE

People inside clubs distributing cards inviting you to events at other clubs are not like those hawkers selling the same kind of tickets outside. The insiders—male or female, leather clad or smock topped—all seem to have one thing in common. They're short. You don't really see them approaching; then suddenly a neon-colored cardboard rectangle is suspended in front of you, and then the hand moves on, like a moving turnstile in reverse. Early on a Saturday evening at M.K., we received invites to Limelight and to "Hot Pants Night" at the World. Later, at Mars, cards proclaiming "November Free for All" at Red Zone and the appearance of the Born Again Virgins at M.K. were magically pressed into our palms. Finally, at Horatio 113, we were visited by spirits from Mars and from the new "Boy + Boy Night" at Carmelita's. By the end of the evening, our pockets were stuffed with so much reading matter that it seemed foolish to buy the Sunday *Times.*

Before we could get a taxi, we encountered one of those hardy gentlemen who have graduated from washing windows with a squeegee dipped in water from the Ganges to racing up and down between cabs hawking the very same passes we had just got for free inside, hoping to snooker those people having yet to enter. "Where would you like to go?" he said with a smile that could get him hired by Amway, spreading a fan of cards like a weathered dealer in Vegas. Patting our pockets, we told him there wasn't anywhere we couldn't go. "Let me see those," he said. "Ah, where's your pass to the Roxy? Where's your pass to the Cat Club? Where's your pass to Emerald City? You never know where the booty is gonna be." Well, then, how much did he want for his passes? "Sorry, Jack, you should have come earlier. All my prime real estate is gone. I got left M.K. and the World." As he opened the cab door, we gave him a dollar and reminded him we already had those. "Next time, see me first. I know where it's happening. You can't trust them short folks. Can't see nothing."

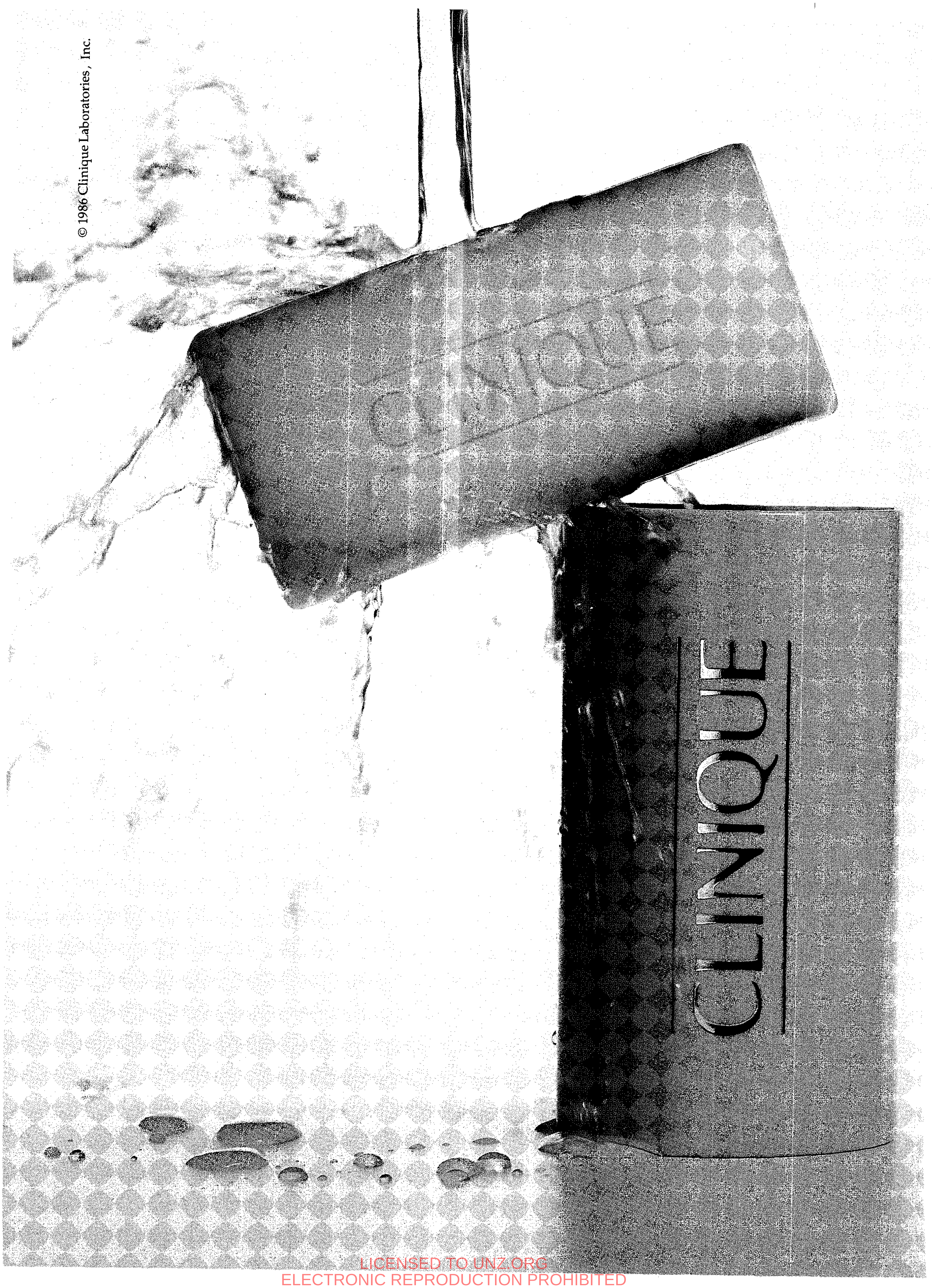
IN ANOTHER CATEGORY—PERFORMANCE ART, ETC.

Big Apple Circus—Activities under the little big top in Lincoln Center's Damrosch Park continue through Jan. 7. For ticket and schedule information, call 391-0760.

Radio City Music Hall—Performances of the "Christmas Spectacular" (with the Rockettes) continue through Jan. 3. (Sixth Ave. at 50th St. For information about show times and tickets, call 247-4777.)

Next Wave Festival—Nov. 28 at 7, Nov. 29-Dec. 2 at 8, and Dec. 3 at 3: Dance performances by Bebe Miller and Company. . . . ¶ Nov. 29-30 and Dec. 2-3 at 8: Two former members of the Velvet Underground, Lou Reed and John Cale, presenting their fourteen-part historical song cycle about Andy Warhol. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100.)

The Black Watch—A ninety-member company of pipers, drummers, and dancers from Scotland. (Madison Square Garden. 563-8300. Dec. 4 at 7:30.)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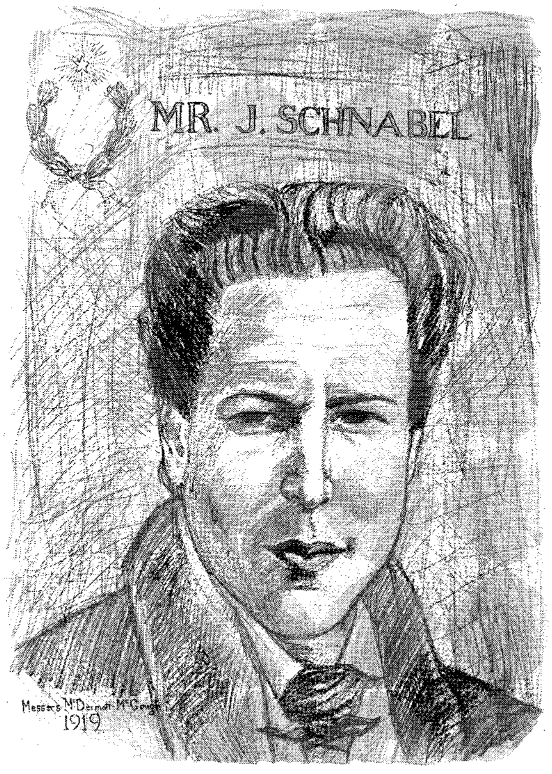
ART

Philip Evergood (1901-73) is hardly unknown but he seems to have been half forgotten in the recent past. Yet the thirty paintings—from 1933 to 1965—in the exhibition at the Terry Dintenfass Gallery (through December 16) convey a spirit of almost overwhelming joie de vivre. The persona of the artist is keenly present in all corners of these rooms, and you get the strong impression that Evergood was an absolutely wonderful person, but probably (thank evergoodness) a bit insufferable at times, too. Progressive politics and curvaceous women seem to have been his two big abiding interests. But in paintings such as "Madonna of the Mines" (1932-44), "Mine Disaster" (1937), and "Minehead: In Memory of Zola's 'Germinal' " (1966) Evergood's scintillating and deeply art-historical sense of composition intercepts the possibility of knee-jerk reaction or bathos. And in works such as "Look Homeward with Marilyn" (1963) and "Butterfly Girl" (1957) his gifts for fanciful detail—Picabiaesque palimpsests and flourishes, for example—and fey humor are the antitheses of crude or cheesy thinking. In "Her World" (1948), a picture of a very young woman standing in front of a field of shanties, Evergood's sexual attractions and social empathies compound and to a fascinating extent confound one another. This painting is a great counterbalance to Wyeth's "Christina's World."

Evergood seems especially indebted to the Flemish tradition—to James Ensor, for instance. In many works a carnival spirit—crowded compositions with grotesques and exquisitely lurid or fevered color—prevails, but Evergood is never simply a hurdy-gurdy player. He was not, in fact, particularly modest. He once stated his aims as a painter: "(1) to be in paint as aesthetically captivating as a pearl; (2) to entertain, excite, thrill, and amuse like the circus; (3) to deal with Life and Human Beings in as lasting and profound a way as the Bible." He may have succeeded.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The Canaletto show, devoted to one of history's most repetitive artists, is way, way too big. In a dozen galleries we find, for the most part, eighteenth-century Venice looking perfectly like her Serenissima self. A little Canaletto is great and it goes a long way, and the occasional magical work, such as "S. Cristoforo, S. Michele, and Murano from the Fondamente Nuove, Venice"—an atypical, dark and moody view whose theatrical interpretation of weather and water almost suggests El Greco—only proves the rule. Through Jan. 21. . . . ¶ A show giving ample evidence of Velázquez's genius as a portraitist: very sober portraits of the very inbred Philip IV; a depiction of consummate virility in the form of the Count-Duke of Olivares (the power behind the throne) wielding his baton from atop his rearing horse, ready to charge into the Basque plain; a luscious portrayal of the Infanta Margarita, which sparkles more than any gem; and loving depictions of buffoons and dwarfs. A satiric portrait of a jarringly offbeat Mars proves that no one in art history (with the possible exception of Titian) could paint drapery like Velázquez. Through Jan. 7. . . . ¶ An exhibition devoted to Pierre Bonnard's graphic work includes his designs for advertisements, theatre programs, and book jackets. Also, illustrated books, drawings, and so on. Starts Dec. 2. . . . ¶ "The New Vision: Photography Between the World Wars." Through Dec. 31. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)



Julian Schnabel

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Picasso and Braque: Pioneering Cubism"—The show is truly dazzling, and those who think that Cubism is dry and overly intellectual, or who feel that seeing this show is part of their cultural *duty,* will be happily surprised to find it juicy as well. Not that it isn't demanding: twenty galleries, on two levels, full of paintings, collages, constructions, and drawings, wherein we follow the progress of the daring young men at their speediest, most intense, most symbiotically entwined. Through Jan. 16. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—The museum will be closed until Dec. 12.

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—The premise of "Image World: Art and Media Culture"—"that the overpowering presence of the media has produced an 'image world' "—is about as sprightly as the Oldest Living Confederate Widow could expect to be. Nevertheless, many individual pieces, such as the new lobby "Ticket Booth" by Dennis Adams, which puts the Whitney's ticket-taking docents in a "homeless" frieze, are terrific. Through Feb. 18. . . . ¶ The Thomas Hart Benton retrospective contains more than eighty paintings from 1910 to 1970. (Open Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A show of seventy costumes from three turn-of-the-century Paris couture houses: Worth, Doucet, and Pingat. Starts Dec. 1. . . . ¶ The twenty-fifth National Print Exhibition consists of eighty-two works by fifty artists and takes as its theme "projects and portfolios," which allows for some organizational creativity, such as the prominent inclusion of Matt Mullican's sixteen related etchings, whose glossary is the artist's most inclusive and informative work yet on his "City" sign system; Brice Marden's twenty-five-etching narrative of markings, which swells like a fine musical composition; and Stephen Ellis's very beautiful suite of aquatint washes, which lives up to its name, "Japanese Gothic." But while the show offers the opportunity to look at fine contemporary prints it ignores all the special physical attributes that distinguish portfolios—such as their containers, which have a tactile quality—and also attempts to be too inclusive. Through Dec. 31. (Open daily, except Tuesdays, 10 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—On view in the Akeley Gallery are fifteen paintings by Francis Lee Jaques (1887-1969) that originally illustrated a reference work, "Oceanic Birds of South America," published by the museum. These renderings, of a "Wandering Albatross," say, or of some "Blue-Footed Boobies with Turkey Vulture in Flight," are sometimes strong and always charming. Jaques's realistic Romanticism can also be found in more than half the dioramas in the building. Through Jan. 31. (Open Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—An exhibition of fifty-seven paintings, drawings, and prints by almost as many contemporary artists. The Academy-Institute will purchase a selection of the works and donate them to various museums throughout the country. Through Dec. 10. (Open daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

American Craft Museum, 40 W. 53rd St.—A show of works by George Ohr (1857-1918), the Mad Potter of Biloxi, who called his pots "mud babies" and was so full of himself that he gave up his art because the world did not recognize his genius. But first he produced a remarkable body of funny, poetic, and provocative works in austere colors: demure vases with nasty, pockmarked lava glazes or slithering reptiles or handles that are elongated, angulated, or looped. Other vessels have been dented, pinched, or punched. Through Jan. 7. (Open Tuesdays, 10 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

Asia Society, Park Ave. at 70th St.—The quiet and highly refined decorative style of the Japanese painter Itō Jakuchū (1716-1800) is not for everyone. His sparest paintings, with their keen compositional sense and subtle use of blankness, are his best. Jakuchū's virtually monochromatic screens and scrolls are equally exquisite, but in an entirely different manner; they are more gestural, more innocent in temperament—almost like a child's. Through Dec. 6. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—An exhibition of Alexander Calder's homemade art: jewelry, toys, tools, and furnishings he whipped up for himself, his family, and his friends. Included are necklaces and brooches made with precious metals, and rude tin roasting pans and spatulas. (Open Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 5 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—A display of seventeen Old Master paintings on loan from the Kimbell Art Museum, in Fort Worth, Texas, including works by Caravaggio, Rubens, Fra Angelico, and Goya. Through Jan. 14. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—"Gardens and Ghettos," an exhibition of more than three hundred works made by or for Italian Jews, is best at the two ends of the long period it spans—the Roman Empire to the rise of Mussolini. Through Feb. 1. (Open Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, noon to 5; Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Sundays 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A show of all things Gilbert and Sullivan, including handwritten librettos, original-cast photographs, recorded music, and the surviving original scores for the dynamic duo's operas. Through Feb. 18. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—"New York Faces, 1820-1920." A display of portraits of such diverse Gotham residents as Junius Brutus Booth, August Belmont, and Israel and Sarah Abigail Seixas Kursheedt, by the painters Henry Inman,

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ART—Cont'd

Eastman Johnson, and William Sidney Mount, among others. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

National Academy of Design, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—An exhibition of more than a hundred and sixty works on loan from Cambridge's Fitzwilliam Museum. The many periods and genres represented range from antiquities and coins to drawings (by Goltzius, Carracci, Rembrandt, Watteau, and Turner) and paintings (by Rubens, Hogarth, and Ford Madox Brown). Through Jan. 28. (Open Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—Weathervanes and whirligigs, carousel animals and cigar-store Indians—these are among the hundred-plus works of folk art on loan from the Shelburne Museum, in Vermont. Through Jan. 7. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.—"Stitching Memories: African-American Story Quilts," a display of thirty quilts with narrative motifs made in the seventies and eighties by professional and folk artists. Also, Elizabeth Scott's "50 Years Quilt," made between 1925 and 1975, and an anonymous silk log-cabin quilt from the eighteen-seventies. Through Dec. 31. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

Giacomo Balla (1871-1958)—This show displays the Italian Futurist at his swirling, mobile best with exquisite drawings, made in the teens, of pure dynamic motion, including a number of Boccioni's herculean fist, and product designs for a lampshade and a screen. Even the artist's "futur Balla" trademark signature, which appears on a number of the works, has a superhero forcefulness. Through Dec. 16. (Horan, 35 E. 67th St. Open Mondays.)

Andy Warhol (1930-87)—One of the unfortunate deficiencies of the Museum of Modern Art's Warhol retrospective last winter was the absence of many works from the seventies, such as the hundred-and-two-panel painting entitled "The Shadow." Included in this show are four large horizontal "Shadow" canvases never before exhibited—some of Warhol's most mystifying works. They are purely abstract, although they conjure up the notion of landscape, and they seem to portray pictorial blindness in a poignant and unsettling way not ordinarily associated with the artist. Some medium-sized "Shadow" canvases on display were done in diamond dust and have a ghostly conceptual preciousness. Through Dec. 2. (Gagosian, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Venetian Glass from 1919 to 1990—A nice show of mostly Venini-fabricated glass vases and figurines by an assortment of designers and artists. The American Dale Chihuly's are the wildest by far. Through Dec. 2. (Karasik, 1094 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.)

Short List—**ROBERT M. KULICKE,** Davis & Langdale, 231 E. 60th St. (through Dec. 21); **HENRI MATISSE,** La Boetie, 9 E. 82nd St. (through Dec. 16); **THEODOROS STAMOS,** Kouros, 23 E. 73rd St. (through Dec. 2).

GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

Jake Berthot—Paintings, drawings, and prints by one of our leading serious abstract artists. In these new works, Berthot stretches himself in opposite directions. His paintings are earthier and more impastoed than ever, with great swampy colors and concomitant glop suggestive of Milton Resnick, while the works on paper grow more elegantly ethereal. "For Adorno," a lovely suite of six drawings with scumbles and words, is positively Twombly. Through Dec. 2. (McKee, 41 E. 57th St.)

Tony Cragg—Of all the British sculptors who emerged internationally in the early eighties, Cragg has produced the most diverse body of work. His interests have proved to be quite traditional. Often utilizing very different images and styles and working on a large yet intimate scale, he presents sculptural groupings—in limestone, bronze, wood, and other materials—that seem, by turns, banal, mysterious, and somewhat hermetic. Through Dec. 1. (Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St.)

Gino De Domenicis—The maverick De Domenicis, based in Rome, is obsessed with phenomenology—death, the ephemeral, the perceptual, the literal, the immortal. He doesn't like his work photographed, has never produced a catalogue, and doesn't like to see any titles in print. In 1970, he exhibited a zodiac series in which the signs Virgo, Taurus, Pisces, etc. were represented by a young girl, a live bull, two dead fish, etc., and he exhibited a *mozzarella in carrozza:* a cheese placed in the back seat of an old-fashioned carriage. Here, in the artist's first American show, we find a human skeleton on its back, with roller skates on its feet and a huge, pointy-tipped steel cylinder hovering above one finger. It is presided over by a bizarre relief figure—part Cyclops, part Pinocchio, part Tinker Bell—painted black, yellow, and purple. There are also some beautiful neoclassical drawings (Madonnas, an "Urvasi e Ghilgamesh") of various sizes executed on tempera-primed black grounds or on plain wood, one spotlit—dramatically, with halogen—for extra effect. Through Jan. 10. (Rayburn Foundation, 41 E. 57th St.)

Nicola De Maria—Titled "Testa di Fuoco, Spirito Bianco, Musica Interna" ("Head of Fire, White Spirit, Internal Music"), this gorgeous installation relies on the artist's intense and pristine sense of color. De Maria's individual abstract paintings here are of a piece with his sumptuous treatment of the gallery walls. The colors themselves are inspired by Giotto by way of Raoul Dufy. The content of the work, for all its spiritual grandeur, which Giotto perhaps inspired, can easily be taken as sublimely decorative entertainment. Through Dec. 23. (Galerie Lelong, 20 W. 57th St.)

Ellsworth Kelly / Jack Barth—Kelly's paintings—shaped canvases of rectangles elegantly paired with ones of curves—at first seem to lack the precision usually associated with the artist. But the farther away from them one gets—in space and time—the better they wear. / Using a draftsman's sense of exactness and a dreamer's sense of romance, this artist creates paintings of desert landscapes and secular Ascensions by vertically layering chains of bridges, aqueducts, terraces, and trees that are lifted from Central Park's Bethesda Terrace but that are miles away from it in spirit. Through Dec. 9. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

Charles Pollock (1902-88)—These modest figure-ground abstract paintings from 1963 by Jackson's older brother have a calligraphic sensitivity, and recall Newman's zips, Motherwell's blackness, and Still's isolation. Their humility is not what one usually associates with the name Pollock, and, while quite accomplished, the paintings tend to be too understated. Through Dec. 9. (McCoy, 41 E. 57th St.)

"Albert Pinkham Ryder: The Descendants"—Virtually every painting in this meticulously selected exhibition is a gem attesting to Ryder's consummate American identity. Many of them are stylistically linked, from the landscape swirls of Thomas Hart Benton to the surrealistic figures of an early Jackson Pollock drawing and even, in a 1951 work, to the rhythms of Pollock's black paint. Many of the artists here, such as the comtemporary painter Bill Jensen, are aligned with Ryder's sturdy, moody sense of isolation. Through Dec. 2. (Washburn, 41 E. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS,** 20 W. 57th St.: Many of the early-twentieth-century American masters did some of their finest work in etching, and this fifty-fifth-anniversary gallery exhibition includes some of their rare and important prints, most notably by Benton, Bellows, and Hopper. There's also a wonderful 1931 Cubist-Surrealist Gorky of the artist and his model, a fine 1945 Surrealist etching by June Wayne, and a delicate pictographic aquatint by Adolph Gottlieb, from 1944. The prints by European masters are less impressive. Through Dec. 2. . . . **KRUGIER,** 41 E. 57th St.: An exhibition of more than two dozen sculptures which makes no incisive point but does include some magnificent modern works, including a startling larger-than-life clenched hand by Rodin, a plaster head of a sleeping child by Brancusi, a small Brancusi abstract fish, and a stylish Cubist head in iron by Julio González. Through Dec. 2.

Short List—**EDUARDO CHILLIDA,** Janis, 110 W. 57th St. (through Dec. 30); **MINNIE EVANS,** Ross, 50 W. 57th St. (through Dec. 6); **ROBERT GREENE,** Miller, 41 E. 57th St. (through Dec. 30); **WALT KUHN,** Midtown, 11 E. 57th St. (through Dec. 30); **ALEXANDER LIBERMAN,** Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. (through Dec. 2); **CONRAD MARCA-RELLI,** Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St. (through Dec. 9); **GRANDMA MOSES,** Galerie St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St. (through Jan. 13); **JULIAN SCHNABEL,** Pace, 32 E. 57th St. (starts Dec. 1).

GALLERIES—SoHo

Ed Albers—Beautiful paintings of precisely rendered microscopic organisms floating in space with their tendrilous roots hanging down. Each work is paired with a cosmic pentimenti-filled painting suggesting chemical diagrams. Through Dec. 13. (Fawbush, 568 Broadway.)

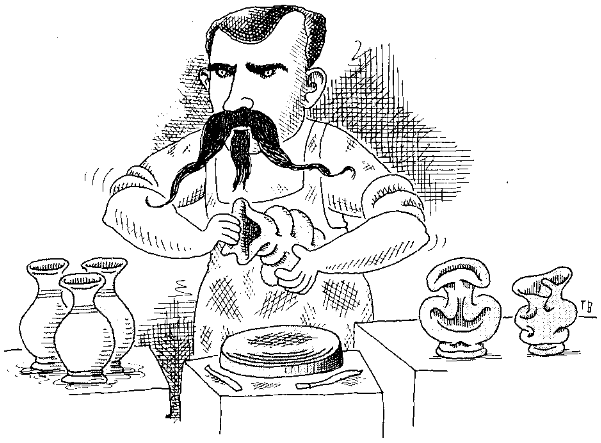
Doug Anderson—Large, bland collage paintings depicting patterns of lacy flowers that make one think of a turn-of-the-century bordello. They are supposed to derive their meaning from their use within our product-addicted art system, but even as critiques they are low in provocation, attractiveness, and diversion, while as acts of collusion they are neither gutsy nor entertaining. Through Dec. 2. (Stux, 155 Spring St.)

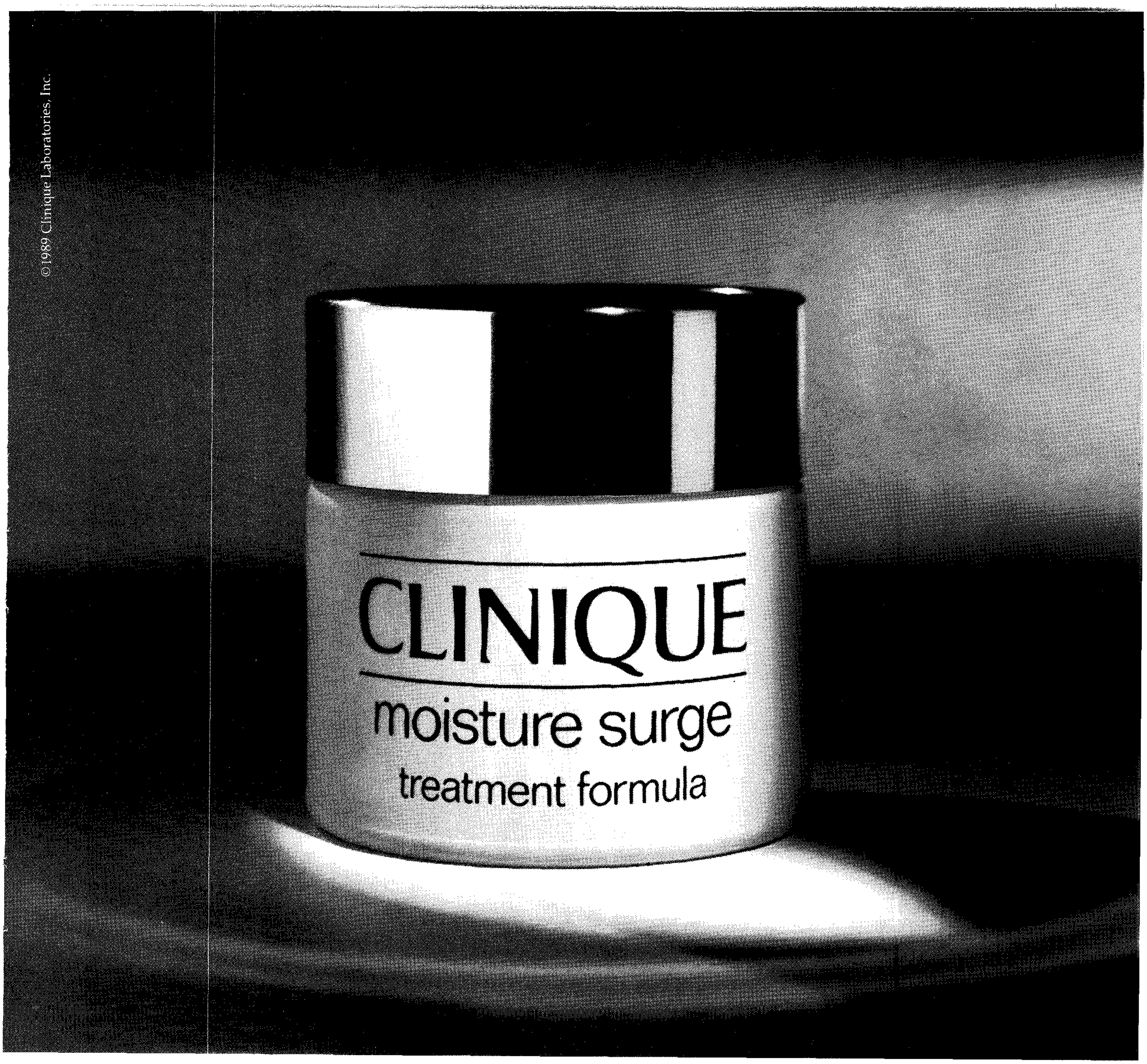
Matt Baumgardner—Adolph Gottlieb-like pictographs featuring feminine imagery and stacked horizontally. Through Dec. 2. (Wessel O'Connor, 580 Broadway.)

Eric Bulatov and Oleg Vassilyev—Of these two unofficial Soviet painters, Bulatov creates the kind of bold and graphically assertive works that audiences have come to crave in revolutionary art, only this time the cry is for reform and the words that structure the canvases are "perestroika" (in Cyrillic) and "New York." Bulatov also creates more traditional works, such as a painting of winter, which have an implicit political content. Vassilyev is much more of a dreamer. His social-realist style is hard to get past and is almost hokey by local standards. But in paintings whose private spirituality recalls the early, pre-abstract Mondrian, he bathes his dark landscapes and portraits of his ninety-year-old father and others in a magical, prismatic light. Through Dec. 6. (Kind, 136 Greene St.)

Christian Eckart—Three exquisite and elaborate gold-leaf rectangular wood pieces that suggest a modern-day parable of the golden calf, and three generic thick wood boxes whose surfaces are each covered in a different beautiful, deep color. Through Dec. 9. (Audiello, 142 Greene St.)

Luciano Fabro—This Arte Povera artist pays homage to New York with a cheery installation work in which he places himself in a European-American continuum. The piece, entitled "Two Nudes Descending a Staircase Dancing the Boogie-Woogie," takes its image from Duchamp and its colors from Mondrian, and includes two highly polished marble slabs that are carved to look relaxed and that lie on a fallen, no longer hierarchical staircase. The highly aestheticized piece, perhaps in keeping with the artist's view of New


George Ohr at the American Craft Museum



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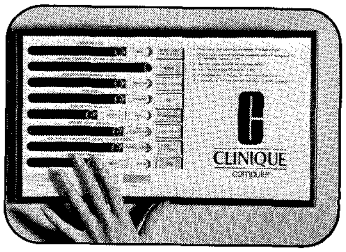

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York, is metallic and frivolous. Through Dec. 22. (SteinGladstone, 99 Wooster St.)

Joel Fisher—Round, oddly elegant marble sculptures shaped by a stone lathe. The shapes were determined by an Arpian process of chance—the artist creates a chain of silhouettes from fibres in handmade paper—which is metaphoric and contains a rumination on beauty and arbitrariness. Through Dec. 2. (Brown, 560 Broadway.)

Chris Macdonald—Big, raw, freestanding wood sculptures that strongly suggest children's toys and zoo animals. The artist has been working this turf for a while now, and these pieces, while as likable as earlier ones, seem literal, limited, and too cute. Through Dec. 2. (Beitzel, 113 Greene St.)

Nachume Miller—Turbulent paintings of mostly dark, dramatically lit cavernous spaces in a Futurist-Expressionist style. Through Dec. 2. (Donahue, 560 Broadway.)

Catherine Murphy—A quirky range of deadpan realism, including two perplexing paintings of windows—about as good as contemporary realism gets. Through Dec. 22. (Lennon, Weinberg, 580 Broadway.)

Peter Schuyff—Oil-on-linen paintings, of 3-D patterns with a neo-retro appeal, that seem vapid but do a good job of entertaining the eye. Through Dec. 2. (Hearn, 39 Wooster St.)

Jackie Winsor / Julian Lethbridge—New works by this cube-ist include inset wall pieces and pyramidal floor sculptures—squared, made of cement, and with recesses of surprise pigment. This show is physically softer and more fanciful in tone than Winsor's previous ones. Here and there, you may even think of pink-toned Indian fairy tales. / Lethbridge's oil-on-linen, faux-crocodile abstractions look good, with nuances of texture and intensity that are more evident than before. This work transmits at a very low frequency but has laconic wit and a certain intellectual élan. Through Nov. 30. (Paula Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

FAST FOOD

Aside from the Lusitania's corroded steam whistle, the best of the relics saved from Cunard ocean liners, and displayed at the Forbes Galleries (62 Fifth Avenue, at 12th Street) through January 27, are the menus. Apparently, eating weird food while crossing the Atlantic was not a practice invented by commercial airlines. In the eighteen-forties, when the Brittannia's quarters were cramped and its engines sluggish (it took two weeks to get to Europe), suppers of kidney soup and boiled mutton would probably not have relieved the monotony. The fare on the Malta, in 1882, wasn't much better. It included bloaters, kippered herring, fried hominy, and porridge. By 1910, however, the Cunard line had acquired the knack of providing luxurious (and speedy) service to high-class sea travellers: the Lusitania was traversing the Atlantic in five days, while the galley was serving up petite marmite, braised gosling, and rhubarb tart. The day we visited the Forbes Galleries, we noticed that the evolution from slow boats and weird food to fast boats and French food has a recent parallel with that of air travel. In the nineteen-sixties, it was reheated scrambled eggs; in the nineteen-eighties, Salisbury steak or Oriental chicken. Now travellers on the Concorde can lunch on foie gras, sole with truffles, and petits fours; there's a "light" menu, as well. We figure it may pay off to save the menus from our next flight to Europe. In a hundred years, a collector may want them.

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"Face-Off"—All the portraits in this wonderfully peculiar mix—by everyone from Alfred Maurer to Eric Fischl, and Fairfield Porter to Steve Gianakos—are pensive, studied, and contained. Most portray people other than the artists, but there's a strong sense of the maker in each of them. No smiles here. Through Dec. 2. (Thorpe, 103 Prince St.)

Short List—**candida alvarez,** Kelly, 591 Broadway (through Dec. 2); **miquel barceló,** Castelli, 420 West Broadway and 578 Broadway (through Dec. 21); **joseph beuys,** Feldman, 31 Mercer St. (through Dec. 23); **gary bukovnik,** Staempfli, 415 West Broadway (through Dec. 9); **edgar buonagurio,** Steinbaum, 132 Greene St. (through Dec. 2); **bernard chaet,** Pearl, 420 West Broadway (through Dec. 22); **david diao,** Postmasters, 80 Greene St. (through Dec. 16); **giuseppe gallo,** Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St. (through Jan. 2); **peter halley,** Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway (through Dec. 22); **lisa milroy,** Boone, 417 West Broadway (through Dec. 23); **ed moses,** Louver, 130 Prince St. (through Dec. 16); **pino pascali,** Ala, 560 Broadway (through Dec. 9); **richard prince,** Gladstone, 99 Greene St., and Gorney, 100 Greene St. (through Dec. 23); **kay rosen** and **jim isermann,** Feature, 484 Broome St. (through Dec. 2); **antoni tàpies,** Cervera, 470 Broome St. (through Dec. 23).

OTHER GALLERIES

Roz Chast—Cartoons. Pen, ink, and wash; also watercolors. The Apprehension Trail from "Anxiety State Park" might be new to readers of this magazine, but most other drawings on view by our chronicler of the freakishly normal and the routinely queer will be familiar. Through Dec. 3. (The Illustration Gallery, 330 E. 11th St. Opens at 1 Tuesdays through Sundays.)

Aids and Art—The primal need to leave one's mark shines through in an unnecessarily controversial exhibition at Artists Space, 223 West Broadway. "Witnesses: Against Our Vanishing" is an eloquent memorial to those who are ill or have died, and includes particularly poignant work by Vittorio Scarpati, Kiki Smith, David Wojnarowicz, Tom Chesley, Mark Morrisroe, and Shellburne Thurber. The show and catalogue compose a portrait of a community of artists who care for each other, mourn their losses, express anger, learn from grief, and seek to convey the reality of illness to a sometimes indifferent, sometimes ignorant public. Through Jan. 6. (Closed Dec. 1.) . . . ¶ A stirring retrospective of small box constructions by Rod Rhodes (1944-89) at The Clocktower Gallery, 108 Leonard St., includes the fourteen "Stations of the Cross" that the artist—the son of a fundamentalist preacher—made after he was diagnosed with AIDS. The miniature tableaux in the cross-shaped boxes are beautiful, pure, and personal. The artist died shortly before the exhibition opened. Also here are the peculiar "Technological Reliquary" sculptures made in the mid-sixties by Paul Thek (1933-88). They look like kinetic art without the circuitry and can also be interpreted as critiques of minimal art-about-art. Each work is a Plexiglas column sliced open to reveal a short section of what appear to be bloody arteries. Some columns have Formica coffins sitting behind them. Through Dec. 24. (Opens at noon Thursdays through Sundays.)

"Excommunication"—This show of installation works is intended to portray individuals treated as marginal within Western culture—Hispanics in the art world; an Iranian woman in London; homosexuals, Jews, and Japanese in wartime California; and people with AIDS. Unfortunately, most of the work fails to communicate much depth or poignancy or bite, except for a new Guerrilla Girls poster, which says, "Relax Senator Helms, the art world *is* your kind of place!" and goes on to indicate, among other things, that "the majority of exposed penises in major museums belong to the Baby Jesus." Through Dec. 22. (Grey Art Gallery, New York University, 33 Washington Pl. Open Wednesday evenings until 8:30.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

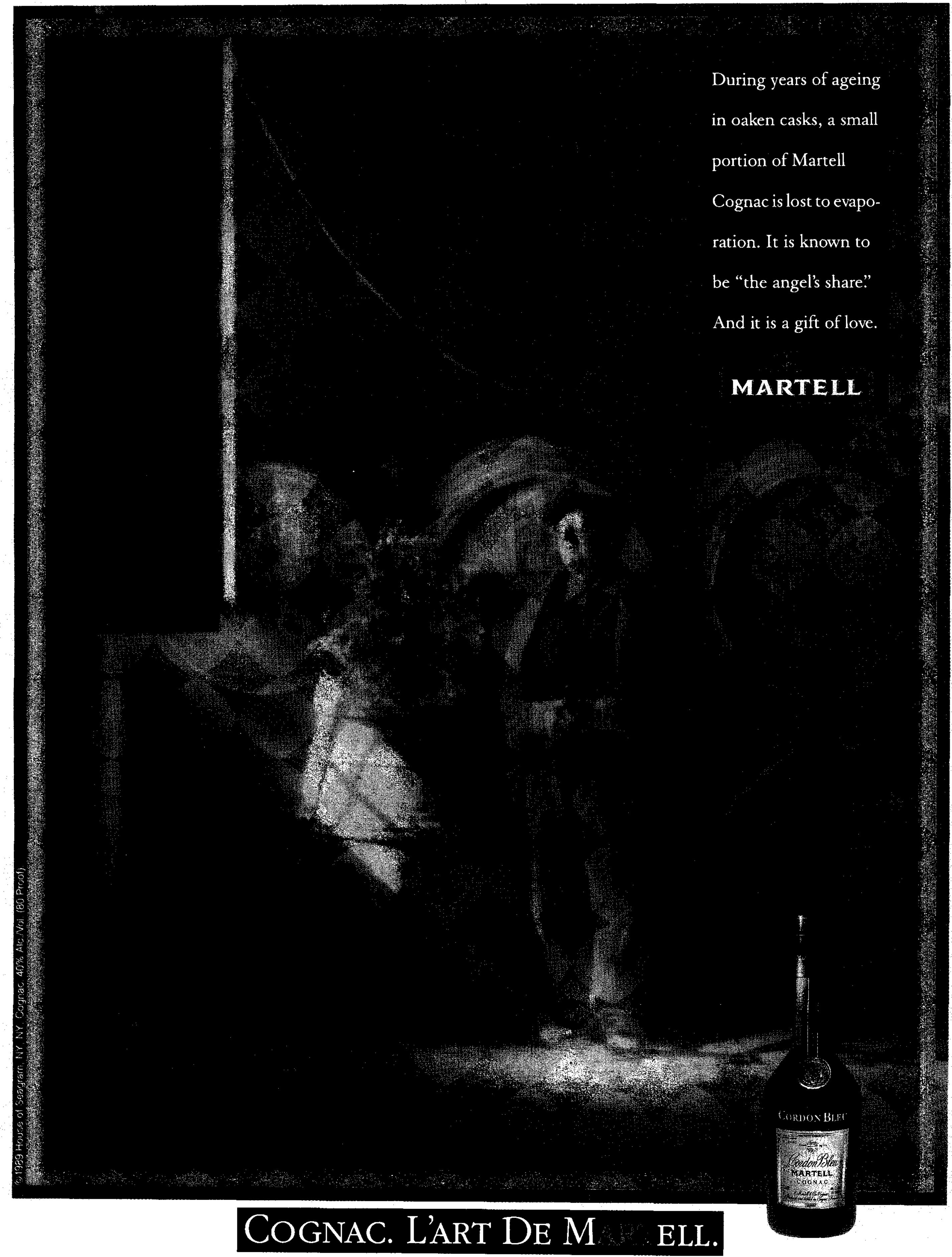
On December 1, more than five hundred institutions in America will take part in "A Day Without Art," a collective action to mourn for those who have died of AIDS, and to underline the urgency that everywhere surrounds the disease. A few of these institutions will close, in memoriam. The others will sponsor events—services, lectures, readings, performances—or organize special AIDS-related exhibitions and installations. In New York, more than a hundred and fifty places will participate. Some of the programs will continue after the day is over; some have already started. Of course, for many people every day is affected by the presence of AIDS, and this is yet one more important occasion when the disease's impact can be brought to the surface. "A Day Without Art" spells out that impact: loss.

Louise Lawler's photography installation, at Metro Pictures, on Greene Street, exposes the loss in many ways—from the loss of individuals to the loss of civilized behavior. Lawler departs here from her usual theme of consumerism; instead, she pictures the realm of barbarism. Ninety-four copies of the same image—a spotlit, Dixie-size plastic cup—have been arranged in the gallery's intimate downstairs space. The images are sterile, scary. When we first saw the installation, it made us think of swallowing pills. But the information on the walls, around the pictures, offers a narrative about kinds of sickness that are not physical—especially mob psychology, fear, and ignorance. The ninety-four plastic cups represent the ninety-four members of the Senate who, on October 14, 1987, voted for Amendment #963, sponsored by Jesse Helms, which forbids the Centers for Disease Control to use funds for "AIDS education, information, or prevention materials and activities" that have anything to do with homosexuality. The names of the ninety-four senators who supported Helms have been printed under the ninety-four photographs; the Democrats are in red, the Republicans in blue. Six names on the wall are unaccompanied by pictures. Four of these are the senators who didn't vote, and the other two—Daniel Patrick Moynihan and Lowell P. Weicker—are the lone politicians who voted no.

Berenice Abbott—Although the photographs on view span five decades, for the most part they're not nostalgic. The largest section of the exhibition covers Abbott's New York pictures. A couple of these views—of the understructures of the R.K.O. Building and the former RCA Building—made us realize how rarely pictures focus on the bottom end of a skyscraper. In these asbestos-blowup days, that's where the action is. Through Jan. 6. (New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. Open daily, except Sundays, from 10 to 6.)

New Photography at MOMA—Three eccentric photographers who work in color. Thomas Florschuetz shows hyperreal blowups of details of his hands, his face, and a nail; one of Vincent Borrelli's subjects is the interior of a 1956 Ford whose décor is part disco and part Bible; and Mike Mandel, the most original of the three, fits his subjects with tiny colored

THE ART OF GIVING.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Al and Tina Spinoso live in Glenview, Ill., with Joey, 6; and Jenny, 3. Al has run his own printing company for the last ten years. Tina keeps the home fires burning. They've been David Levee's clients for four years.

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David and Trish Levee live in Glencoe, Ill., with Jacob, 13; Shaina, 5; Ryan, 3; and Corinne, 6 weeks. A former dancer, Trish is kept on her toes at home. David has been a New York Life agent for 22 years.

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bicycle lights that function as strobes—the resulting trails of light enliven such mundane actions as "Emptying the Fridge" or "Having a Talk." Through Jan. 9. (Museum of Modern Art.)

Magnum Photographers—About two hundred prints by the founders of the Magnum coöperative—Roberta Capa, Henri Cartier-Bresson, David Seymour (Chim), and George Rodger. Through Jan. 7. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.) . . . ¶ "In Our Time," another Magnum-based show, includes more than three hundred works taken around the world by sixty past and present members. Through Feb. 4. (International Center of Photography Midtown, Sixth Ave. at 43rd St. Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 8.)

Short List—ken graves, O. K. Harris, 383 West Broadway (through Dec. 2); **paul ickovic,** Witkin, 415 West Broadway (opens Saturdays at noon, through Dec. 2); **michael kenna,** Germans van Eck, 420 West Broadway (through Dec. 16); **helen levitt,** Laurence Miller, 138 Spring St. (through Dec. 2); **roger mayne,** Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St. (opens at noon, through Dec. 9); **laurie simmons,** Metro Pictures, 150 Greene St. (through Dec. 23); **wallace wilson,** Pfeifer, 568 Broadway (through Dec. 21).

MUSIC

ABOUT three years ago, in the last performance of a run of "I Puritani" at the Metropolitan Opera, a young tenor made his début in classic fashion: the regularly scheduled singer was ill and dropped out in the intermission before Act III, with the most cruelly testing music for the tenor role just ahead. In stepped Stanford Olsen, practically a beginner, making his first appearance on next to no notice, and opposite Joan Sutherland, no less.

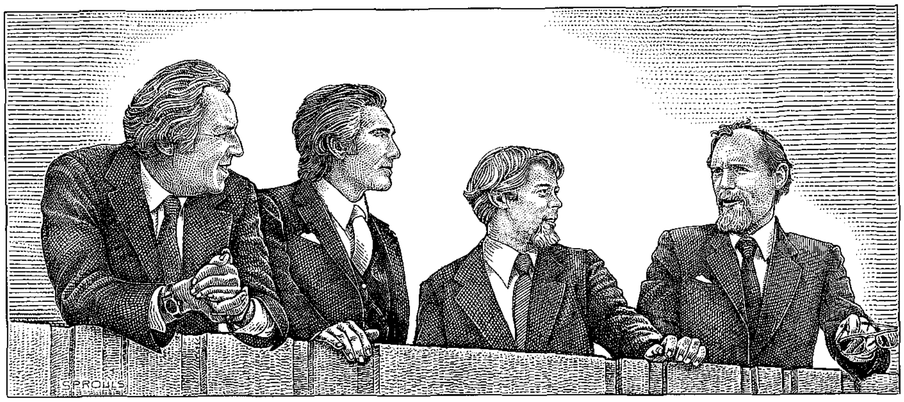
He did well, according to someone we know who attended. Trouble is, nobody from the press seems to have been there. So the next morning, instead of relaxing in a hotel room and reading about his overnight success, Mr. Olsen went about biding his time and preparing for a beginner's début in a small part in "Rigoletto."

Later, we went to hear Mr. Olsen in some of his scheduled performances, and to tell the truth we doubt he would exactly have made a *furore* even if he had rescued the opening night; his voice sounded sweet and true but a little lost in the vast spaces of the Met. Those are good qualifications for singing Schubert, though, and so is the sincerity we recall in his demeanor. Mr. Olsen is also a recent winner of the Naumburg award, and his prize recital is a presentation of Schubert's "Die Schöne Müllerin," Sunday evening at Alice Tully Hall. We look forward to it.

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7800; and for Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—die frau ohne schatten, with Johanna Meier, Janis Martin, Robert Schunk, and Bernd Weikl; conducted by Christof Perick. (Nov. 27, Dec. 1, and Dec. 5 at 7:30.) . . . **rigoletto,** with June Anderson, Dennis O'Neill, and Frederick Burchinal; Paul Nadler. (Nov. 28 at 8 and Dec. 2 at 1:30.) . . . **les contes d'hoffmann,** with Ruth Welting, Catherine Malfitano, Judith Forst, Luis Lima, and José van Dam; Sylvain Cambreling. (Nov. 29 and Dec. 2 at 8.) . . . With Ruth Welting, Catherine Malfitano, Tatiana Troyanos, Alfredo Kraus, and José van Dam; Sylvain Cambreling. (Dec. 6 at 8.) . . . **aida,** with Leona Mitchell, Dolora Zajick, Ermanno Mauro, and Sherrill Milnes; Christian Badea. (Nov. 30 and Dec. 4 at 8.)



The Guarneri Quartet

"Hippolyte et Aricie"—James Richman conducting the Concert Royal Baroque Orchestra in a concert version of Rameau's first opera. With Julianne Baird, soprano; Jan Opalach, baritone; other vocal soloists; and I Cantori di New York. (Merkin Concert Hall. Nov. 29-30 at 8.)

John Brownlee Opera Theatre—Louis Salemno conducting the Manhattan Philharmonia in a staged production of Stravinsky's "The Rake's Progess." (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, Broadway at 122nd St. Dec. 6 at 8. For information about tickets, call 749-2802.)

Little Orchestra Society—Dino Anagnost conducting fully staged performances of "Amahl and the Night Visitors." (Alice Tully Hall. Dec. 2 at 2, 6, and 8; Dec. 6 at 6 and 8; and Dec. 7 at 6.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall. Nov. 28 at 7:30: Zubin Mehta conducting works by Vivaldi, Carl Nielsen, Roger Kellaway, and Sibelius. . . . ¶ Nov. 30 at 8, Dec. 1 at 2, Dec. 2 at 8, and Dec. 5 at 7:30: Giuseppe Sinopoli conducting the New York première of Bruno Cerchio's "Aurora," among other works.

Academy of St. Martin-in-the-Fields—Neville Marriner conducting. Dec. 1: A Weber–Vaughan Williams–Beethoven program. . . . ¶ Dec. 2: A program of works by Berlioz, Strauss, Copland, and Schumann. (Carnegie Hall. Evenings at 8.)

American Symphony Orchestra—James DePreist conducting. With Annika Skoglund, mezzo-soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Dec. 3 at 3.)

Philharmonia Virtuosi—Richard Kapp conducting a program of works by Mendelssohn and Beethoven. (Triplex, 199 Chambers St. 618-1980. Dec. 1 at 8.)

Jupiter Symphony—Jens Nygaard conducting a program of works by Bach, Chopin, and others. With Ilana Vered, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Dec. 4 at 8.)

Gregg Smith Singers—Performing works by Gabrieli, Bach, and Gregg Smith. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Dec. 2 at 8. For information about tickets, call 874-2990.)

New Amsterdam Singers—Clara Longstreth directing a program of baroque cantatas for Advent and Christmas. With Julianne Baird, soprano, and other vocal soloists, and an orchestra. (Miller Theatre, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. 854-7799. Dec. 3 at 4.)

"Messiah"—Sherrill Milnes conducting a singalong chorus. With soloists Cynthia Madison, soprano; Stephen Schwarz, countertenor; John Morrison, tenor; and Mr. Milnes, baritone. (Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. Dec. 3 at 4. Admission by contribution.)

Christmas Music—William Entriken directing choral works by Britten and Respighi. With Kathleen Bride, harpist, vocal soloists, and members of the Orchestra of St. Luke's. (First Presbyterian Church, Fifth Ave. at 12th St. Dec. 3 at 4. No tickets necessary.)

Les Arts Florissants—Performing vocal and instrumental works by Charpentier. (Miller Theatre, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. 854-7799. Dec. 5 at 8.)

Tallis Scholars—An English a-cappella group in a program of Renaissance music. (St. Mary's Church, 145 W. 46th St. 921-2939. Dec. 4 at 8.)

RECITALS

Yefim Bronfman—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Nov. 28 at 8.)

New York Woodwind Quintet—In works by Beethoven and others. With Seymour Lipkin, piano. (Paul Recital Hall, Juilliard School, 144 W. 66th St. 874-7515. Nov. 29 at 8.)

Christine Schadeberg—Soprano. (Florence Gould Hall, French Institute–Alliance Française, 55 E. 59th St. 355-6160. Nov. 30 at 8.)

Sheila Schonbrun and Barry Salwen—Soprano and piano, in works by Richard Aldag and Frank Retzel. (Greenwich House Music School, 46 Barrow St. Nov. 30 at 8. Admission by contribution.)

Shanghai String Quartet—Performing a program of works by Zhou Long, Haydn, Shostakovich, and Schumann. (Alice Tully Hall. Nov. 30 at 8.)

Faith Esham—Soprano. With Thomas Muraco, piano. (Weill Recital Hall, at Carnegie Hall. Dec. 1 at 8.)

Galimir String Quartet—In a program of works by Beethoven, Haydn, and Szymanowski. (Mannes College of Music, 150 W. 85th St. Dec. 1 at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Chamber Music—With Julius Baker, flute; Henry Schuman, oboe; Steven Hartman, clarinet; Frank Morelli, bassoon; Stewart Rose, horn; and Gilbert Kalish, piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Dec. 2 at 8. For information about tickets, call 586-4680.)

Horacio Gutiérrez—Piano. (Lehman College Concert Hall, the Bronx. 960-8833. Dec. 2 at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—In a program of works by Lutoslawski, Berg, and Hindemith. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 415-5440. Dec. 2 at 8.)

Ray Green Sonatas—Played by three pianists: Paul Komen, Emily White, and Alan Mandel. (Weill Recital Hall. Dec. 3 at 2.)

Kenneth Cooper and Gerald Ranck—Harpsichords. (Ethical Culture Society, 2 W. 64th St. Dec. 3 at 3. No tickets necessary.)

Carol Skarimbas—Soprano. With Martin Katz, piano. (Merkin Concert Hall. Dec. 3 at 3.)

American Chamber Players—In a program of works by Bruch, Stravinsky, and others. (Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St. 288-0700. Dec. 3 at 5.)

Giora Feidman—Clarinet, playing klezmer music. With assisting artists. (Merkin Concert Hall. Dec. 3 at 7.)

Stanford Olsen—Tenor. (Alice Tully Hall. Dec. 3 at 8.)

Mannes Percussion Ensemble—Performing works by Steve Reich, John Cage, and William Albright, and the première of a piece by James Neglia. (Mannes College of Music, 150 W. 85th St. Dec. 4 at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Performing works by Mozart, Mendelssohn, and Toru Takemitsu. With Joel Marangella, oboe; Dong-Suk Kang and Carmit Zori, violins; and artists of the society. (Alice Tully Hall. Dec. 3 at 5 and Dec. 5 at 7:30.)

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program of chamber music. (Weill Recital Hall. Dec. 4 at 8.)

Chester String Quartet—Playing works by Zhou Long, Haydn, Karl Weigl, and Hugo Wolf. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 415-5440. Dec. 6 at 8.)

Speculum Musicae—In a program of works by Schoenberg, Peter Lieberson, Charles Wuorinen, and York Höller. (Merkin Concert Hall. Dec. 6 at 8.)

JAZZ / POP / ROCK PERSONAL APPEARANCES

Van Morrison—Like the great poker-faced bluesmen, Van Morrison looks withdrawn onstage: he closes his eyes, cups his hands around his harmonica, and staggers and shudders in time with the music. Born in Belfast and influenced by American soul, blues, and country music, Morrison is the originator of the rough, romantic, lost-in-America-with-my-baby sound that Springsteen and Seger popularized with their anthems. But you may find that the legendary Morrison is sweeter, bluer, tried and truer. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 496-7070. Nov. 27-30 at 8.)

Don McLean—A Westchester singer-guitarist whose career has been haunted by two ghosts; Buddy Holly and a song McLean wrote about him almost twenty years ago. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Nov. 30 at 8.)

Psychedelic Furs—Last year, the P-Furs released a sterling collection of their best songs, "All of This and Nothing," and their new album, "Book of Days," proves that they are still one of the richest-, biggest-sounding bands around. The thick, languorous croakings of Richard Butler resemble David Bowie's in his Diamond Dog days; as a front man, Butler's a natural, stirring up the crowd. The band produces a guitar-swirling wall of sound that's distinctive and compelling—cathedral rock with a heavy backbeat. (Beacon Theatre. Dec. 4 at 8.)

Miles Green and Bop Apocalypse—Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Nov. 27-28 at 8.

Chita Rivera—Criterion Cabaret, Broadway at 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8, Fridays at 8 and 10, Saturdays at 8 and 11, and Sundays at 3. Through Dec. 3.

African Music—With Dinizulu and his Dancers, Drummers, and Singers; Olatunji and his Drums of Passion; and others. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Nov. 30 at 8.)

Keith Jarrett—Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Dec. 1 at 8.

Jazz Concert—With Dave Grusin, Lee Ritenour, Patti Austin, Nelson Rangell, and others. (Beacon Theatre. Dec. 1-2 at 8.)

The Flirtations—With Michael Callen. (Symphony Space. Dec. 2 at 8.)

Robert Dick, Gerry Hemingway, and Mark Dresser—Washington Square Church, 135 W. 4th St. Dec. 2 at 8. *Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.*

Dizzy Gillespie and Billy Eckstine—The trumpeter and vocalist with the Count Basie orchestra. (Lehman College Concert Hall, the Bronx. 960-8833. Dec. 3 at 2.)

"Heavenly Jazz"—Presenting Dave McKenna, with Jake Hanna and Spike Robinson. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Dec. 3 at 5. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

Miles Davis—Beacon Theatre. Dec. 3 at 8.

Victor Borge—Brooks Atkinson Theatre, 256 W. 47th St. 719-4099. Dec. 5-6 at 8. Through Dec. 10.

Alternative Museum—Nov. 29: The Julius Hemphill quartet. . . . ¶ Dec. 6: Diedre Murray and Fred Hopkins, with Brandon Ross. (17 White St. 966-4444. Evenings at 8.)

Benefit Concerts—Tom and Steve Chapin, Marvin Hamlisch, Lucie Arnaz, and others. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. Dec. 2 at 8. For information about tickets, call 629-8850.) . . . ¶ Phil Woods, Kenny Davern, Scott Hamilton, and others in a tribute to Zoot Sims. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. Dec. 3 at 8. For information about tickets, call 741-8058.)

SPORTS

HOME TEAMS

Giants—Vs. the Philadelphia Eagles, Dec. 3 at 1 P.M.

Rangers—Vs. the Devils, Dec. 6 at 7:30.

Islanders—Vs. the Buffalo Sabres, Dec. 5 at 7:35.

Devils—Vs. the Islanders, Nov. 28. . . . ¶ Vs. the Washington Capitals, Dec. 2. (Game time, 7:45.)

Knicks—Vs. the Charlotte Hornets, Nov. 27. . . . ¶ Vs. the Philadelphia 76ers, Dec. 5. (Game time, 7:30.)

Nets—Vs. the Boston Celtics, Nov. 29. . . . ¶ Vs. the Miami Heat, Dec. 1. (Game time, 7:30.)

(The Giants, the Devils, and the Nets play at the Meadowlands, 1-201 935-3900; the Rangers and the Knicks play at Madison Square Garden, 563-8300; and the Islanders play at the Nassau Coliseum, 1-516 587-9222.)

RACING

Horses—At Aqueduct: Daily, except Tuesdays, at 12:30. . . . At the Meadowlands: Weeknights at 7:30. . . . **Trotting** at Yonkers Raceway: Weeknights at 8 and Tuesdays at 1.

CHAMPIONSHIP

Tennis—The Nabisco Masters. Lendl, Edberg, Becker, Gilbert, McEnroe, Chang, Agassi, and Krickstein will vie for the title. (Madison Square Garden. 563-8300. Nov. 28-Dec. 1 at 5, and Dec. 2-3 at 12:30.)

ABOVE AND BEYOND

Twain Tour—A walk, led by Peter Salwen, around Samuel Clemens' old neighborhood. (He lived on West 10th Street for a while.) The creator of Huck Finn would have been a hundred and fifty-four on Nov. 30. Huck, of course, is always twelve. (Dec. 2 at 1. Meet at the corner of Broadway and Spring St.)

Small-Press Book Fair—A hundred small, independent publishers will display their books and magazines at the General Society Library, 20 W. 44th St. Dec. 2 from 10 to 6, and Dec. 3 from 10 to 4.

Christmas Lights—The more than eighteen *thousand of them wrapped around the giant* tree in Rockefeller Center will be turned on at 6 on Dec. 4.

Panel Discussions—At the New York Public Library, Dec. 5 at 6: A talk about real and fictional spies. With Robin Winks, David Aaron, William F. Buckley, Jr., and William Hood. (Celeste Bartos Forum, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. For information about tickets, call 930-0855.) . . . ¶ At the City University Graduate Center Auditorium, Dec. 5 at 8: A talk about East and West Germany. With Hans Christoph Buch, Peter Demetz, Uwe Kolbe, and Peter Schneider. (33 W. 42nd St. No tickets necessary.)

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	27	28	29	30	1	2
3	4	5	6			

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 32.

EAST SIDE

Angelika Film Center, 18 W. Houston St. (995-2000)
Theatre 1: "Sea of Love" (†).
Theatre 2: "Look Who's Talking" (directed by Amy Heckerling), with John Travolta, Kirstie Alley, Olympia Dukakis, George Segal, and Abe Vigoda.
Theatre 3: "Fat Man and Little Boy" (†).
Theatre 4: "Communion" (Philippe Mora), with Christopher Walken, Lindsay Crouse, and Frances Sternhagen.
Theatre 5: Through Nov. 30: "A Dry White Season" (†). From Dec. 1: "Mapantsula" (Oliver Schmitz; a South African film).
Theatre 6: "Drugstore Cowboy" (†).

Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171)
Through Nov. 30: "The Entertainer" (1960, *Tony Richardson), with* Laurence Olivier, Brenda de Banzie, Joan Plowright, Roger Livesey, Albert Finney, Alan Bates, Shirley Ann Field, Daniel Massey, and Thora Hird.
Dec. 1-3 and Dec. 5-7: (Separate admission) "Dance of Hope" (Deborah Shaffer); "The Suspended Vocation" (1977, Raul Ruiz; in French); and "Dog's Dialogue" (1977, Ruiz; in French) and "Of Great Events and Ordinary People" (1979, Ruiz; in French).

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 35 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: "The Fabulous Baker Boys" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Bear" (†).
Theatre 3: "Steel Magnolias" (Herbert Ross), with Sally Field, Dolly Parton, Julia Roberts, Shirley MacLaine, Daryl Hannah, and Olympia Dukakis.

Bijou Cinema, 3rd Ave. between 12th and 13th. (505-7320)
"The Fabulous Baker Boys" (†).

Loews 19th Street East 6, B'way at 19th. (260-8000)
Theatre 1: "Harlem Nights" (Eddie Murphy), with Murphy, Richard Pryor, and Redd Foxx.
Theatre 2: "Harlem Nights."
Theatre 3: "True Love" (Nancy Savoca), with Annabella Sciorra and Ron Eldard.
Theatre 4: "Valmont" (†).
Theatre 5: (Matinées only) "All Dogs Go to Heaven" (Don Bluth), an animated film; and (evenings only) "Harlem Nights."
Theatre 6: "High Stakes" (Amos Kollek), *with Sally Kirkland.*

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"The Little Mermaid" (John Musker and Ron Clements), an animated film.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Back to the Future Part II" (Robert Zemeckis), with Michael J. Fox, Christopher Lloyd, Lea Thompson, and Thomas F. Wilson.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Harlem Nights" (Eddie Murphy), with Murphy, Richard Pryor, and Redd Foxx.
Theatre 2: "Crimes and Misdemeanors" (†).
Theatre 3: "Harlem Nights."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"The Fabulous Baker Boys" (†).

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"The Bear" (†).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"The Little Mermaid" (John Musker and Ron Clements), an animated film.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"All Dogs Go to Heaven" (Don Bluth), an animated film.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Staying Together" (Lee Grant), with Sean Astin, Dermot Mulroney, Tim Quill, Melinda Dillon, Jim Haynie, and Stockard Channing.

Manhattan Twin, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Sea of Love" (†).
Theatre 2: (Matinées only) "Prancer" (John Hancock), *with* Sam Elliott, Cloris Leachman, and Rebecca Harrell; and (evenings only) "Shocker" (Wes Craven).

59th Street East Cinema, 239 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"The Fabulous Baker Boys" (†).

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Back to the Future Part II" (Robert Zemeckis), with Michael J. Fox, Christopher Lloyd, Lea Thompson, and Thomas F. Wilson.
Theatre 2: "Back to the Future Part II."

Cinema I, Cinema II, and Cinema 3rd Avenue, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
Theatre 1: "Valmont" (†).
Theatre 2: "Salvador" (†).
Theatre 3: "Queen of Hearts" (Jon Amiel).

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "Steel Magnolias" (Herbert Ross), with Sally Field, Dolly Parton, Julia Roberts, Shirley MacLaine, Daryl Hannah, and Olympia Dukakis.
Theatre 2: "Look Who's Talking" (Amy Heckerling), with John Travolta, Kirstie Alley, Olympia Dukakis, George Segal, and Abe Vigoda.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Dad" (†).

Loews New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Harlem Nights" (Eddie Murphy), with Murphy, Richard Pryor, and Redd Foxx.
Theatre 2: "Communion" (Philippe Mora), with Christopher Walken, Lindsay Crouse, and Frances Sternhagen.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"The Hungarian Fairy Tale" (1987, Gyula Gazdag; in Hungarian).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Crimes and Misdemeanors" (†).

U.A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Harlem Nights" (Eddie Murphy), with Murphy, Richard Pryor, and Redd Foxx.

Park & 86th Street Cinemas, 125 E. 86th. (534-1880)
Theatre 1: "Back to the Future Part II" (Robert Zemeckis), with Michael J. Fox, Christopher Lloyd, Lea Thompson, and *Thomas F. Wilson.*
Theatre 2: "Back to the Future Part II."

86th Street East Twin, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Theatre 1: "True Love" (Nancy Savoca), with Annabella Sciorra and Ron Eldard.
Theatre 2: "The Little Mermaid" (John Musker and Ron Clements), an animated film.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker Street Cinema I and 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Theatre 1: "The Everlasting Secret Family" (directed by Michael Thornhill).
Theatre 2: (Separate admissions) "Women on the Verge of a Nervous Breakdown" (Pedro Almodóvar; in Spanish), with Carmen Maura, Fernando Guillén, and Julieta Serrano; and "Seduction: The Cruel Woman" (Monika Truet and Elfi Mikesch).

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Dad" (†).
Theatre 2: "sex, lies, and videotape" (†).

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
"Crimes and Misdemeanors" (†).

Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Back to the Future Part II" (Robert Zemeckis), with Michael J. Fox, Christopher Lloyd, Lea Thompson, and Thomas F. Wilson.
Theatre 2: "Back to the Future Part II."

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Thelonious Monk: Straight, No Chaser" (Charlotte Zwerin), a documentary.
Theatre 2: "Queen of Hearts" (Jon Amiel).
Theatre 3: "Apartment Zero" (Martin Donovan), with Colin Firth and Hart Bochner.
Theatre 4: "Sidewalk Stories" (Charles Lane), with Lane and Nicole Alysia.

Chelsea Cinemas, 260 W. 23rd. (691-4744)
Theatre 1: "Back to the Future Part II" (Robert Zemeckis), with Michael J. Fox, Christopher Lloyd, Lea Thompson, and Thomas F. Wilson.
Theatre 2: "Steel Magnolias" (Herbert Ross), with Sally Field, Dolly Parton, Julia Roberts, Shirley MacLaine, Daryl Hannah, and Olympia Dukakis.
Theatre 3: "Dad" (†).
Theatre 4: "Look Who's Talking" (Amy Heckerling), with John Travolta, Kirstie Alley, Olympia Dukakis, George Segal, and Abe Vigoda.
Theatre 5: "Back to the Future Part II."
Theatre 6: "The Bear" (†).
Theatre 7: "Steel Magnolias."
Theatre 8: "Back to the Future Part II."
Theatre 9: "The Fabulous Baker Boys" (†).

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: (Matinees only) "Prancer" (John Hancock), with Sam Elliott, Cloris Leachman, and Rebecca Harrell; and (evenings only) "Shocker" (Wes Craven).
Theatre 2: "Sea of Love" (†).
Theatre 3: "Staying Together" (Lee Grant), with Sean Astin, Dermot Mulroney, Tim Quill, Melinda Dillon, Jim Haynie, and Stockard Channing.

Worldwide Cinemas, 49th St. between 8th and 9th Aves. (246-1583)
Theatre 1: "Dad" (†).
Theatre 2: "Back to the Future Part II" (Robert Zemeckis), with Michael J. Fox, Christopher Lloyd, Lea Thompson, and Thomas F. Wilson.
Theatre 3: "The Fabulous Baker Boys" (†).
Theatre 4: "Immediate Family" (Jonathan Kaplan), with Glenn Close and James Woods.
Theatre 5: "Sea of Love" (†).
Theatre 6: "Back to the Future Part II."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"The Little Mermaid" (John Musker and Ron Clements), an animated film.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"The Bear" (†).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (307-7856)
"Black Rain" (Ridley Scott), with Michael Douglas, Andy Garcia, Ken Takakura, Kate Capshaw, and Yasaku Matsuda.

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"True Love" (Nancy Savoca), with Annabella Sciorra and Ron Eldard.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)
"Drugstore Cowboy" (†).

Carnegie Screening Room, 7th Ave. between *56th and 57th. (757-2131)*
"Tora-San Goes to Vienna" (Yoji Yamada; in Japanese).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Henry V" (†).

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Dealers" (Colin Bucksey), with Paul McGann and Rebecca De Mornay.

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Steel Magnolias" (Herbert Ross), with Sally Field, Dolly Parton, Julia Roberts, Shirley MacLaine, Daryl Hannah, and Olympia Dukakis.

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "My Left Foot" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Little Thief" (†).
Theatre 3: "Story of Women" (†).

Cinema Studio I and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Mystery Train" (Jim Jarmusch).
Theatre 2: "sex, lies, and videotape" (†).

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"Valmont" (†).

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "Harlem Nights" (Eddie Murphy), with Murphy, Richard Pryor, and Redd Foxx.
Theatre 2: "Crimes and Misdemeanors" (†).
Theatre 3: "Harlem Nights."
Theatre 4: "The Little Mermaid" (John Musker and Ron Clements), an animated film.
Theatre 5: (Matinées only) "All Dogs Go to Heaven" (Don Bluth), an animated film; and (evenings only) "Harlem Nights."
Theatre 6: "Look Who's Talking" (Amy Heckerling), with John Travolta, Kirstie Alley, Olympia Dukakis, George Segal, and Abe Vigoda.

Metro Cinema I and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: "The Fabulous Baker Boys" (†).
Theatre 2: "Dad" (†).

Olympia I and II, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: "Back to the Future Part II," (Robert Zemeckis), with Michael J. Fox,

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and

soul

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Michael J. Fox in "Back to the Future Part II"

Christopher Lloyd, Lea Thompson, and Thomas F. Wilson.

Theatre 2: "Back to the Future Part II."

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)

Theatre 1: "Communion" (directed by Philippe Mora), with Christopher Walken, Lindsay Crouse, and Frances Sternhagen.

Theatre 2: "Heroes Stand Alone."

Theatre 3: "Staying Together" (Lee Grant), with Sean Astin, Dermot Mulroney, Tim Quill, Melinda Dillon, Jim Haynie, and Stockard Channing.

Theatre 4: "Look Who's Talking" (Amy Heckerling), with John Travolta.

Theatre 5: "Stepfather II" (Jeff Burr), with Terry O'Quinn.

Theatre 6: "Best of the Best" (Bob Radler), with Eric Roberts, James Earl Jones, and Sally Kirkland.

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (302-0494)

"Crimes and Misdemeanors" (†).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, 7th Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)

Theatre 2: "All Dogs Go to Heaven" (Don Bluth), an animated film.

Theatre 3: "Black Rain" (Ridley Scott), with Michael Douglas, Andy Garcia, Ken Takakura, Kate Capshaw, and Yasaku Matsuda.

Theatre 4: "Prancer" (John Hancock), with Sam Elliott, Cloris Leachman, and Rebecca Harrell.

Loews Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)

"Harlem Nights" (Eddie Murphy), with Murphy, Richard Pryor, and Redd Foxx.

National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)

Theatre 1: "Back to the Future Part II" (Robert Zemeckis), with Michael J. Fox, Christopher Lloyd, Lea Thompson, and Thomas F. Wilson.

Theatre 2: "Back to the Future Part II."

Warner, 7th Ave. between 42nd and 43rd. (764-6760)

"Shocker" (Wes Craven).

West Side Cinema 1 and 2, 7th Ave. at 48th. (398-1720)

Theatre 1: "The Little Mermaid" (John Musker and Ron Clements), an animated film.

Theatre 2: "The Little Mermaid."

REVIVAL HOUSES

Biograph Cinema, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)

Through Nov. 28: "Pride and Prejudice" (1940, directed by Robert Z. Leonard), with Greer Garson, Laurence Olivier, and Edna May Oliver; and "Wuthering Heights" (1939, William Wyler), with Merle Oberon, Olivier, Flora Robson, David Niven, and Gerald Fitzgerald.

Nov. 29-30: "Othello" (1965, Stuart Burge), with Laurence Olivier, Maggie Smith, Joyce Redman, Derek Jacobi, and Robert Lang.

Dec. 1-2: "Fire Over England" (†) and "Rebecca" (†).

Dec. 3-4: "21 Days Together" (1937, Basil Dean), with Vivien Leigh, Leslie Banks, and Laurence Olivier; and "That Hamilton Woman" (1941, Alexander Korda), with Leigh and Olivier.

Dec. 5-6: "The Betsy" (†); and "Dracula" (1979, John Badham), with Frank Langella, Laurence Olivier, and Donald Pleasence.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th (924-3363)

Through Nov. 28: "A Fish Called Wanda" (1988, Charles Crichton), with John Cleese, Jamie Lee Curtis, Kevin Kline, and Michael Palin; and "How to Get Ahead in Advertising" (1989, Bruce Robinson), with Richard E. Grant and Rachel Ward.

Nov. 29-30: "Dead Calm" (1989, Phillip Noyce), with Sam Neill; and "The Navigator: An Odyssey Across Time" (1989, Vincent Ward), with Bruce Lyons.

Dec. 1-2: "Down by Law" (1986, Jim Jarmusch), with Tom Waits, John Lurie, and Roberto Benigni; and "Bagdad Café" (1988, Percy Adlon), with Marianne Sägebrecht and CCH Pounder.

Dec. 3: "Parsifal" (†).

Dec. 4-5: "Fahrenheit 451" (1966, François Truffaut), with Julie Christie and Oskar Werner; and "Two English Girls" (1972, Truffaut; in French), with Jean-Pierre Léaud.

From Dec. 6: "Eat a Bowl of Tea" (1989, Wayne Wang); and "Slaves of New York" (1989, James Ivory), with Bernadette Peters and Chris Sarandon.

Thalia SoHo, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)

Nov. 27: "Of Human Bondage" (1934, John Cromwell), with Bette Davis, Leslie Howard, Frances Dee, and Kay Johnson; and "Winterset" (1936, Alfred S. Santell), with Margo, Burgess Meredith, Edward Ellis, and Eduardo Ciannelli.

Nov. 28: "The Stork Club" (1945, Hal Walker), with Bette Hutton, Barry Fitzgerald, and Don Defoe; and "The Powers Girl" (1943, Norman Z. McLeod), with Anne Shirley, George Murphy, and Carole Landis.

Nov. 29: "The Third Man" (1950, Carol Reed), with Orson Welles, Joseph Cotten, Alida Valli, and Trevor Howard; and "The Fallen Idol" (1948, Reed), with Bobby Henrey, Ralph Richardson, and Michèle Morgan.

Nov. 30: "M" (1932, Fritz Lang; in German), with Peter Lorre; and "The Threepenny Opera" (1931, G. W. Pabst; in German), with Lotte Lenya.

Dec. 1-2: "Diabolique" (1955, Henri-Georges Clouzot; in French), with Simone Signoret, Vera Clouzot, and Paul Meurisse; and "Wages of Fear" (1953, Clouzot; in French), with Yves Montand, Charles Vanel, Folco Lulli, and Peter Van Eyck.

Dec. 3: "Macario" (1960, Roberto Gavaldon; a Mexican film, in Spanish); and "Los Olvidados" ("The Young and the Damned"; 1950, Luis Buñuel; a Mexican film, in Spanish).

Dec. 4: "Time of Indifference" (1965, Francesco Maselli), with Rod Steiger, Claudia Cardinale, and Shelley Winters; and "An Affair of the Skin" (1963, Ben Maddow), with Viveca Lindfors, Kevin McCarthy, Lee Grant, and Diana Sands.

Dec. 5: "Pépé le Moko" (1937, Julien Duvivier; in French), with Jean Gabin, Mireille Balin, and Marcel Dalio; and "The Man on the Eiffel Tower" (†).

Dec. 6: "Not Wanted" (1949, Ida Lupino and Elmer Clifton), with Sally Forrest and Keefe Brasselle; and "Back Door to Heaven" (1941, William K. Howard), with Wallace Ford and Jimmy Lydon.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Nov. 27: "Les Visiteurs du Soir" (1942, Marcel Carné; in French), with Jules Berry, Marie Déa, and Alain Cuny; and "La Ronde" (1950, Max Ophuls; in French), with Gérard Philipe, Danielle Darrieux, Simone Signoret, and Jean-Louis Barrault.

Nov. 28: "Harold and Maude" (1971, Hal Ashby), with Ruth Gordon and Bud Cort; and "Where's Poppa?" (1970, Carl Reiner), with George Segal, Gordon, Trish Van Devere, and Ron Leibman.

Nov. 29: "The King of Marvin Gardens" (1972, Bob Rafelson), with Jack Nicholson, Bruce Dern, and Ellen Burstyn; and "Head" (1968, Rafelson), with the Monkees.

Nov. 30: "True Confession" (1937, Wesley Ruggles), with Carole Lombard, John Barrymore, and Fred MacMurray; and "We're Not Dressing" (†).

Dec. 1-2: "The Trial" (1962, Orson Welles), with Anthony Perkins, Jeanne Moreau, Suzanne Flon, Elsa Martinelli, Romy Schneider, and Welles; and "The Third Man" (1950, Carol Reed), with Welles, Joseph Cotten, Alida Valli, and Trevor Howard.

Dec. 3: "One Night of Love" (1934, Victor Schertzinger), with Grace Moore; and "New Moon" (1930, John Conway), with Moore and Lawrence Tibbett.

Dec. 4: "Fellini's Roma" (1972, Federico Fellini; in English and Italian); and "Ginger and Fred" (1986, Fellini; in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni and Giulietta Masina.

Dec. 5: "Dragonwyck" (1946, Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Gene Tierney, Vincent Price, Walter Huston, and Glenn Langan; and "My Cousin Rachel" (1952, Henry Koster), with Olivia de Havilland and Richard Burton.

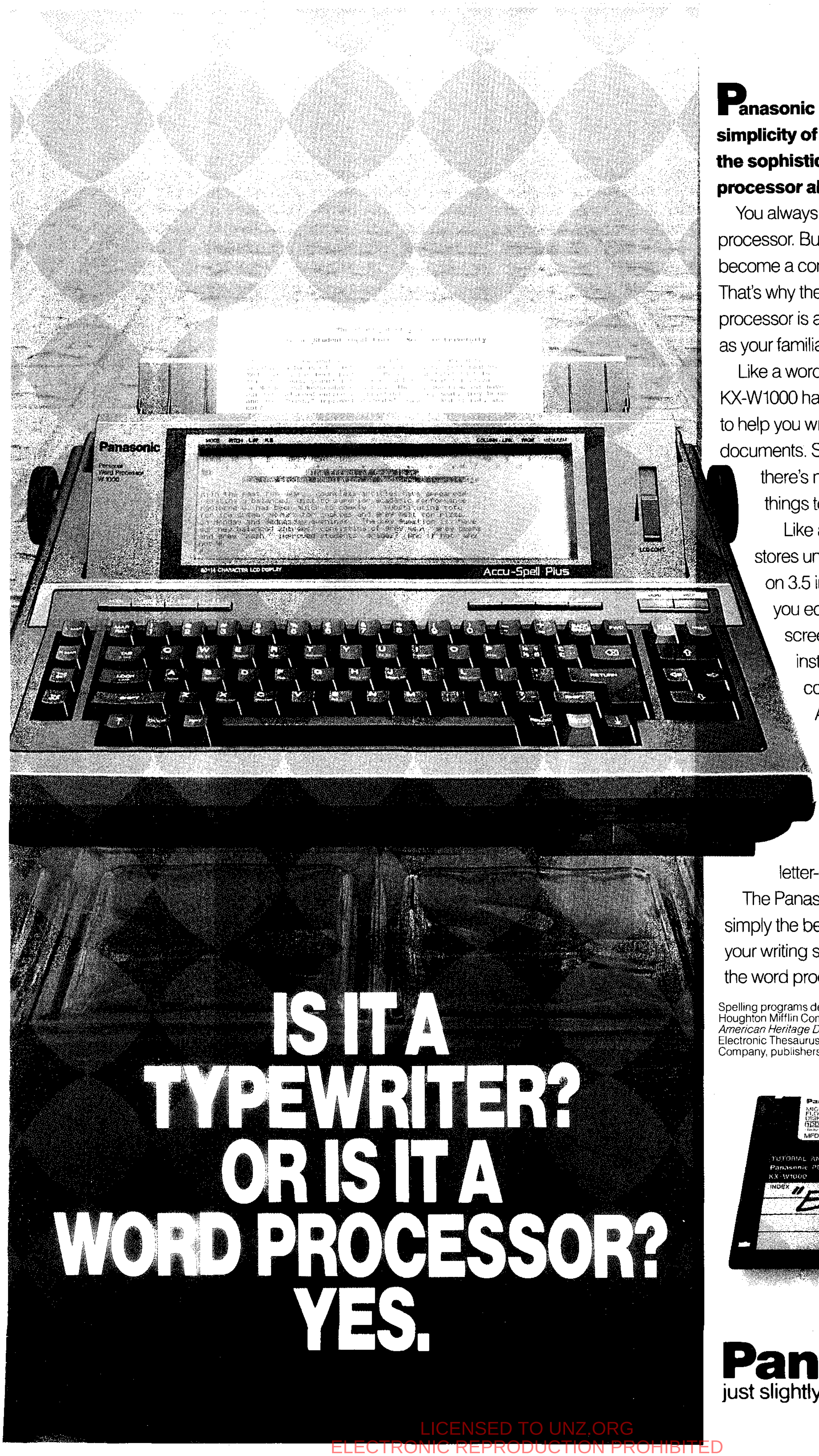
Dec. 6: "Bus Stop" (1956, Joshua Logan), with Marilyn Monroe, Don Murray, Arthur O'Connell, Betty Field, and Eileen Heckart; and "Niagara" (†).

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490)

THEATRE 1: Nov. 27 at 2:30: "The First Auto" (1927, directed by Roy Del Ruth), with Barney Oldfield, Patsy Ruth Miller, and Charles Mack; and two short films. . . . ¶ Nov. 27 at 6: "Under a Texas Moon" (1930, Michael Curtiz), with Frank Fay, Raquel Torres, and Myrna Loy. . . . ¶ Nov. 28 at 2:30: "Lights of New York" (1928, Brian Foy), with Helene Costello, Cullen Landis, and Eugene Pallette; and four short films. . . . ¶ Nov. 28 at 6: "Old San Francisco" (1927, Alan Crosland), with Dolores Costello, Warner Oland, and Charles Mack. . . . ¶ Nov. 30 at 2:30: "The Jazz Singer" (1927, Crosland), with Al Jolson, Mary McAvoy, and Oland. . . . ¶ Nov. 30 at 6: "Viennese Nights" (1931, Crosland), with Vivienne Segal and Walter Pidgeon. . . . ¶ Dec. 1 at 3: "Under a Texas Moon." . . . ¶ Dec. 1 at 6: "A Woman of Affairs" (1929, Clarence Brown), with Greta Garbo, John Gilbert, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. . . . ¶ Dec. 2 at 2: "Little Caesar" (1930, Mervyn LeRoy), with Edward G. Robinson and Fairbanks. . . . ¶ Dec. 2 at 5: "White Shadows in the South Seas" (1928, W. S. Van Dyke), with Monte Blue and Raquel Torres. . . . ¶ Dec. 3 at 2: "The Broadway Melody" (1929, Harry Beaumont), with Bessie Love, Anita Page, and Charles King. . . . ¶ Dec. 3 at 5 and Dec. 4 at 2:30: "Dawn Patrol" (1930, Howard Hawks), with Richard Barthelmess and Fairbanks. . . . ¶ Dec. 4 at 6: "Little Caesar." . . . ¶ Dec. 5 at 2:30: "The Neighbor's Wife and Mine" (1931, Heinosuke Gosho; in Japanese). . . . ¶ Dec. 5 at 6: "Dancing Girl of Izu" (1933, Gosho; in Japanese).

THEATRE 2: Films from Canada. Nov. 28 at 3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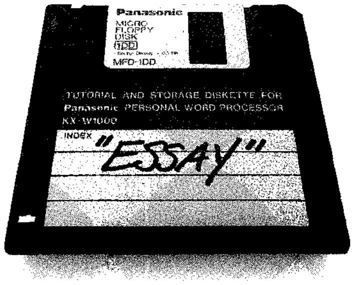
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INDEX
"ESSAY"

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just slightly ahead of our time.

and 6: "Drifting Upstream" (1967, Michel Brault; in French), with Claude Gauthier. . . . Dec. 1 at 3: "Réjeanne Padovani" (1973, Denys Arcand; in French), with Luce Guilbeault. . . . Dec. 1 at 6: "Once Upon a Time in the East" (1974, André Brassard; in French), with Denise Filiatrault. . . . Dec. 2 at 2:30: "Ordinary Tenderness" (1973, Jacques Leduc; in French), with Esther Auger. . . . Dec. 2 at 5:30: "Bar Salon" (1974, André Forcier; in French), with Guy L'Ecuyer. . . . Dec. 3 at 2:30: "Red" (1970, Gilles Carle; in French), with Daniel Pilon. . . . Dec. 3 at 5:30: "My Uncle Antoine" (1971, Claude Jutra; in French), with Jean Duceppe. . . . Dec. 5 at 3: "Bar Salon." . . . Dec. 5 at 6: "Ordinary Tenderness." . . . ¶ Dec. 2-3 at noon: Two different programs of "Sesame Street" episodes.

Museum of Broadcasting, 1 E. 53rd St. (752-7684)—"MB Playhouse," a chance to see the television dramas you may have missed in the past thirty or so years. Nov. 28-Dec. 2: William Saroyan's "The Human Comedy" (1959, CBS), with Thomas Chalmers, R. G. Armstrong, Michael J. Pollard, and Jo Van Fleet. . . . From Dec. 5: F. Scott Fitzgerald's "The Last Tycoon" (1951, NBC), with Robert Montgomery, June Duprez, and Judy Parrish. Showings Tuesdays at 3 and 6 and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 3. . . . ¶ "Twenty Years of Monty Python." Nov. 28-Dec. 2: Episodes 31-35 of "Monty Python's Flying Circus," with Graham Chapman, John Cleese, Terry Gilliam, Eric Idle, Terry Jones, and Michael Palin. . . . From Dec. 5: Episodes 36-40 of "Monty Python's Flying Circus." Showings Tuesdays at 12:15 and 5:30 and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 12:15.

American Museum of the Moving Image, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria, (1-718 784-0077)—In the Riklis Theatre, women in New York as portrayed on film and television. Nov. 28 at 2: "The Big Telecast" episode from "My Little Margie" (1954), with Gale Storm; and the "Society Party" episode from "Amos 'n' Andy" (1952), with Ernestine Wade, Tim Moore, and Spencer Williams, Jr. . . . ¶ Nov. 29 at 2: "How to Marry a Millionaire" (1953, Jean Negulesco), with Betty Grable, Marilyn Monroe, and Lauren Bacall. . . . ¶ Nov. 30 at 2: "Give a Girl a Break" (1953, Stanley Donen), with Marge and Gower Champion, Debbie Reynolds, and Bob Fosse. Miss Champion will be present. . . . ¶ Dec. 1 at 2: ". . . Meet Betty Furness" (1953), Miss Furness interviewing Stu Erwin and June Collyer; "The Faye Emerson Show" (1950); and "The Ilka Chase Show" (1950). Miss Furness will be present. . . . ¶ Dec. 2 at 1: "That Kind of Woman" (1959, Sidney Lumet), with Sophia Loren, Tab Hunter, and George Sanders. . . . ¶ Dec. 2 at 3: "The Arthur Murray Party" (a 1954 episode), hosted by Kathryn Murray; and the "Summer Memory" episode of "Ford Theatre" (1954), with Claire Trevor, who will be present. . . . ¶ Dec. 2 at 5: "Butterfield 8" (1960, Daniel Mann), with Elizabeth Taylor and Laurence Harvey. . . . ¶ Dec. 2 at 7:30: "Breakfast at Tiffany's" (1961, Blake Edwards), with Audrey Hepburn, George Peppard, and Patricia Neal. . . . ¶ Dec. 3 at 1: "Stage Struck" (1958, Lumet), with Susan Strasberg and Henry Fonda. . . . ¶ Dec. 3 at 3: The "Mind Over Momma" episode of "The Elgin TV Hour" (1955, Lumet), with Gertrude Berg as Molly Goldberg. . . . ¶ Dec. 3 at 5: "Imitation of Life" (1959, Douglas Sirk), with Lana Turner, Susan Kohner, and Sandra Dee. Miss Kohner will be present. . . . ¶ Dec. 5 at 2: "The Arthur Murray Party" and "Summer Memory." . . . ¶ Dec. 6 at 2: "That Kind of Woman."

Anthology Film Archives, 32-34 Second Ave., at Second St. (477-2714)—Films showing in either the Jonas Mekas Theatre or the Maya Deren Theatre. Nov. 29 at 6: "Kameradschaft" (1931, G. W. Pabst; in German). . . . ¶ Nov. 29 at 8: "The Ruler" (1937, Veit Harlan; in German). . . . ¶ Nov. 30 at 6: "The Miracle of Malachias" (1961, Bernhard Wicki). . . . ¶ Nov. 30 at 8:30: "Alice in the Cities" (1973, Wim Wenders; in German). . . . ¶ Dec. 1 at 8: "Ulysses" (1982, Werner Nekes; in German). . . . ¶ Dec. 1-2 at 8:30 and 10 and Dec. 3 at 5:30 and 9:30: "Hollow Venus Diary of a Go Go Dancer" (1989, Larry Fessenden), with Heather Woodbury. . . . ¶ Dec. 1 at 10: Films by Rudy Burckhardt. . . . ¶ Dec. 2 at 8 and 10: "Steelmill" (1979, Richard Serra and Clara Weyergraf) and an untitled work by Robert Frank. . . . ¶ Dec. 3 at 2: "Ordinary People" (1980, Robert Redford), with Donald Sutherland, Mary Tyler Moore, and Timothy Hutton. . . . ¶ Dec. 3 at 7: "The Book of Logic" (1988, Lionel Ziprin). . . . ¶ Dec. 3 at 8 and Dec. 6 at 8 and 10: "Film Before Film" (1986, Werner Nekes; in German).

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—Nov. 28 at 1:30: "Putney Swope" (1969, Robert Downey). . . . ¶ Nov. 28 at 3:30: "In the Year of the Pig" (1969, Emile de Antonio), a documentary. . . . ¶ Nov. 28 at 6: "Moon" (1969, Scott Bartlett), "Electronic Moon No. 2" (1969, Nam June Paik and Jud Yalkut), and "Rape" (1969, Yoko Ono and John Lennon). . . . ¶ Nov. 29 at noon: "Tom, Tom, the Piper's Son" (1969, Ken Jacobs). . . . ¶ Nov. 29 at 2:30: "The Comic" (1969, Carl Reiner), with Dick Van Dyke, Mickey Rooney, Cornel Wilde, Reiner, and Michelle Lee. . . . ¶ Nov. 30 at noon: "Fame" (1969, Richard Serra), "Reverberation" (1969, Ernie Gehr), and four other short films. . . . ¶ Nov. 30 at 2:30: "The Party" (1968, Blake Edwards), with Peter Sellers and Claudine Longet. . . . ¶ Dec. 1 at noon: "David Holzman's Diary" (1970, Jim McBride), "The Liberal War" (1970, Nick MacDonald), and "Hiroshima-Nagasaki, August 1945" (1970, Erik Barnouw and Paul Ronder). . . . ¶ Dec. 1 at 2:30: "M*A*S*H" (1970, Robert Altman), with Donald Sutherland, Elliott Gould, Tom Skerritt, Sally Kellerman, and Robert Duvall. . . . ¶ Dec. 2 at noon: An episode each from "Black Journal" and "60 Minutes." . . . ¶ Dec. 2 at 2:30: An episode of "Rowan and Martin's Laugh-In" and coverage of the 1968 Democratic Convention. . . . ¶ Dec. 3 at 1: "Mayday Realtime" (1970, David Cort), "The Medium Is the Medium" (1969), and two short films. . . . ¶ Dec. 3 at 3:30: An episode each from "Sesame Street" and "The World of Charlie Company." . . . ¶ Dec. 5 at 1:30: Coverage of the lunar landing of Apollo XI (1969) and an episode of "The Mary Tyler Moore Show." . . . ¶ Dec. 5 at 3:30: "Hollywood Television Theatre: Steambath." . . . ¶ Dec. 5 at 6: "CBS Reports: The Selling of the Pentagon" (1971) and an episode of "Dragnet." . . . ¶ Dec. 6 at noon: "I Will Not Make Any More Boring Art" (1971, John Baldessari) and "Selected Body Works" (1972, William Wegman). . . . ¶ Dec. 6 at 2:30: "Banks and the Poor" (1971) and an episode of "All in the Family."

French Institute–Alliance Française, 22 E. 60th St. (355-6100)—Nov. 29 at 12:30, 3:15, 6, and 8:45: "La Lectrice" (1988, Michel Deville; in French), with Miou-Miou and Maria Casarès. . . . ¶ Dec. 6 at 12:30, 3:15, 6, and 8:45: "The Northern Star" (1982, Pierre Granier-Deferre; in French), with Simone Signoret and Philippe Noiret.

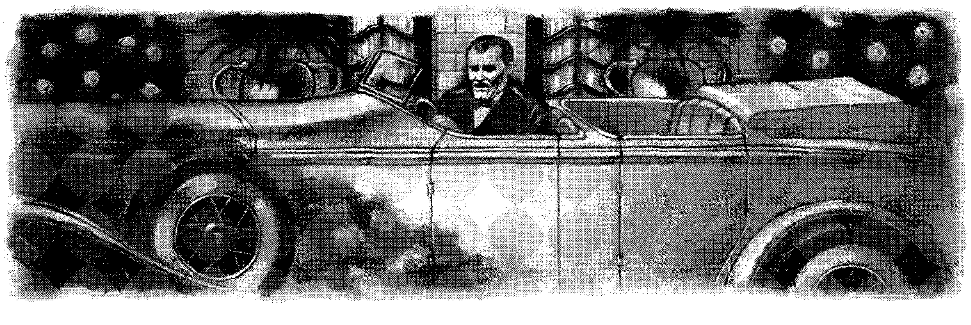
Adam Clayton Powell, Jr., State Office Building, 163 W. 125th St. (873-5040)—Nov. 29 at 1, 4:30, and 8: "The Education of Sonny Carson" (1974, Michael Campus), with Rony Clanton, Don Gordon, and Paul Benjamin; and "The Spook Who Sat by the Door" (1973, Ivan Dixon), with Lawrence Cooke, Paula Kelly, and Janet League.

Metropolitan Museum of Art, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (879-5500)—Dec. 2 at 4 and 6:30: "Death in Venice" (1971, Luchino Visconti), with Dirk Bogarde and Bjorn Andresen.

Japan Society, 33 E. 47th St. (752-3015)—Dec. 1 at 7:30: "Once More" (1947, Heinosuke Gosho; in Japanese), with Mieko Takamine and Ichiro Ryuzaki.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN "THE CURRENT CINEMA" DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.



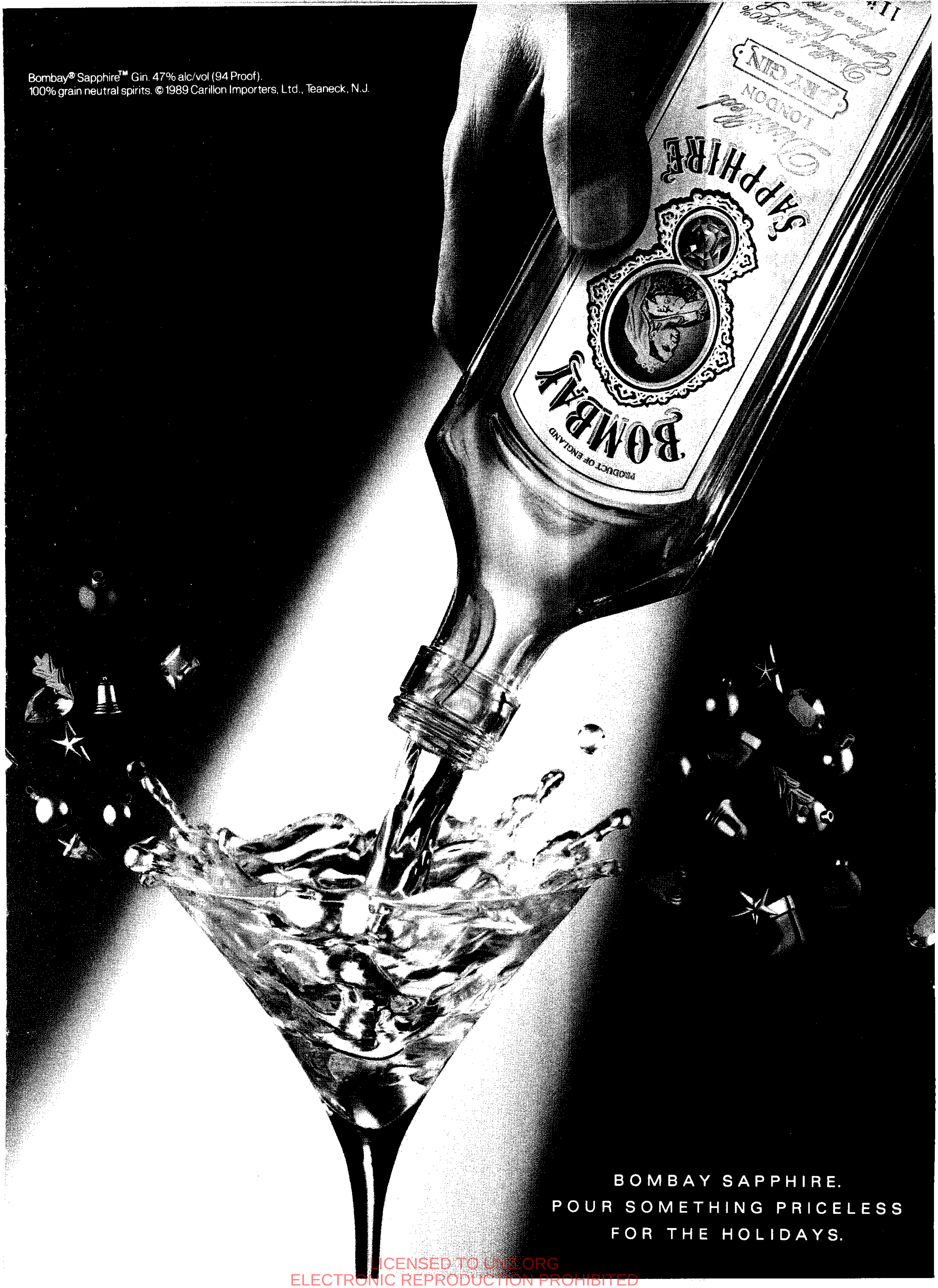
Laurence Olivier in "The Betsy"

(The following notes are by Pauline Kael, Terrence Rafferty, and Andrew Porter.)

The Bear—This French-made version of the romantic-wilderness pictures that Hollywood turned out in the silent era is a combination of raw pulp and gooey kitsch. A whimpering orphaned bear cub tries to attach himself to a huge male bear (nine feet two and weighing two thousand pounds), who has been shot in the shoulder and growls, rebuffing the infant. The plucky cub's feelings are hurt, but he ignores the threats, and follows the big bear, pleading for acceptance; he comes close enough to clean the wound with his tongue, and soon the two are kissing and licking. They have "bonded"; the music swells, and our hearts are supposed to be swelling, too. The director, Jean-Jacques Annaud, and the screenwriter, Gérard Brach, devised the plan for a gory, sentimental myth and then tried to get animals to act out the parts of the story that *couldn't* be faked; they fell back on sleight-of-hand cutting that never quite covers up the gaps. The movie doesn't exist except for its dubbed sound effects. Set in British Columbia in 1885; shot in the Austrian Tyrol and Northern Italy. Based on James Oliver Curwood's 1916 novel "The Grizzly King."—P.K. (Reviewed in our issue of 11/13/89.) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, Eastside Cinema, Chelsea Cinemas, and Ziegfeld.)

The Betsy (1978)—The director, Daniel Petrie, aims low and misses his target—maybe through taste and halfheartedness as much as ineptitude. This adaptation of Harold Robbins' novel about three generations of a Detroit automobile dynasty lacks the juicy vulgarity of soul which Robbins requires—it's so tranquil it's like a reverie on the clichés of the genre. As the superabundantly sexed patriarch of the family, Laurence Olivier keeps on acting after everyone else has given up. He must be doing it for himself—for the sheer love of testing himself as an actor. His energy blasts through the film's largo style; it's a personal triumph. With Tommy Lee Jones, Robert Duvall, Katharine Ross, Jane Alexander, Lesley-Anne Down, Kathleen Beller, Paul Rudd, Edward Herrmann, and Joseph Wiseman. Screenplay by William Bast and Walter Bernstein.—P.K. (Biograph Cinema; Dec. 5-6.)

Crimes and Misdemeanors—Written and directed by Woody Allen, it's a sad, censuring look at an eminent ophthalmologist (Martin Landau) and other crooks in high places who (in Allen's view) have convinced themselves that they can do anything, because they don't think God is watching. Allen is making the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film equivalent of a play of ideas, and the ideas have no excitement. He's telling us not just what we already know but what we've already rejected. Woody Allen himself plays a little, grubbing-for-a-living documentary filmmaker who falls in love but can't compete for the woman (Mia Farrow) against a darling of the media, a tall, egomaniacal TV producer played with a wonderfully smug, screwy abandon by Alan Alda. Except for Alda, and Landau (when he's showing nervous impatience), and Jerry Orbach, who plays the ophthalmologist's shady brother, most of the large cast is proficient yet brittle and dull. With Sam Waterston (as a rabbi who's going blind), Anjelica Huston, Claire Bloom, Joanna Gleason, Caroline Aaron, Nora Ephron in a bit, and Daryl Hannah—uncredited, but looking so luscious she almost stops the show. The bland cinematography is by Sven Nykvist.—P.K. (10/30/89) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews Tower East, 8th Street Playhouse, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Embassy 1.)

Dad—Making his first movie, Gary David Goldberg, the "creator" of the TV series "Family Ties," has attempted to open his sitcom sensibility to real life: he's filled "Dad" with therapeutic lore about old age and hospital care, as if moviemaking were a form of community service. Now seventy-eight and retired from his blue-collar job, Dad (Jack Lemmon) is dominated by his wife (Olympia Dukakis), who does everything for him, enfeebling him. But when his wife has a heart attack and is hospitalized, his Wall Street investment-banker son (Ted Danson) arrives, moves in with him, and stirs him to action: the helpless old coot comes alive. That's only the beginning; the movie keeps going through permutations until, finally, the banker hero's devotion to Dad helps him reach out to his own (estranged, college-age) son, played by Ethan Hawke. This is a saga: three (television) generations. At the start, Lemmon has vanished almost totally into his role, but soon he's so insufferably perky and boyish and obliging that you feel he deserves the puling lines that Goldberg gives him. With Kathy Baker, Kevin Spacey, Zakes Mokae, and J. T. Walsh.—P.K. (11/13/89) (Beekman, Waverly, Chelsea Cinemas, Worldwide Cinemas, and Metro Cinema.)

Drugstore Cowboy—Nihilistic humor rarely bubbles up in a movie as freely as it does here. Set in Portland, Oregon, in 1971, the story is about two couples who live together and travel around the Pacific Northwest robbing hospitals and pharmacies, grabbing fistfuls of pills and capsules. They're like a junkie version of Clyde Barrow's gang. The director, Gus Van Sant, takes us inside a lot of underground attitudes: the druggies are monomaniacal about leading an aimless existence—they see themselves as romantic figures. They're comic, but they're not put down for being comic. The picture keeps you laughing because it's so nonjudgmental. Van Sant is half in and half out of the desire of adolescents to remain kids forever. As the gang's twenty-six-year-old leader, Matt Dillon brings the role a light self-mockery that helps set the tone of the film, and Kelly Lynch is strikingly effective as the leader's wife. Also with James Le Gross, Heather Graham, James Remar, Max Perlich, Beah Richards, Grace Zabriskie, and William Burroughs. The script, by the director and Daniel Yost, was based on an unpublished novel by James Fogle, who's in prison for drug-related robberies.—P.K. (10/30/89) (Angelika Film Center, and Carnegie Hall Cinema.)

A Dry White Season—In Johannesburg, a naïve white schoolmaster (Donald Sutherland) has his eyes opened to the police brutality involved in the death of his black gardener, and imagines he can obtain justice for the man's family. Marlon Brando is airily light and masterly as the veteran anti-apartheid barrister who takes the case even though he knows that he can't get anywhere with the rigged court. The romantic in Brando must have responded to the old rebel's romantic gesture: he saves the picture for the (short) time he's onscreen. But the director, Euzhan Palcy, seems lost; her work is heavy-handed, and the script (by Colin Welland and the director, from a novel by André Brink) is earnest and didactic. Performers such as Susan Sarandon, Jurgen Prochnow, Winston Ntshona, Janet Suzman, Michael Gambon, and Zakes Mokae sink into the obviousness of their roles and leave no trace. (Poor, uninspired, virtuous Sutherland is out of it; his characterization is one long whimper.)—P.K. (10/2/89) (Angelika Film Center; through Nov. 30.)

The Fabulous Baker Boys—Two lounge pianists (brothers, played by Beau and Jeff Bridges) add a vocalist (Michelle Pfeiffer) to their act, and she changes their lives. This romantic fantasy has a forties-movie sultriness and an eighties movie-struck melancholy. Put them together and you have a movie in which eighties glamour is being defined. The young writer-director Steve Kloves trips off your bluesy, narcissistic feelings about popular music and commercial-movie emotions; he invites you to laugh if you want to. (You feel the heat even if you're laughing.) The three stars seem perfect at what they're doing—newly minted icons. When Pfeiffer (who does her own singing) delivers "Makin' Whoopee," while crawling over a grand piano like a long-legged kitty-cat, she rivals Rita Hayworth in "Gilda."—P.K. (10/16/89) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, Bijou Cinema, 34th St. East, 59th Street East Cinema, Chelsea Cinemas, Worldwide Cinemas, and Metro Cinema.)

Carole Lombard and Bing Crosby in "We're Not Dressing"

Fat Man and Little Boy—It's about how the collaboration of General Leslie R. Groves (Paul Newman) and J. Robert Oppenheimer (Dwight Schultz) resulted in the atomic bombs' being dropped on Japan. The director, Roland Joffé, and his co-screenwriter, Bruce Robinson, took this inherently dramatic subject and got lost in it; the script is a shambles. Newman, though miscast, is still too smooth to be matched by Schultz—he isn't a forceful enough actor to suggest Oppenheimer's Joan of Arc presence, which kept the collection of scientists together. In this version, both men are diminished: Oppenheimer is just an arrogant, ivory-tower idealist, and the gruff, deceitful Groves seems to pick him for his weakness. With John Cusack, Laura Dern, Natasha Richardson, Bonnie Bedelia, Gerald Hiken, John C. McGinley, and Fred Dalton Thompson. Music by Ennio Morricone. (The TV docudrama "Day One," featuring Brian Dennehy as Groves and David Strathairn as Oppenheimer, shows how the Manhattan Project developed its own momentum; it has the complexity and drive that Joffé's version lacks.)—P.K. (11/13/89) (Angelika Film Center.)

Fire Over England (1937)—The Armada is a toy fleet, but the actors are full scale and stirring—a young, daredevil Laurence Olivier leaps about the battle scenes and makes love to an

Photographer: Minh Nguyen

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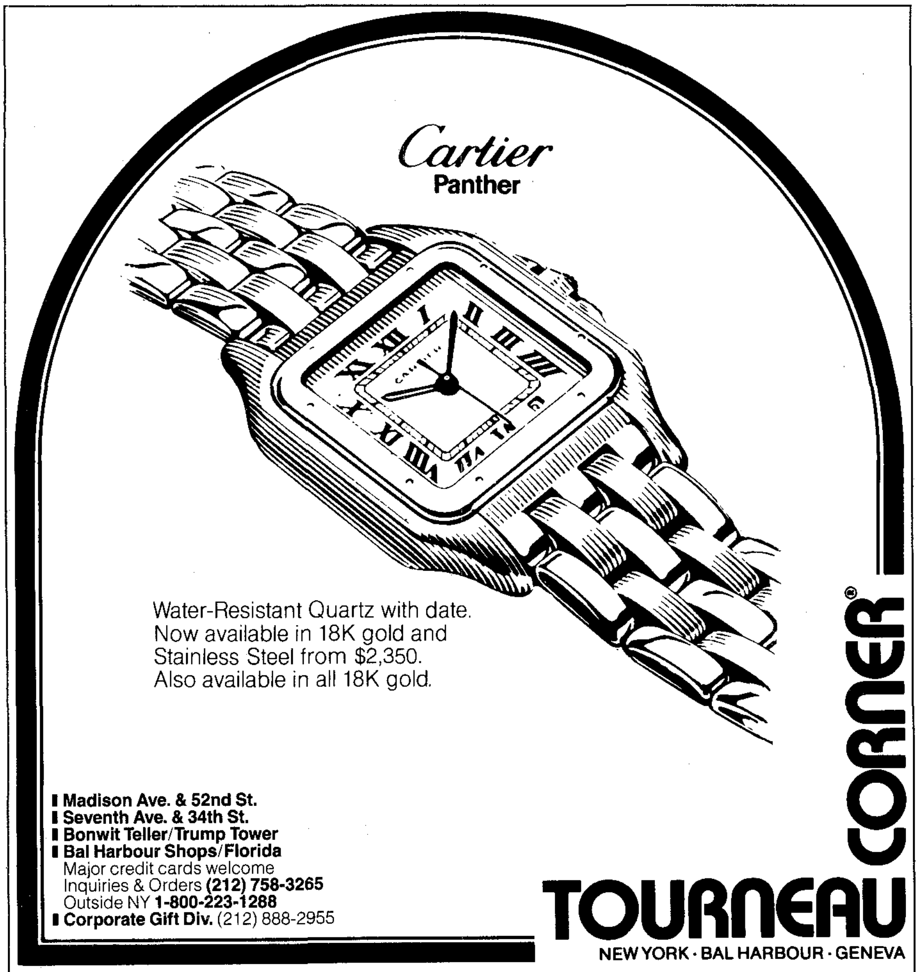

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incredibly pretty Vivien Leigh, while Flora Robson plays a greathearted Queen Elizabeth, and Raymond Massey is Philip II of Spain. It's swashbuckling nonsense (and slow to get under way), but with a fine spirit. Alexander Korda produced, William K. Howard directed.—P.K. (Biograph Cinema; Dec. 1-2.)

Henry V—This fast-paced version, adapted and directed by its young star, Kenneth Branagh, isn't exultant, like the version made forty-five years earlier by Laurence Olivier. Branagh emphasizes the price paid for war: the bloodshed. And, in keeping with his generation's supposed disillusion with war, he minimizes the play's glorification of the English fighting man. His conception of how to film the play is to look closely at the conniving, the misgivings, the ego wars. (This epic noir doesn't indicate why the French lost at Agincourt.) Branagh is not an overnight great moviemaker; his attempts at spectacular effects strain his inventiveness. But as an actor he has something of James Cagney's confident Irishness; he's intensely likable, with a beautiful, expressive voice, and a straightforwardness that drives the whole film ahead. He and the other performers are so up that you feel their pride in working on true dramatic poetry. It's a company of stars: Paul Scofield as the melancholy French king whose face foretells the doom of his army, Christopher Ravenscroft as the herald Mountjoy, Derek Jacobi as the Chorus, Judi Dench as Mistress Quickly, Robbie Coltrane as Falstaff, Brian Blessed as Exeter, Richard Briers as Bardolph, Richard Easton as the Constable of France, Alec McCowen as Ely, Robert Stephens as Pistol, Emma Thompson as Katherine, Geraldine McEwan as Alice, Christian Bale as Falstaff's boy, and best of all, perhaps, Ian Holm as the chattering Welshman Fluellen.—P.K. (11/27/89) (Paris.)

The Little Thief—Claude Miller's movie, set in the early fifties, is about a rebellious provincial teen-ager named Janine (Charlotte Gainsbourg). The screenplay (by Miller, his wife, Annie, and Luc Béraud) is based on an original story by François Truffaut and Claude de Givray; Truffaut himself reportedly planned to direct a film of the story. This movie bears recognizable traces of the late New Wave director: it's gentle-natured and sympathetic to the young, and its structure is casual and anecdotal, like the Doinel movies. What it lacks is Truffaut's energy. Miller is a perfectly decent craftsman, and the movie is never unwatchable, but nothing drives it forward from one scene to the next, and Janine's lucklessness and her tough-kid spirit don't resonate as Antoine's do. For Truffaut, the story wasn't the most important thing; it's all that's left of him in "The Little Thief." In French.—T.R. (9/4/89) (Lincoln Plaza.)

The Man on the Eiffel Tower (1948)—A nasty thriller with some fancy degenerate aspects, and some imaginative photography and trial-and-error work with color that put it in a special class—it might even be called an experimental thriller. Burgess Meredith directed this peculiar (and not particularly enjoyable) manhunt, with himself as one of the hunted. Franchot Tone makes a cunning psychopathic killer—the really horrid kind that tries to put the noose on an innocent neck—and Charles Laughton is Inspector Maigret. The Simenon novel "A Battle of Nerves" was adapted by Harry Brown. With Robert Hutton, Belita, Patricia Roc, Jean Wallace, and Wilfrid Hyde-White. Shot in Paris; Stanley Cortez was the cinematographer.—P.K. (Thalia SoHo; Dec. 5.)

My Left Foot—The greatness of Daniel Day-Lewis's performance as the Dubliner Christy Brown, a victim of cerebral palsy who became a painter and a writer, is that he pulls you inside Christy's frustration and rage (and his bottomless thirst). There's nothing soft or maudlin about this movie's view of Christy: he's anguished and locked in yet excitingly insolent. The movie may tear you apart, but it's the story of a triumphantly tough guy who lived it up, and Day-Lewis's interpretation has some of the sexual seductiveness that was so startling in Olivier's Richard III. This is the first film of the Irish playwright-director Jim Sheridan, who wrote the superb screenplay with another Irish playwright, Shane Connaughton. With Brenda Fricker, Ray

McAnally, Fiona Shaw, Ruth McCabe, and Hugh O'Conor playing Christy as a child.—P.K. (10/2/89) (Lincoln Plaza.)

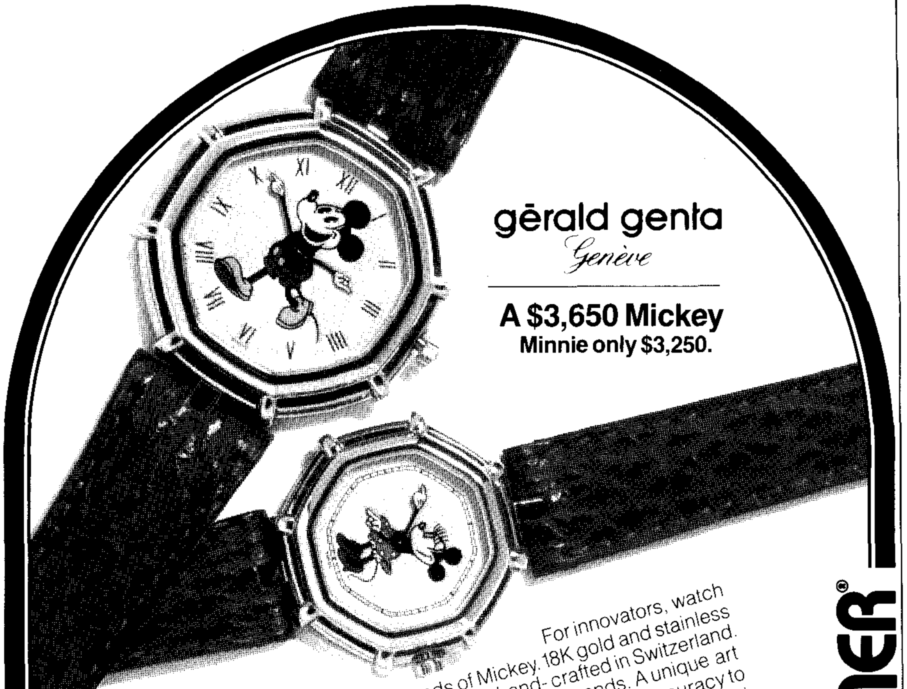
Niagara (1953)—This isn't a good movie but it's compellingly tawdry and nasty—the only movie that explored the mean, unsavory potential of Marilyn Monroe's cuddly, infantile perversity. There's no affection for her here. This picture was made just before she won Hollywood over with "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," and her amoral, destructive tramp—carnal as hell—may represent Hollywood's lowest estimate of her. Monroe's wet-lipped lasciviousness is enough to keep the first half of this murder melodrama going, but by the second half there's nothing but plot twists, centering on Niagara Falls. Joseph Cotten plays the husband whom she plans to kill; Richard Allan is her lover. With Jean Peters and Denis O'Dea. Directed by Henry Hathaway, from a script by Charles Brackett, Walter Reisch, and Richard Breen.—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 6.)

Parsifal (1983)—Hans-Jürgen Syberberg's film is a rich and beautiful production—thoughtful, inventive, and very ambitious. The musical performance is of high distinction. The visual imagery is arresting, resonant, and colorful; it embraces and presents those abundant, varied elements from which Wagner's most profound opera was distilled—his life, his reading, his thinking, his passions, his response to art and nature, his earlier compositions. With two young Swiss, Michael Kutter and Karin Krick, in the dual role of Parsifal (the singing is by the Dresden tenor Reiner Goldberg); Edith Clever as Kundry (sung by Yvonne Minton); Robert Lloyd singing and enacting Gurnemanz; and Aage Haugland as Klingsor. The Swiss conductor Armin Jordan, an outstanding Wagnerian, also plays Amfortas (the role is sung by Wolfgang Schone). The Monte Carlo Philharmonic plays with great breadth and beauty of tone and subtlety of solo inflection, and the Prague Philharmonic Choir's singing is firm and full. In German.—A.P. (Cinema Village; Dec. 3.)

Rebecca (1940)—Magnificent romantic-gothic corn, full of Alfred Hitchcock's humor and inventiveness. It features one of Laurence Olivier's rare poor performances; he seems pinched and too calculated—but even when he's uncomfortable in his role he's more fascinating than most actors. Joan Fontaine gives one of her rare really fine performances—she makes her character's shyness deeply charming. And with Judith Anderson, George Sanders, and Florence Bates—all three showing their flair for playing rotten people. From Daphne du Maurier's novel, adapted by Robert E. Sherwood and Joan Harrison; music by Franz Waxman.—P.K. (Biograph Cinema; Dec. 1-2.)

Salvador (1986)—The director, Oliver Stone, is probably aiming for a Buñuelian effect—a vision so intensely scummy that it clears the air. If the result, with its grime and guilt, comes closer to suggesting a hyperkinetic, gonzo version of Graham Greene, that's still nothing to be ashamed of. Written by Stone and the free-lance foreign correspondent Richard Boyle, the movie presents the civil war in El Salvador during the years 1980 and 1981 as some kind of ultimate bad trip. James Woods, perhaps the most hostile of all American actors, plays Boyle as a scroungy hustler who knows how to function in chaos: the squalid confusion wires him up, and he feels on top of things. The title doesn't refer just to the country. "Salvador" means "savior," and Woods' Boyle is the one who needs to be saved. What Stone has here is a right-wing macho fantasy joined to a left-leaning polemic. He writes and directs as if someone had put a gun to the back of his neck and yelled "Go!" and didn't take it away until he'd finished. Made on location in Mexico, except for a few scenes set in this country, the money was raised from British and Mexican sources. With Elpidia Carrillo as the peasant madonna, Jim Belushi as Doctor Rock, John Savage as the dedicated photojournalist, and Michael Murphy, Tony Plana, and Cynthia Gibb. Cinematography by Robert Richardson, music by Georges Delerue.—P.K. (Cinema II.)

Sea of Love—This romantic thriller, written by Richard Price and directed by Harold Becker, has a simple and rather familiar story: a cop (Al Pacino) investigating a series of murders falls in love with one of the suspects. But the movie isn't entirely predictable; it provides plenty of surprises, odd little



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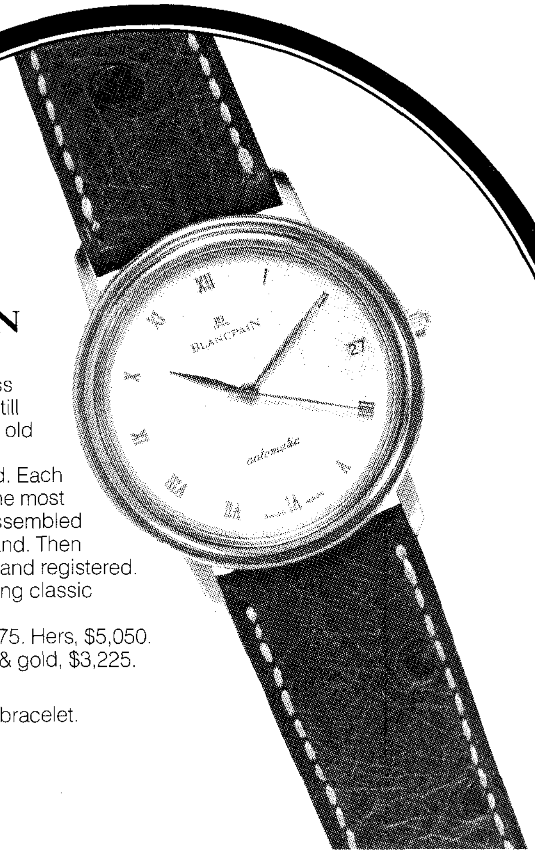

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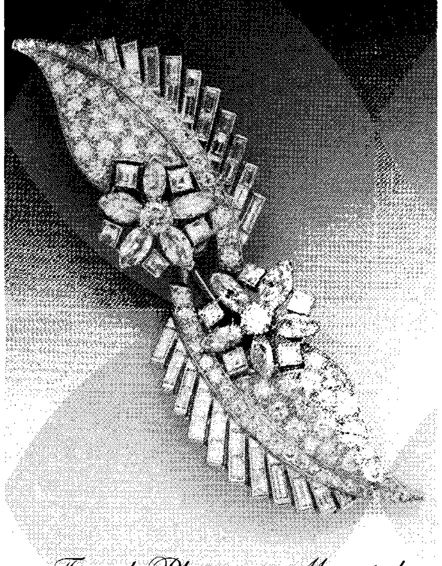

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riffs that keep us alert. And Pacino is amazing. He's playing a middle-aged, divorced, depressed, semi-alcoholic man who exposes himself to great peril by conducting an affair with a young woman who might be a killer. The actor's face has a saggy, disappointed look now, but there's something hopeful, a wary avidity, in his eyes. In this role, he seems to be startling himself with his own vitality. Barkin is perfectly cast as an ambiguous object of desire; she can look very soft or very, very hard, and the camera doesn't know quite what to make of her. It's a consistently entertaining movie, although Becker's direction has a tendency to flatten the highs in the material. And Price's script, full of sharp dialogue and smart ideas, nevertheless has a few characteristic lapses—most damagingly, a slackening of inspiration toward the end. Also with John Goodman (in good form, as the hero's partner), William Hickey, Richard Jenkins, Christine Estabrook, and Michael Rooker.—T.R. (9/18/89) (Angelika Film Center, Manhattan Twin, 23rd St. West Triplex, and Worldwide Cinemas.)

SEX, LIES, AND VIDEOTAPE—Steven Soderbergh's smooth, handsome first feature generates a fair degree of psychological tension out of next to nothing. It's a triangle drama with a cunning little kink in it. The triangle consists of Ann (Andie MacDowell), a beautiful young Southern woman who has "never really been that much into sex"; her husband, John (Peter Gallagher), a sleazy yuppie lawyer; and her younger sister, Cynthia (Laura San Giacomo), who's sleeping with John. The kink is an old college pal of John's, named Graham (James Spader), a soft-spoken drifter who comes to town and changes everybody's life. Graham has sworn off sex, because, he says, it's the only way for him to stay honest: he's impotent, except when he's watching one of his dozens of home videos—all of them interviews he has conducted with women about sex. He's like a retired gunslinger, a laconic hombre who won't pull his artillery out of its holster because he's seen too much killin' already. This is "Shane" remade as a Southern psychodrama. But there's some real conviction in it—a mixed-up fervor that keeps us watching.—T.R. (8/7/89) (Waverly, and Cinema Studio.)

STORY OF WOMEN—Actually, it's the story of one woman, Marie Latour (Isabelle Huppert), a provincial wife and mother struggling to get by during the German Occupation of France. To help make ends meet, she provides rooms for the use of prostitutes and performs an occasional abortion; bored with her husband (François Cluzet), she takes a young collaborator (Nils Tavernier) as her lover, and then arranges an affair for her husband so he'll stop bothering her. For a while she thrives, but when the French authorities learn of her activities as an abortionist they decide to make an example of her: they condemn her to death, as a demonstration of the moral strength of their subjugated nation. The director, Claude Chabrol, and his co-writer, Colo Tavernier O'Hagan, have drawn their material from the true story of Marie-Louise Giraud, who was executed in 1943. Chabrol's direction is, as always, clean, efficient, and rather impersonal. At first, we're grateful for his matter-of-fact approach: he respects the ambiguities of his heroine's character. But after a while his objectivity becomes frustrating: it doesn't have the chilling rigor of Louis Malle's 1974 portrait of a collaborator, "Lacombe, Lucien." Huppert, livelier than usual, gives a nice performance, but "Story of Women," finally, seems like just about every other prestigious French movie of the past few years: a well-crafted star vehicle in the guise of something more serious. Also with Marie Trintignant. In French.—T.R. (Lincoln Plaza.)

VALMONT—A version of the Choderlos de Laclos novel "Les Liaisons Dangereuses," directed by Miloš Forman, from the script he prepared with the writer Jean-Claude Carrière. In the novel, the Marquise de Merteuil and the Vicomte de Valmont, French aristocrats in the late seventeen-seventies, play their sexual conquests with the cold calculation that might be given to war games—they turn innocent people into pawns. Here, their manipulations are so lightweight and offhand there's no sting to them. There has always been the danger that period movies will become intoxicated with jesters and fire-eaters and village fairs. "Valmont" has its share, but it's really into candlelit interiors and pale-rose bodices and rose-and-gold furniture. The story disappears among the cushions. As Valmont, the blandly handsome Colin Firth doesn't have the energy to be a lecher or even to make contact with the audience. With Annette Bening as the Marquise, Meg Tilly as Mme. de Tourvel, Fairuza Balk as Cécile, Fabia Drake as Valmont's aunt, and Jeffrey Jones, Henry Thomas, Aleta Mitchell, and Sian Phillips. The costumes were designed by Theodor Pistek.—P.K. (11/27/89) (Loews 19th Street East 6, Cinema I, and Regency.)

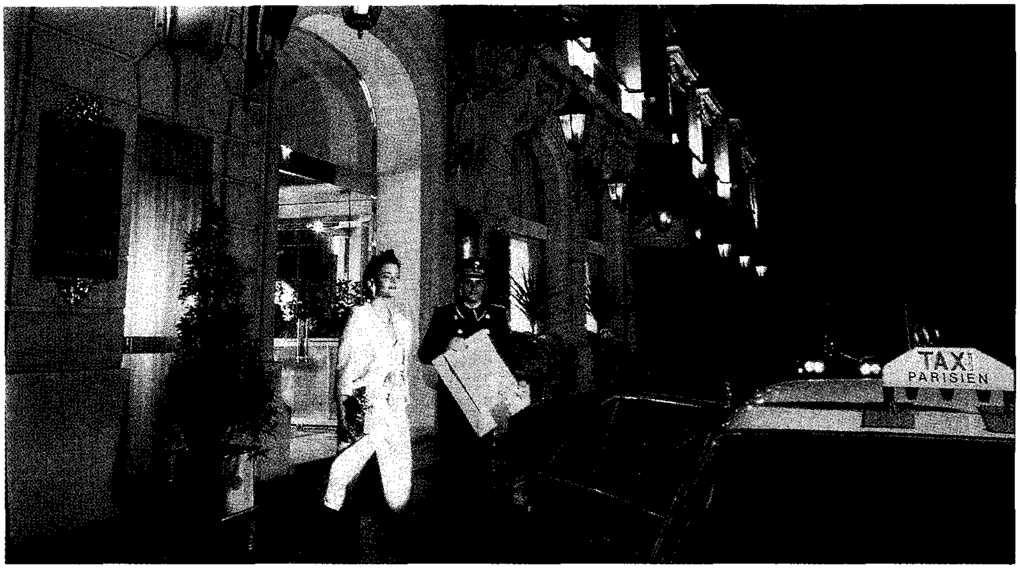
WE'RE NOT DRESSING (1934)—A light, easygoing Paramount musical comedy about the wreck of a yacht on a desert island, taken (very loosely) from J. M. Barrie's "The Admirable Crichton," one of the most serviceable of screen sources. Bing Crosby is the sailor, and the spoiled heiress is Carole Lombard. The other passengers are lecherous Ethel Merman (who sings "It's Just an Old Spanish Custom"), and Ray Milland and Leon Errol are rich prigs. The island, fortunately, isn't deserted; Gracie Allen and George Burns turn up, as naturalists living there. Norman Taurog directed; the Harry Revel and Mack Gordon songs include "Love Thy Neighbor" and "She Reminds Me of You."—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 30.)

When the British film magazine Sight and Sound *conducted its latest international critics' poll, "The Third Man" (playing November 29 at the Thalia SoHo and December 1 and 2 at Theatre 80 St. Marks) was the only largely British production to win even an honorable mention in the list of all-time favorite movies. This thriller about a pulp writer drawn into postwar Vienna's circles of deceit has earned classic status for many reasons: its ambience of fear and futility, its dry doomsday wit, its erotic melancholy, Orson Welles' irresistible suaveness as the villain, Harry Lime, and the use of a single instrument, Anton Karas's zither, to add a carnival-like counterpoint to dem ol' Weltschmerz blues.*

But what has aged best over four decades is the moviemakers' trenchant depiction of the clash between English rectitude and American innocence—and corruption. The one real hero of the film is a knowing English military-police officer, played with eloquent gravity by Trevor Howard. The center of the action is the American dime novelist, embodied (perfectly) by Joseph Cotten as a man who believes in the value of his own cheap cowboy fantasies. He's a pathetic imitation of a two-fisted frontiersman, always making sentimental gestures that bollix up the works. And as his boyhood idol, Lime, Welles is a bouncing American boy who sees the postwar world as a source of plunder, even if it means trafficking in diluted black-market penicillin.

The constant references to the paperback writer's masterly building of suspense must have become an in-joke between the director, Carol Reed, and the screenwriter, Graham Greene, who build tension less through galloping action or tricks of plotting than through oblique touches. In "The Third Man," evil is as natural as the characters' frosty exhalation, and suspense is part of the atmosphere.

THE LEGEND OF PARIS



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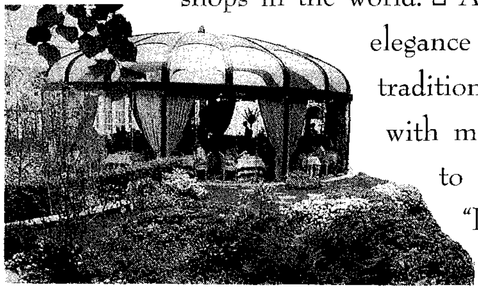

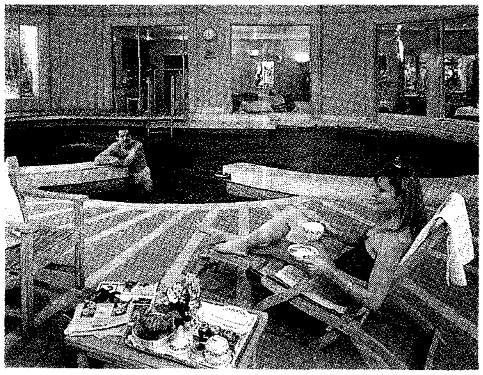

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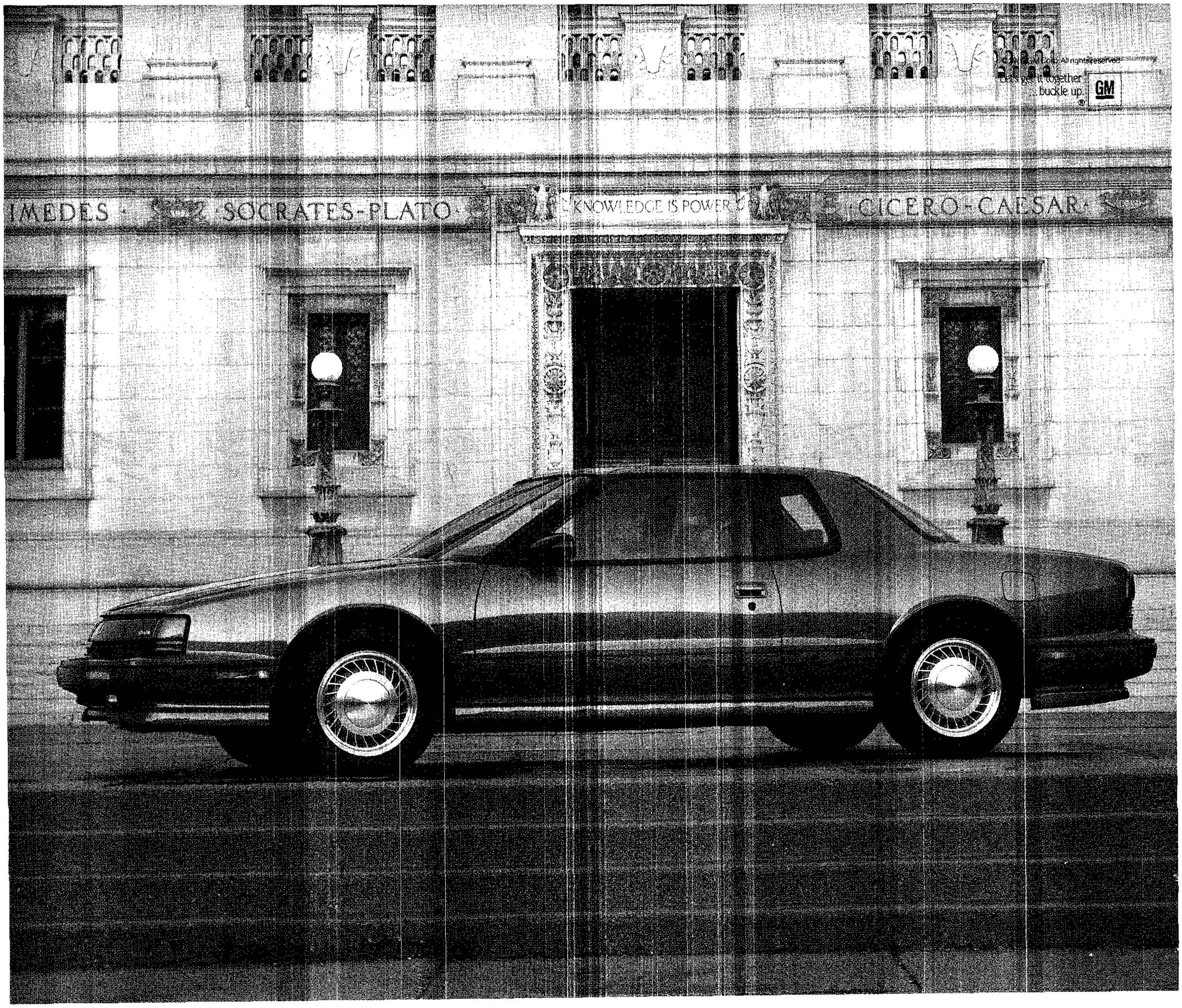

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THE NEW YORKER

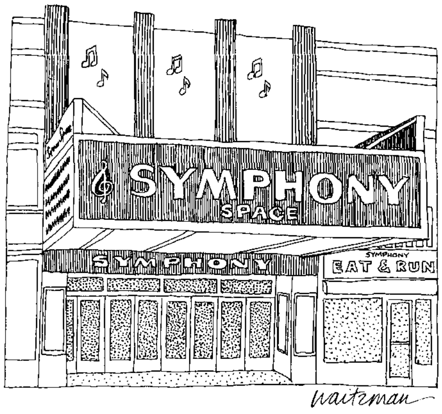
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

TEN years ago last month, in the November, 1979, issue of *Commentary*, Jeane Kirkpatrick, then a professor of political science at Georgetown University, published a scathing survey of the incumbent Carter Administration's foreign-policy record, singling out as naïve and misguided the Administration's promotion of human-rights standards. Dictatorships in Iran and Nicaragua, both of which had been closely allied with the United States for several decades, had just collapsed in the face of revolutionary upheavals, and Dr. Kirkpatrick argued that the Carter Administration's policy of hamstringing those regimes with arbitrary human-rights requirements had been largely to blame.

Dr. Kirkpatrick's article was enormously influential, especially among the advisers surrounding the then candidate Ronald Reagan. Its argument rested on two premises—that Soviet Communism was aggressively on the march, challenging the fundamental interests of the free world in country after country in Africa, the Middle East, Asia, and Latin America; and that within the framework of this contest it was essential to observe the distinction between traditional, authoritarian dictatorships, which might be expected to reform themselves toward democracy, and Communist, totalitarian regimes, which had shown no capacity to do so. It followed, Dr. Kirkpatrick said, that trying to force authoritarian regimes to democratize too quickly or observe arbitrary human-rights standards only played into the hands of Communist insurgents, who would invariably go on to implant totalitarian dictatorships. These premises came to dominate much of President Reagan's foreign policy, especially during his first term and particularly in Central America. For that matter, they continued to dominate Washington's Central America policy right through Reagan's second term and on into the Presidency of George Bush.

But the evidence of the past month—the astonishing transformations taking place in Poland, Hungary, East Germany, Bulgaria, Czechoslovakia, and, of course, the Soviet Union itself—has clearly upended both the first premise and much of the second. As for the rest of it, in El Salvador a decade that began with the assassination of an archbishop and four American nuns, and during which seventy thousand people perished (the overwhelming majority of them at the hands of right-wing death squads or the security forces with which those squads were affiliated) is coming to an end with the gruesome martyrdom of six Jesuit priests and their cook and her fifteen-year-old daughter, and with the wholesale aerial bombardment of poor neighborhoods in the capital. Meanwhile, the country's attorney general, acting in his capacity as a "private citizen," has threatened, in a letter to the Pope, that unless the current archbishop and several of his fellow-clerics, who have been "keeping alive the questionable ideology of 'the church of the poor,' " are summarily removed from the scene their personal safety can no longer be guaranteed. Over the past decade, the United States has lavished four and a half billion dollars on El Salvador—more than a million dollars a day—in the hope that through gentle prodding the regime would in its own good time find its way toward a more humane democracy. But that regime seems utterly impervious to change.



It's almost a cliché now to say that the year 1989 is proving to be comparable with such milestones as 1789, 1814, 1848, 1914, 1939, 1945, and 1968—other years in which "the winds of change" swept across the globe. Yet there has been an almost eerie bifurcation in the response of this country's politicians and news media to the year's events in Eastern Europe, on the one hand, and those in Central America, on the other, as if the two had nothing to do with each other. Yet the two sets of events have much in common: long-oppressed populations rising up against deeply entrenched oligarchies. If that rising has proved peaceful in Eastern Europe and violent in El Salvador, that is in part because in Eastern Europe advocates of a peaceful alternative were routinely jailed over the past several decades, while in El Salvador they were just as routinely butchered. Even more to the point, however, is that the premises underlying our bloody involvement in El Salvador—that this tiny country had become a flashpoint in the battle against the aggressive and expansionist Soviet empire, and that once the country was lost to the Communists its inhabitants would never be able, on their own, to struggle back to freedom

—have been decisively overturned by what is happening in Eastern Europe and the Soviet Union. There is now no logic to justify the deaths of thousands more people or the expenditure of billions more dollars in propping up a corrupt and violent authoritarian regime.

Probably the key development in recent Eastern European history came when Mikhail Gorbachev, as part of his "new thinking," took to informing the oligarchic regimes within his sphere of influence that they could no longer rely on Soviet military support to enforce their authority—that when it came to questions of public legitimacy they would largely have to fend for themselves. All sorts of peaceful things then began to happen. Perhaps the time has come for the United States to make similar announcements to its clients in Central America—El Salvador, Guatemala, Honduras. Or, at the very least, the Administration had better come up with a fresh and ideologically plausible rationale for continuing involvement there.

◆

WE have heard from the husband of an old friend:

I accompanied my wife to Washington the other Sunday to participate in the mammoth pro-choice Mobilize for Women's Lives rally at the Lincoln Memorial. First, the scene itself: closely massed bodies in front of the gleaming white Memorial and stretching as far as one could see, down both sides of the Reflecting Pool, to the grounds of the Washington Monument, approximately half a mile away. That comes to ten city blocks and amounts to a considerable density of determined human beings. They were packed together, swaying, singing, listening, and holding aloft hundreds of signs and banners, both solemn and irreverent: "KEEP YOUR LAWS OFF MY BODY," "AIN'T ANYBODY'S BUSINESS WHAT I DO," "COAT HANGERS ARE NOT KINDER AND GENTLER," "CATHOLICS FOR CHOICE," "U.S. OUT OF MY UTERUS."

When we arrived, Molly Yard, the president of the National Organization for Women, was speaking from a platform high on the steps of the Memorial. "We are here on behalf of the right to privacy and the right to practice religion or not, as a matter of personal right," she was saying. "How ironic that as the walls of tyranny come tumbling down across the world we put up restrictions." As she went on to introduce other speakers, I looked out at the huge crowd. The majority of the demonstrators were young, and a large percentage of the banners represented colleges and universities. But there were also many middle-aged and older people, of both sexes. I myself am no longer a sprite, and, gazing at the throng, I thought back to other times in my life, and the lives of my contemporaries, when there were demonstrations of one's deepest convictions.

I recalled with special vividness a peaceful candlelit dusk in front of St. Patrick's Cathedral when hundreds sat down in the middle of Fifth Avenue protesting American intervention in the Vietnam War. I recalled the chill that came over me that evening as I realized that in many countries such a peaceful demonstration could easily end in sudden massacre. And now, in front of the Lincoln Memorial, I said to myself, "How trusting we are, how secure we feel that our government will honor our thoughts and preserve our right to protest." I could not stop the images that raced through my mind (Senator Barbara Mikulski, of Maryland, was speaking; then David Dinkins, the mayor-elect of New York), of those first pictures from Beijing, when there was liberty in the air, and then of the surging thousands at the Berlin Wall, and I thought, What a thin line separates the world of hope from the world of despair. In our country, we still count on a restraining, civilizing factor to hold back the forces of violence, even in the present debate, when some of the forces that say they speak for life engage in turbulent, disruptive acts to drive home their point.

My thoughts were interrupted by a young woman who tugged at my sleeve and said, very simply, "I want to thank an older man for coming here and showing support. I've been on the bus from Cambridge all night and will be heading back again at seven. Thank you." There was a great cheer as Dr. Étienne-Émile Baulieu, the inventor of the abortion pill RU-486, was introduced. He spoke quietly and professionally, with a gentle French accent, telling the crowd, "The biomedical community is with you." My wife (who, incidentally, has ten grandchildren, eight of them young women) had seated herself on the bottom step of the Memorial. Suddenly, a distraught middle-aged woman pushed her way through the crowd to the steps and said, "My purse! I left it here about an hour ago. *Everything's* in it." The purse was still there. Nobody had touched it. "It's that kind of a crowd," said a young man carrying a sign that read "THE STORK IS PRO CHOICE."

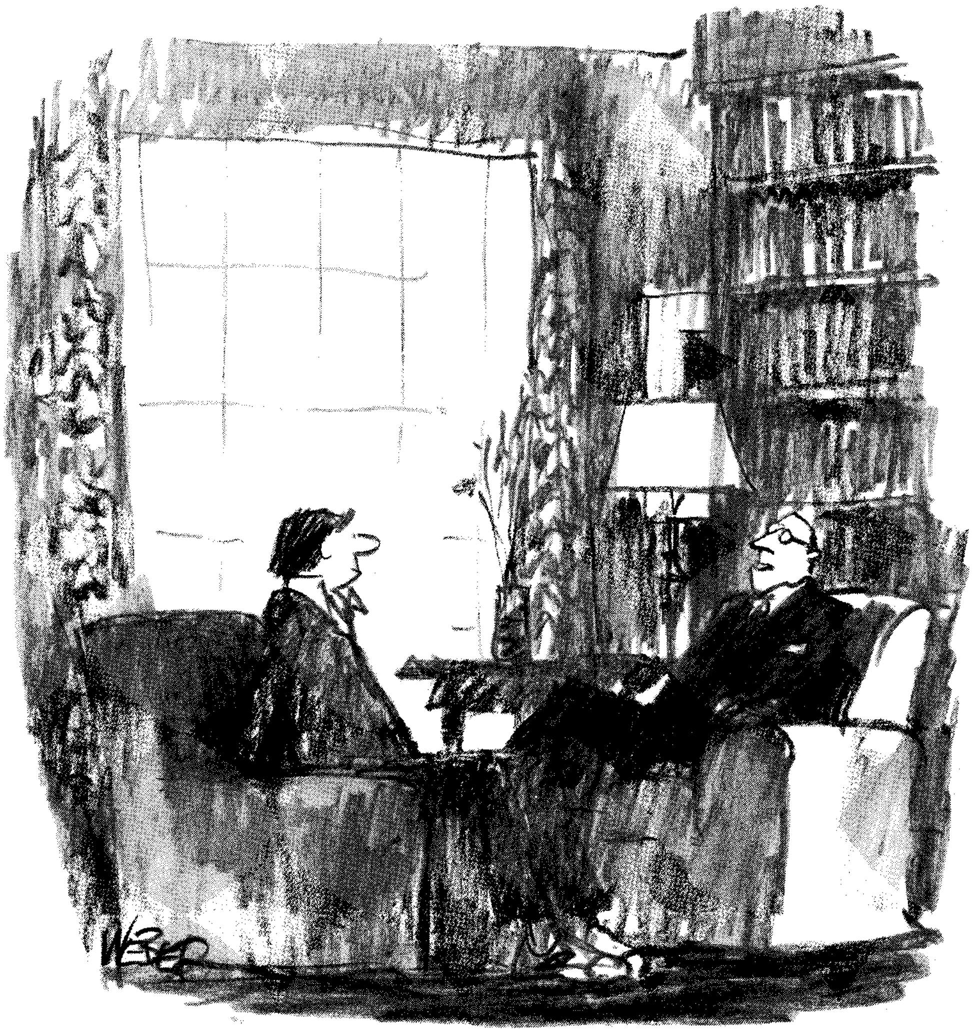
Later, I had a brief chat with Molly Yard. She said she was pleased by the rally but knew that she and the forces allied with her faced a long, hard road. "George Bush had the best education America offers, and doesn't seem to understand," she said. "You must realize that this rally was just one of more than a thousand events all over the country, starting in Kennebunkport. We have topographical maps, and statisticians moving all over the place counting the concentration by square feet. I would estimate three hundred thousand pro-choice demonstrators. The Park Police now say a hundred and fifty thousand, but they started out at fifteen thousand, then went to a hundred thousand, and then to a hundred and fifty thousand. I was at the great Martin Luther King rally here in 1963, and it seems to me that this one was even larger. It was hard to get the feel of the thing way up there on the speakers' platform, with people saying things like 'When am I going to speak?' But to me the highlight was the determination of speaker after speaker to make it clear that abortion rights are now a solid political issue and that candidates must take a firm, unequivocal stand."

My recollection of that earlier protest led me toward the Vietnam Veterans Memorial, just a stroll from the site of the rally. Hundreds upon hundreds of silent people, most of them wearing rally buttons, were waiting to pass slowly along the black granite wall covered with the etched names of those who died in Vietnam. For me, this wall is the most heartrending spot in Washington. I thought of the thousands who died, and the thousands more who protested their dying—not from cowardice or lack of love of country but from a sense that their country was engaged in an immoral war. Walking past the wall can be a shattering experience. There is a reverence here, and a palpable quiet. Everywhere, on that Sunday, there were floral wreaths, yellow daisies, pink chrysanthemums, and, propped against the wall, handwritten notes. "I keep your bracelet," one said. "I sit by the window. I miss you." The wall starts out low, grows higher, and drops down again at the end. There someone had laid a single, beautiful bright-red rose.

• •

Better

NOT long ago, the Museum of Modern Art accorded the films of Rudy Burckhardt a retrospective, and the Metropolitan has put one of his photographs on a notecard, which makes him seem official; but for many years his efforts got so little public attention that one automatically thought of him as an underground man. His most famous photograph is probably the one on the Met card—a 1948 view of the Flatiron Building seen from a point directly to the north, at high noon. The print of it we're looking at now is contained in a small book called "Conversations with Rudy Burckhardt About Everything," by Simon Pettet. The next image is one of Mr. Burckhardt's views of Venice in 1955, shot from an angle so low that a solitary black cat is a more forceful presence than the soaring bell tower.


"You'll probably have to start at the bottom, son, like the House of Representatives."

• •

We had often thought that it might be fun to walk around New York with Mr. Burckhardt as a guide. Several weeks ago, we plucked up our courage and called him. "I don't have much of interest to say," he told us. "But come over." We met him in his loft, in the northern part of Chelsea—the neighborhood of the Flatiron Building and of many Burckhardt photographs. Mr. Burckhardt is a handsome gray-haired gentleman with features that tend to assume a somewhat downcast expression. He told us, "I was born in Basel, Switzerland, with a silver spoon in my mouth," and went on to say that he attended medical school but found he was becoming more interested in art. Then he met Edwin Denby, the American dancer and writer about dance, who was living in Europe. Denby immediately pointed out aspects of Basel that Mr. Burckhardt had never discovered. In 1935, Mr. Burckhardt, then twenty-one, and Denby, who was some ten years older, sailed separately to the United States. They met up again in Manhattan, took a cold-water loft on West Twenty-first Street, and started to learn about New York: in Denby's case, by walking through the city, writing poems about it, and studying its ballet; in Burckhardt's case, by photographing the city, filming it, and painting it. After serving in the Second World War, Mr. Burckhardt returned to New York, and here he has since been married twice, both times to painters; has fathered two sons, both of whom have gone into the arts; and has moved every now and then, always within a short walk of Twenty-first Street, where Denby continued to live until his death, in 1983. Mr. Burckhardt now prefers making films to taking photographs. "In films you have the change of movement," he said. "You don't have to worry about the instant. When you film people, you just don't know what they'll do next. Often something happens on its own that's far more interesting than if I had directed it."

We adjourned to the street and started walking down Sixth Avenue. The speech in the air was rude, and the streets were dirty. "Chelsea goes from about Thirty-fourth Street to Fourteenth Street, from here to the Hudson," Mr. Burckhardt said. "There's a nice residential part, but in some places, like here, I often have to close my eyes, and my wife, Yvonne Jacquette, leads me home. There are times you don't want to see any more."

We turned a corner, and there, docked in our path, was the Flatiron Building. We admired its old-fashioned details. "Do you know the story about Henry James?" Mr. Burckhardt said, and he chuckled. "James had been in England for many years, and then he came back to New York and saw the *Flatiron Building*, which was new. Now everyone admires it, but he was horrified. 'These new buildings!' he said. 'They only smack of the dollar!' "

As we headed west on Twenty-third Street, Mr. Burckhardt said, "You know, people are always saying how things here are getting worse. But some things are getting better. Take the air in New York. Cars have a lot less lead in their gasoline, and buildings no longer burn coal. In the nineteen-forties, coal soot covered the windows. Look at those old buildings across the street. They were cleaned recently. When I first came to New York, they were very dark. They're pretty now—you see their little columns. Now, over here's a good place to get your shoes shined. I got a shine yesterday."

Mr. Burckhardt was silent briefly, and then said, "They tell us that nature is dying. I'm going to show you a jungle right in Chelsea." He led the way to the southeast corner of Twenty-third and Sixth, from which a vacant lot stretched all the way to Twenty-second Street. The lot was overrun with weeds and struggling ailanthus trees, and was surrounded by a rusting cyclone fence. In the middle of the greenery, a big rotting yellow sign rose up on which some ancient hand had lettered "Future Home of the New York Health and Racquet Club."

"In 1975, I made a movie of the building that used to stand here being torn down," Mr. Burckhardt said. "It was an ordinary six-story building, but it had a relief inside it of Shakespeare, looking kind of worried. There had been a theatre on this site—Booth's—but it was closed in 1883. They found Shakespeare and put him in the building that replaced it. When that building was demolished, the contractor saved Shakespeare from extinction. Now this place is a great jungle, with real wildflowers in the summer. Even this late, you can see purple asters, yellow flowers, white ones. It's amazing how trees can grow right in the garbage. See those areas of crumbling linoleum, where the weeds stop? Those are the floors of some old stores."

We walked around to the Twenty-second Street side of the lot. You can't see much of the big sign from there. "This is *really* wilderness," Mr. Burckhardt said. "In Europe, there *hasn't* been real wilderness for hundreds of years—they cut down their trees long ago. But nature goes right on. That's what I like about this country, all the forms that its wilderness takes."

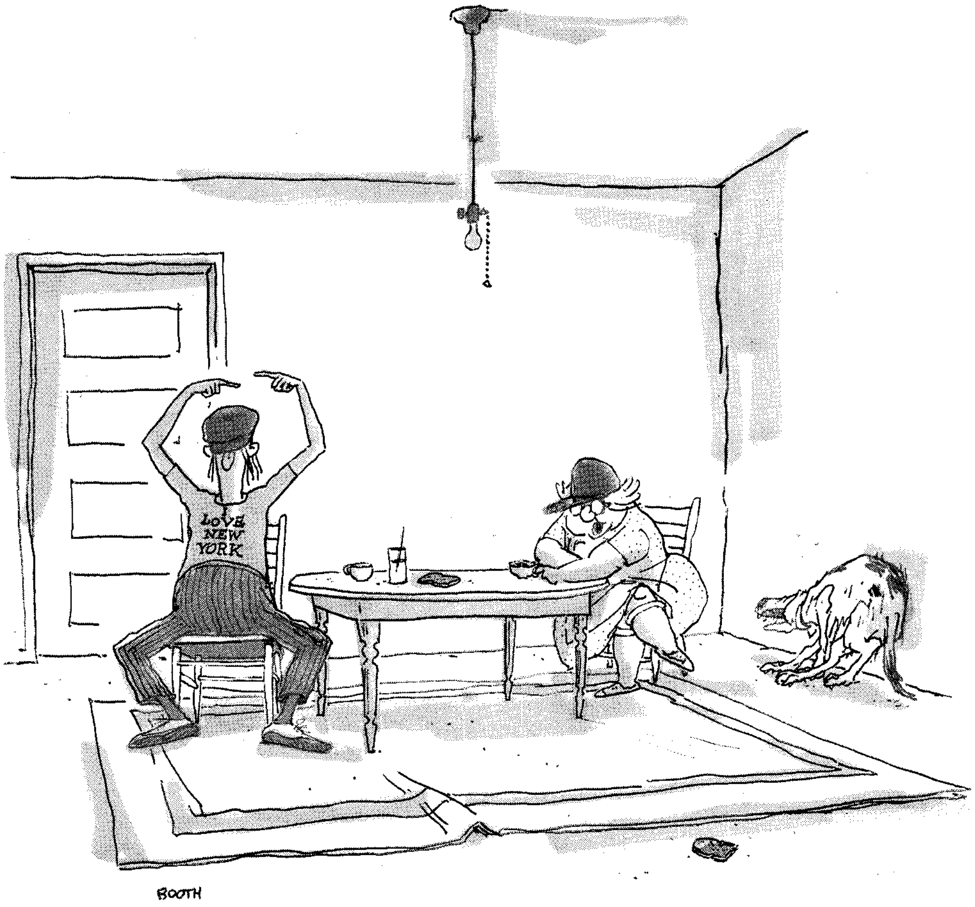
We decided to have something to eat at Lox Around the Clock, and Mr. Burckhardt pointed out that it had been designed with a deliberately unfinished look, like BAM's Majestic Theatre. "Another thing that has got better in New York is the avant-garde," he said. "We didn't use to have any avant-garde dance aside from Graham. And no theatre or poetry readings. Now there's so much it makes you dizzy." A waitress came and asked for our order. Mr. Burckhardt looked up at her with a huge grin. "My favorite," he said. "Apple pie."

Games

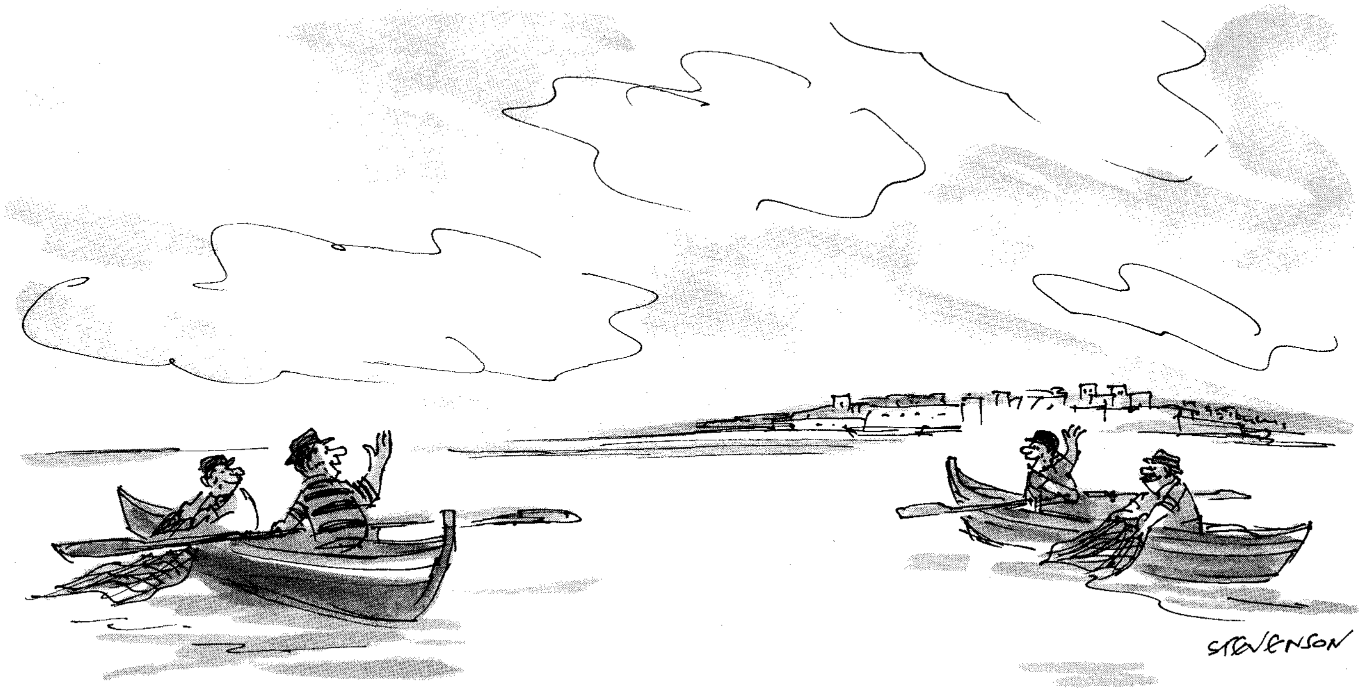
HERE'S a game you won't be playing any time soon—1040, a board game invented by a certified public accountant for people who think making out tax returns is fun. One of the reasons you won't be playing 1040 is that it got spiked at the *Games* testing session. Thumbs were down all over the room. In fact, Burt Hochberg, who is the games-and-books editor of *Games* magazine and assembles some discerning minds every second week to consider the newest in games and contribute opinions on them for the magazine's reviews, declared 1040 the worst game he had ever encountered. Such declarations are murder on a marketing effort.

One recent evening, Burt was seated at a round marble table in the *Games* office, in midtown. He is somewhere near fifty years old, with shaggy dark hair, a pensive gaze, and an over-all quality of rumpledness; at a glance, he could pass for Walter Matthau in a parallel but less jowly universe. Also seated at the table were the testers: Peter, Lou, Brian, and Mike, who work at *Games;* Mark, who is a Frisbee entrepreneur; and Marcia and Ellen, who work for Metropolitan Life, in non-games-related positions.

In the office were ceiling-high stacks of board games, some of which had made it (Uncle Wiggily, Monopoly, Candy Land, Giant Cootie) and



"Well, I think I'm just going to hang tight until spring."



"Buon giorno, Gorby!"

• •

"Buon giorno, Bush!"

• •

many of which probably hadn't (The Stupid Game, Trailer Truckin', Whoozit?, Stock Market Specialist, Pizza Party, Barbie Just Us Girls: A Game of Style and Challenge, and Pamela Stephenson's How to Be a Complete Bitch).

"I don't think we ever actually played How to Be a Complete Bitch," Ellen told us.

"But we did play Sweet Valley High, where you pick the guy you want to go to the prom with. I don't remember the rest of the rules," Marcia said.

Burt acts as both master of ceremonies and referee at the sessions, and he has his hands full. If you play games a lot, you're bound to develop an appetite for victory, and if you play games a lot with the same people week after week, there will be scores to settle. Burt's rules are: (1) don't play any drinking games; (2) try to avoid playing any game whose rules can't fit onto one standard-sized sheet of paper; and (3) keep a light touch.

"Here we go, ladies and germs," Burt announced, and he put on the table a game called WRDZ, which looked Scrabble-inspired, and the home version of "Remote Control," a corny but ironic trivia game show that is on MTV.

"This is going to be like 'Jeopardy,' " Mark said, picking up Remote Control.

"Like old 'Jeopardy,' not new 'Jeopardy,' " Mike said.

"I watch 'Remote Control' on television," Brian said. "I really like it, but I think that without the bimbo it's going to be missing something. I also think that to really enjoy this you have to be a college student and drunk."

"I don't like the clicker," Ellen said after pressing the fake remote-control device.

"So you're saying you don't like the mechanics?" Burt asked, looking around the room. "Comments, people? *People?* Comments on the mechanics?"

A few observations on the mechanics were forthcoming, and then they played several rounds, in which Lou, who possesses a lot of that name-all-the-kids-in-the-Brady Bunch kind of knowledge, wiped out the rest of the players. After the last round, Burt said, "Let me ask you the critical question: Would you play this again?"

"It's fun, but it's not addictive," Peter said. "It's not like Dizzy Dizzy Dinosaur, which was really addictive."

"O.K., let's move on to WRDZ. It's like Scrabble, but you don't have to spell out the word. You just need two of the letters in it."

"Mikey's going to be good at this," Marcia said. "He's very word-y."

"He's really more math-y," Ellen said. "He'll be good, though. Math-y people are good at word-y games."

"This looks like that license-plate game we tested," Mike said, opening the WRDZ box. "I can tell you right now that this is a good game. Maybe not a Pictionary, but it's clearly a good game." At the moment, to say that a game is like Pictionary is a tester's supreme compliment.

Marcia said she thought that WRDZ had a cute board, but it needed a turntable, because it squeaked each time it was moved.

"Also a better timer," Peter said. "It could use a turntable and a better timer."

"Padding under the board. Or little wheels instead of the turntable," Marcia said.

"Enough on the mechanics," Burt said. "Let's see how it plays. That's the real issue."

The eventual winner was Mike, thanks to a sacrifice bluff by Peter, who admitted afterward that he just wanted to make sure Lou didn't win. Burt took the board off the table and put it back in its box. Ellen, who is a national-level crossword-puzzle solver, looked wistfully at the WRDZ box and said she was disappointed in her showing. "I'm usually very good at word stuff," she said. "But I have, like, a cold."

A BRIEF FALL

ONE world that's mine alone to live with is this one, Katherine thought, and stepped into the alcove off the bedroom, where loose parquets clattered underfoot like dinner plates—this otherworld of waiting, this *time*. She sat on the curved-leg settee and heard the wiry activity of springs in its seat with the consolation of overhearing a familiar voice. The settee was covered with an antique Turkish rug, worn to the texture of twine at its center, and by rubbing her fingers over the worst of the wear in it and thinking of the evening when Charles had finagled for the rug for her in a shop whose whole front opened like a warehouse onto the sidewalk, she kept from reaching for the phone. She would give him another hour and then begin again her round of calls to their psychiatrist, the police stations, the— She didn't want to think about it.

She turned to the window. It was almost dark in this corner of Brooklyn Heights. The branches of the tree outside, next to the street lamp which had begun its twilight blinking, were still orangy in the light, and across the street the line of sun was moving up the breast of the concrete unicorn, rampant, with a foreleg hooked over a coat of arms that rose above the cornice on the building opposite. When the last of the sun lifted from the unicorn's spiralled horn, it would be six. Forty-some hours since she had seen Charles, or heard from him. On the windowsill were names and telephone numbers he had printed in his geometrical backslant, and at the edge of them she saw "1965, 66, 67"—the years of their marriage. There was a tumbling sensation under her heart, followed by a sharp knock near her pelvis, and she put a hand there.

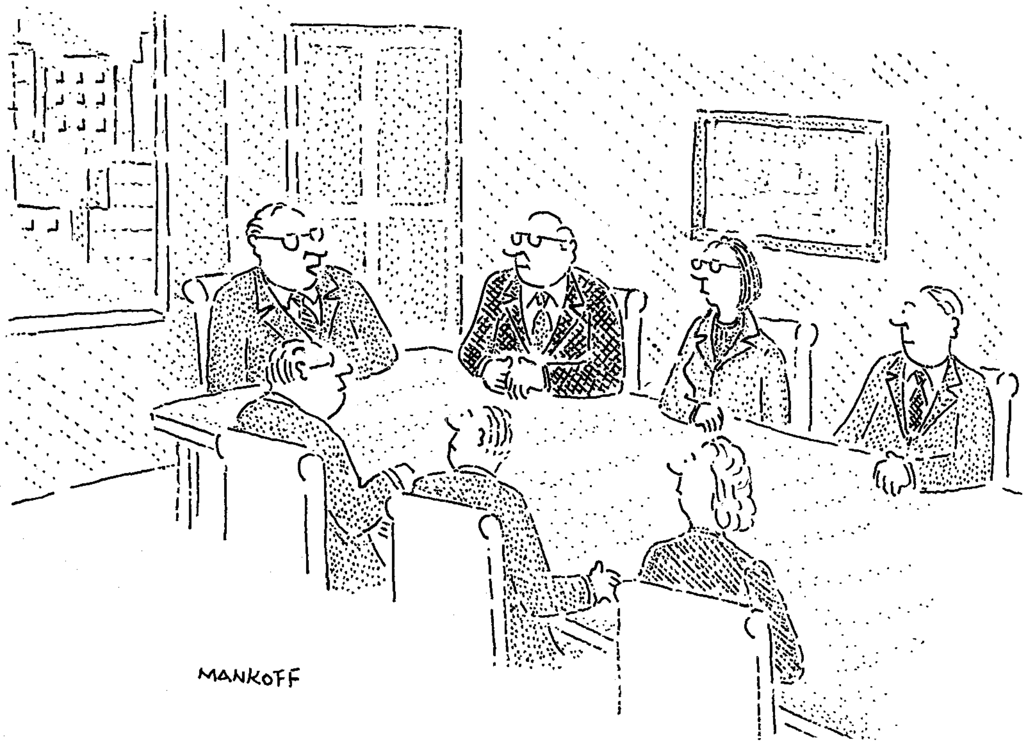
Could you feel a child move in the fourth month?

When Charles didn't return after the first night, she felt it would be perilous to hope to hear from him, because of how it would affect her if she didn't, but decided to hope for twenty-four hours anyway. She had extended that. The tree had shed its leaves almost overnight, it seemed from the way they lay in a heaped circle on the sidewalk beneath it. The day was that windless. A Japanese painter, in his ground-level studio apartment below the unicorn, seated a woman at a white table behind his windows and poured two glasses of wine, laughing. On the table-desk at the side of his studio, where he usually sat under a blaze of adjustable drafting lamps and worked at one of the butterflies that were his specialty, pots and vessels of food sat steaming.

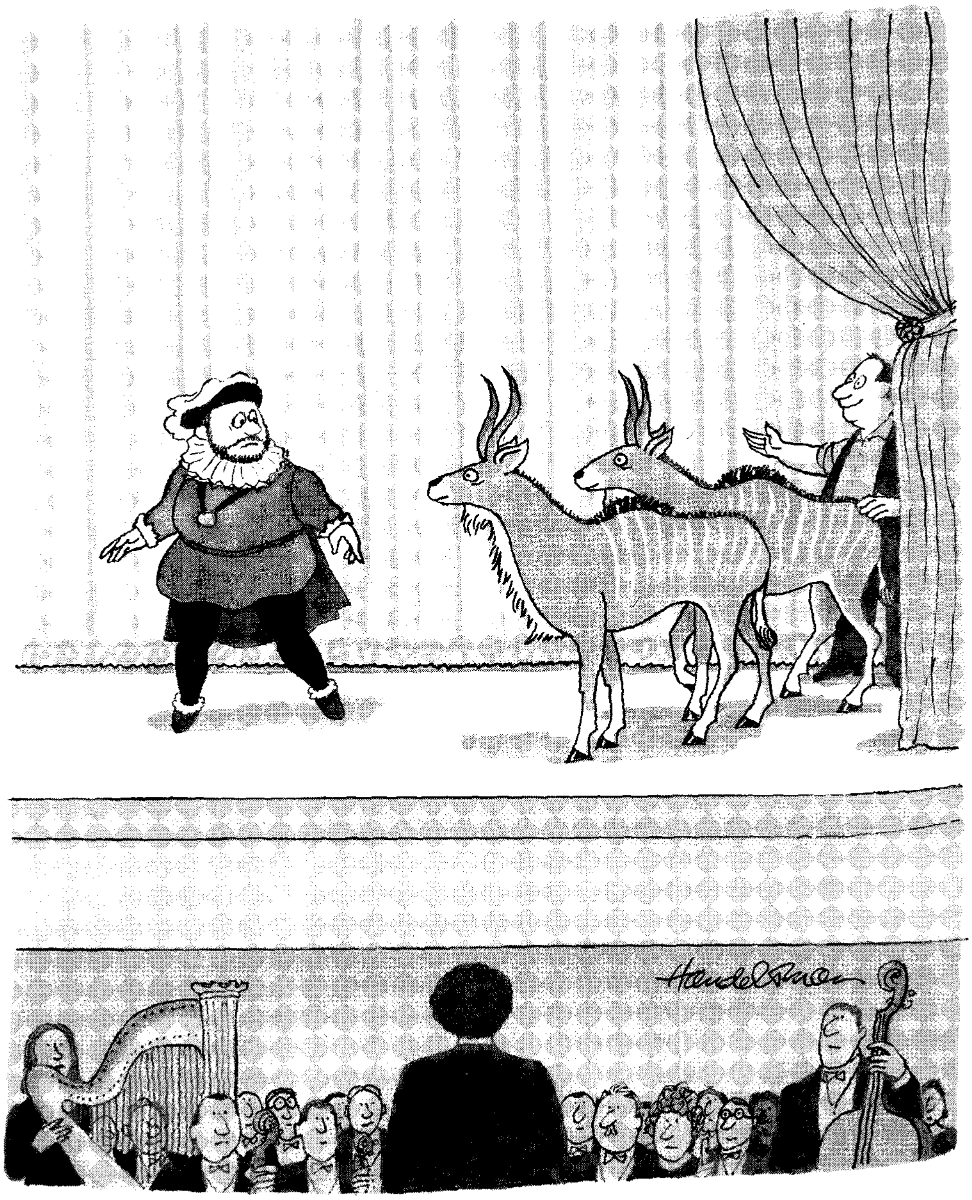
There was nobody on the street, although it was Saturday night. Everybody must have entertained on Thanksgiving, two days ago, as she had—except for those two. Bowls of food were steaming on the white table between them, and Katherine felt hunger as she hadn't since she was a child—a compact pain closing inside a larger pain as diffuse as loss. You should blend up some tiger's milk, she said to herself—a terrible mixture of brewer's yeast and milk and molasses she'd begun to drink. At first she couldn't keep it down, and in the morning it brought on morning sickness, which she hadn't been bothered by until this regimen: tiger's milk five times a day. It rested in her stomach like a solid, as if reassuming the shape of the drinking glass, abrading her insides. If she weren't considering the health of the child, she couldn't take it. Already, it was necessary to regulate her weight; she felt blimplike, overflowing her outlines, a mushy lay.

She'd last seen Charles in the East Village. Two friends from school had called the week before, to let her know they were in the city, and she had invited them over for Thanksgiving, then was afraid Charles wouldn't approve; he avoided company lately. But he appeared to enjoy the evening, and then insisted that they take her friends home in a cab, mumbling in the nearly incoherent manner he'd adopted the past month.

He'd been too precise for her taste in almost everything before, as in the case of the neighbors overhead, two middle-aged women he called the Gay Divers, a pair so well matched you thought of fate when you saw them together—one demure and airily feminine, the other hefty and squarish, with dark hair cut in a D.A., outfitted in black slacks and a leather jacket. She wore a pair of clogs that Charles claimed she



"We've agreed, then, to deck the halls, but the resolution to be jolly has been tabled."



Owing to a clerical error, Luciano Pavarotti receives kudus instead of kudos for his performance as the Duke of Mantua.

weighted like the boots of a sea diver. If he brought work back to the apartment, it seemed the woman began to pace at about the moment he opened his briefcase, until one night he shouted at the ceiling, "I wouldn't mind her wearing brick sandals! Or whatever those are! If she didn't have to march around in them for an hour to turn Cutie on!"

There was sudden silence; they hadn't heard the pacing since. But whenever Katherine encountered the women in the vestibule, the fey one blushed and glanced down and the other huffed at her in haughty admonition and then stomped and scraped her feet, as if to say the clogs still worked, and she'd like to have Katherine under them.

Katherine and her classmates, Gail and Joyce, had attended a finishing school that was church-affiliated and Pollyannaish, though slyly socially attuned, and Gail and Joyce seemed so far behind even the nineteenth-century atmosphere of the school that they had paired up to help each other through. They and Katherine were always reading and discussing books on art, which was their bond. Gail and Joyce were younger than Katherine was, in their early twenties now, and when Charles heard about their unworldliness, and understood that they were living in the area of the Village where he'd once lived, before he and Katherine were married, he looked concerned. "The worst street," he said. "Speed Alley."

"He hasn't been revealing his feelings," their psychiatrist, Stephens, recently said. "Or, anyway, not after the initial excitement at your pregnancy." They had started seeing Stephens a year before, singly and together, after Charles became so despondent he spent entire days in silence, and one night said from the edge of their bed, where he sat with his head in his hands, "Any couple that has to contemplate its own sanity isn't fit to live with."

Last week, when she saw Stephens alone, he had said, "He's kept the channels of communication closed, I feel, because of the child. Look at his history, even previous to you; I mean, his mother." Charles' mother had died in childbirth; Katherine and Charles had lost their first child, at nearly full term. "If you don't lose this child, like your first, he'll lose you—or so part of him probably goes. He might be afraid it's some sort of monster that will expose him." She understood that Stephens was suggesting this perhaps for her sake, since it was her own worst fear, although she'd never mentioned it. Stephens believed that most psychiatrists squandered too much time listening, and so was confrontational. He was slight, like Charles, with a blurry mustache that concealed his mouth, and he kept swivelling in his chair as if inching closer to an area in you he was after, then leaped: "For the last couple of years, Charles has been running on guilt. Both of you have to come to grips with that. Everything in his life—you, your place, his pay—is predicated on a kind of joke, in his eyes. The child will expose that."

But she knew very well that something else was troubling Charles—from the way he carried himself, as if unwell. With a problem that didn't take on such physical characteristics, she might question her ability to gauge the depth and reality of it, but with this she knew. He acted afraid of her, and since of course she couldn't ask if he was, his fear seemed to spread in him like a form of the flu. From the time they'd started seeing Stephens, Charles had been voluble about his feelings and so inquisitive about hers—"To keep in touch," he would say—that he could be a pest if they spent the day together, and at one point she had dreaded weekends. But at the same time he became outgoing, though sometimes in an antic way, and they were seldom at home three nights a week.

The McCarthys, the couple upstairs (down the hall from the women), were the closest to friends of any couple they knew. McCarthy and Charles worked at the same advertising agency, and McCarthy had recently unearthed a retiring colleague who had been a whiz kid on one of those radio shows that Katherine had never been much interested in but that her father had; the fellow was now a feuilletonist for a fashionable city magazine, while managing to hold down his copywriting job. He had sold a collection of pieces to a publisher, and now McCarthy and others at the agency believed they could be "writers"—the secret wish of every copywriter, Charles claimed. "They read their copy to one another, and their wives, too, I'm sure, as if they've just received the Yale Younger Poets Award." Charles had once believed that he would receive a Tony for his work on Broadway but so far had only had comic bit parts at La Mama.

Lately he would bury himself in a book, usually with a drink at hand, and resented being interrupted, even to eat. If she asked if he minded going for a walk, simply to the promenade, a put-upon look would appear on his face until she mentioned exercise; that usually reached him—his vanity. He would push up from his chair, and out in the street would stride at her side in a dutiful way, sometimes moving off ahead, unconscious of her, his hands in his pockets, and then back here would drop into his chair and pick up the book again. He even lost interest in the child; at first he'd followed its development in a photographic book called "The First Nine Months of Life," which she'd bought. She was obsessive about keeping up on every detail of what was taking place inside her, and Charles encouraged this.

"Sure, get it," he would say about a book she might mention. "It sounds right for you." He bought them a membership in the local health club, so she could get the exercise she had to have to remain healthy through this pregnancy, but he himself went only once. "Who wants to sit in steam and cough their lungs out?" he said. She went swimming every afternoon for two hours, or a hundred laps, besides twenty minutes of treading water, until this holiday. One night after his despondency seemed to have returned, he was paging through "The First Nine Months of Life," and he pointed to the umbilical cord in one of the last pictures and said, "This looks big enough to skip rope with, right?"

That was his last on the child.

"I'm going out to get the *Times*," he would say now, in a kind of absent-minded commentary on the mundane. Or "I'm going to bed." Or "I broke this glass. I didn't throw it; it fell out of my hands—Stephens' drugs have made me shaky. I'm sweeping it up." Or "I just finished this book."

"Did you like it?"

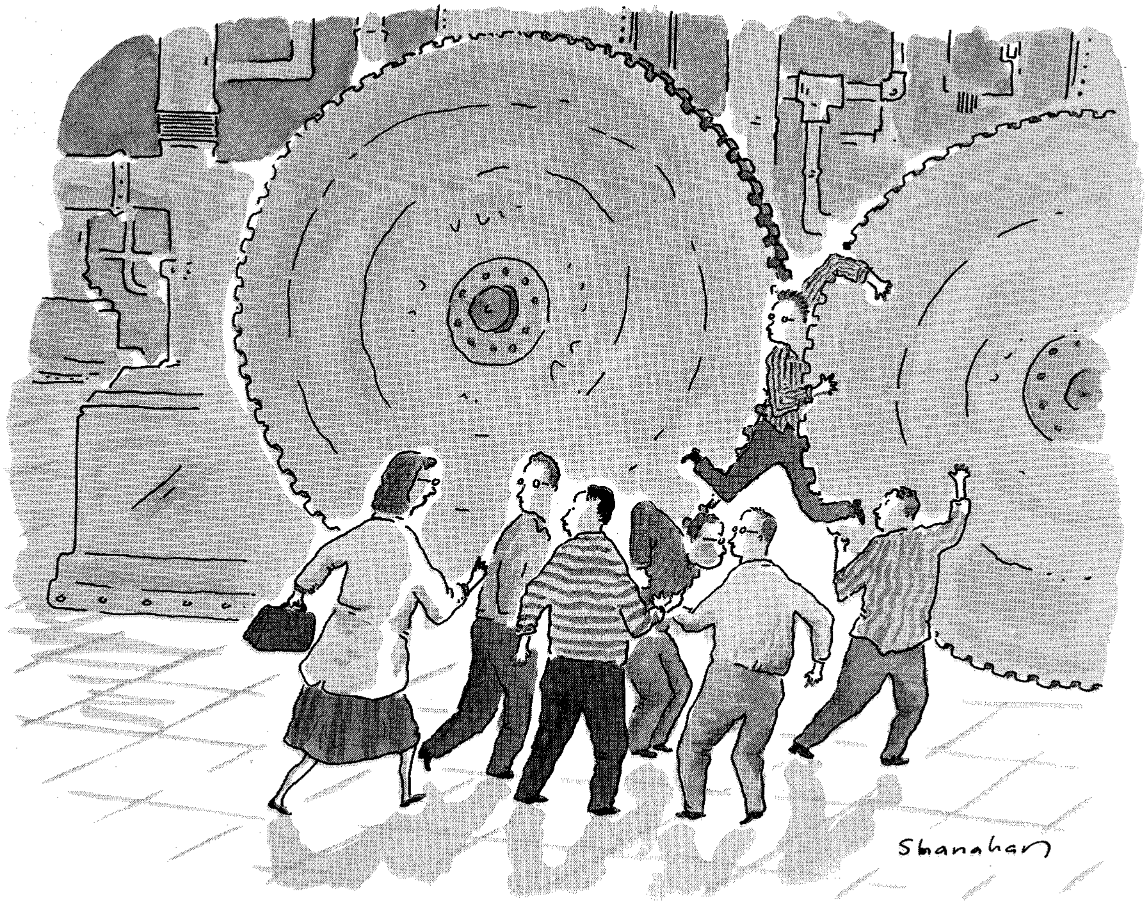
"Sort of."

"What was it about?"

"A triangle."

"You mean three people?" She had recently been wondering how they could ever handle another person in the apartment. "You mean some sort of sexual involvement? What happened?"

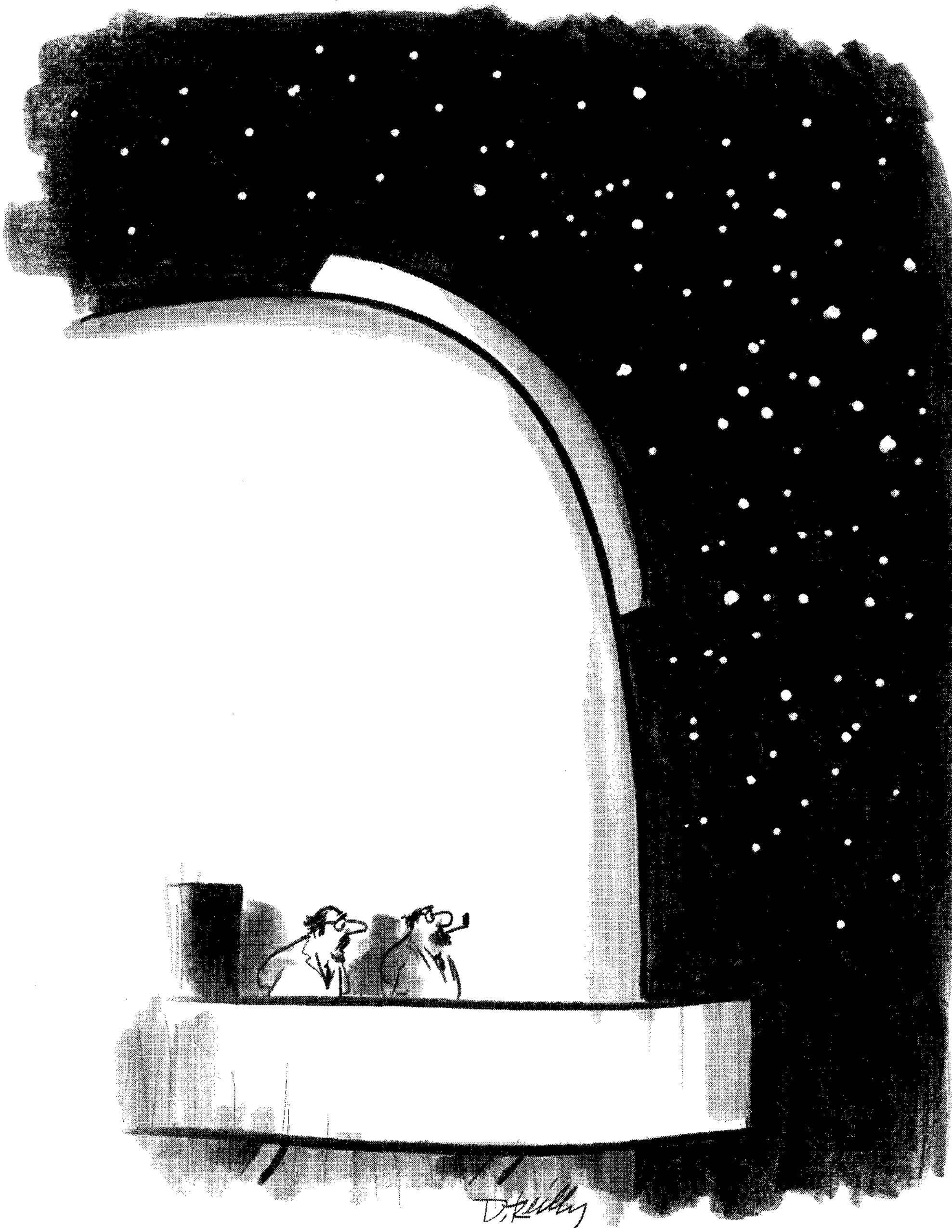
"You read it. I have to go to bed."



"*Please let me through, gentlemen. I'm a dental hygienist.*"

She preferred his silence, or even the talkative phase of his "keeping in touch," to this recent monosyllabic commentary, as if he intended to reduce their life—which before, for all its twists and unhappy contours, had at least been full—to a single flat surface. He had been getting away by using the McCarthys' apartment while the McCarthys were in New Hampshire, where McCarthy intended to write a book. Charles was supposedly sitting their apartment and had intended to use it for work, but he went there mostly to be alone.

On Friday she checked the apartment twice, and then again today—even though Charles didn't have his keys—and she would go up again now, if it



"I've never been able to figure out the cycle of the quiet disappearance and after an indeterminate interval the mysterious reappearance of men's trouser cuffs."

weren't for the look of it. McCarthy's wife was waiflike, thin and anxious, with eyes so dark she appeared to be drawing everything into their depths—her entire being was bent on McCarthy's success—and with her away the apartment felt stripped. There was a typewriter and a punched-open can of Bloody Mary mix on McCarthy's empty desk. The mix was a product Charles was writing copy for, and there were attempts to describe it on a sheet of paper, splattered with the mix, wound tight around the typewriter platen. She'd pulled open a drawer of the desk on a sloshing half bottle of gin, and that was enough for her.

BUT on Thanksgiving Charles surfaced as if from sleep, engaged. Her friends had changed. Gail, who once had short dark hair and used to hide behind horn-rimmed glasses, a recluse who sucked on a blanket or sat with her nose in a book, was now a long-haired blonde. She kept blinking against a pair of contacts that produced a startled expression, while she gave an ecstatic but disjointed account of her first trip on acid, a week before. "The walls were this needlework I'd seen my grandma doing when I was about eight, see . . ."

And Joyce, who'd been as willowy as Gail now was, and for all her provincialisms had had the blustery vivacity of a cheerleader—indeed, she'd been a cheerleader one season at school, and had served as the captain of their field-hockey team the last year Katherine was on it—had gained thirty pounds. She was glum and blasé but full of a restless momentum, and became so openly bored with Gail's recounting of her "trip" that she got up from the table and started pacing around the room with her shirttails hanging out of shorts that looked like boxing trunks (at this season; for dinner!), poking into things and carrying around a half-quart can of beer from the six-pack she'd brought to keep herself supplied.

It was inconceivable to Katherine that the three of them had attended the same school, and she was sure that Gail and Joyce (who wouldn't accept the glass offered for her beer) were trying to provoke her. When Joyce tasted the espresso Katherine had brewed to cap the meal, she cried, "Hey, what are you trying to do, Petey"—this was her school name—"*asphyxiate* us with this stuff?" Then Joyce added, out of nowhere, "We've kicked the parents. Working for welfare"—they both had jobs with the welfare department—"is a crap job in this crap city, but it pays the rent."

Joyce's pacing kept returning her to their Victorian sideboard of oak, which she examined with her back to them. Its drawer pulls were carved gargoyles, each with a different expression, and its upper shelf was supported by a pair of griffins two feet tall, apocalyptically equipped with lions' paws and heads, tails curled thickly under them, and raised wings with feathers carved in detail. It seemed to interest Joyce as much as it did Phil, the owner of the building, who occupied the first floor and was in the fabric end of interior decorating; Phil brought over a friend who dealt in antiques, and on sight the man offered them three times the price Charles had paid for the piece merely for the griffins and their shelf—for a client, the man had said, for a bar. Charles had closed his eyes and smiled, as he did when he was particularly pleased, and had shaken his head; he'd found this for her.

Below the shelf he'd fixed a rod and hung velvet curtains, rigged with a miniature pull, which opened onto patterned glass he'd fitted in place—so wonderful with his hands, always busy fixing, adding, repairing. He planned to remake their apartment into the perfect frame for their lives, he had said—a variation on the maxim of Erikson, the theatre-master, Charles' mentor since college, who had written in one of his essays on the theory of scene design, "How can you ever hope to even suggest reality unless you incorporate a frame?" Charles had always pictured Erikson as manager of his career.

A NOTE FROM LEIDEN

Rain-drenched, Rhine-drained,
cobbled, moated, durable: an all
but numberless infinitude of eardrums
played on by centuries
of chink and clatter, the downpour
from bell tower and flèche
above the flatland: the fragile
polder, each green stanza
of its made earth metrical,
a hem of drowning: the duneland
pocked with it, unstable,
flowery—pools at nightfall harbored in
ghost-wineries of evening primrose,
the daylight tremulous with flicks
and flutterings, the North Sea vapors
a towering tumid purple or a slack,
ungirdled, silk-sack impermanence:
nuanced, cloud-banklike touslings
of silver poplar, the bright shiver
on the undersides of willows
beside the waterways, the painterly
infinitude, the rocking flicker—
something tugging at its moorings
elsewhere, otherwise:
Arise, arise
and to your scattered bodies go . . .
Out of the hinterland, a childhood
circumstance already halfway shaken,
as a leaf is, from the twigged,
trunked habitat of memory: *All*
whom the flood did . . .
The flood,
a long-forgotten inkling of it, far
from this moated, stable, painterly
estrangement: a night of roaring,
the morning dark and sodden—never
had there been such rain: the trickle
at the bottom of the garden risen,
swollen, sheeted, the willow foliage we'd
unimaginably played in the shade of
drowned: the imp that romps through
such profusion gleeful. *Whom*
the flood did, and fire shall
o'erthrow . . .
But that was different,
that other, far-off-in-the-hinterland
event, no glee in it: one morning
the faint, sick blue haze of forest fires
somewhere to the north—how far? I'd
never seen a forest—and on the next
a thickening, the playground obliterated,
the world gone yellow. At noon
school buses came to take us home.
Such darkness, such howling
under the sun, was Biblical. John Donne
had not considered dust storms. Nor had,
here in Leiden, William Brewster,
with his flock of souls. The Dutch,
from so drenched an enclave at
the brink of empire, could not
have done so. And we? We were,
and did not know we were, the future
no forefather could precisely, darkly,
even flickeringly foresee.

—Amy Clampitt

• •

Joyce began looking through the liquor bottles and glasses on the sideboard (or bar, as they called it, after the dealer's visit), her back to them, and then lifted up a hank of her chopped-off hair and said, as if addressing a griffin, "I'm my own barber now. Nice, huh?" It was so short you could see her neck, and her neck was no longer attractive, with her added weight—no more than the rest of her, from the rear, in her boxing shorts and sweat socks. Then she turned and said, "Hey, Petey, do you or your beau here know where we can pick up some of that good old speed?"

She was purposely speaking like a hick, and they ignored her question, although Charles still had contacts in the Village whom he would visit when there was a deadline for copy he couldn't otherwise face.

"Then what's this?" Joyce said, coming down on the last word with a false awed gaucherie, her eyes wide. She was pointing. "Anything for a buzz."

"Aquavit," Charles said, and was at her side with one of their expensive Finnish glasses out and half filled, as if by prestidigitation. He'd always handled these matters with the offhand ease of a butler more aristocratic than those he served. Erikson called him Mr. Easy Street, after this trait, which seemed inborn in him. It certainly wasn't in his upbringing; his people were teachers and laborers and farmers, which had set up affinities between her and Charles when they met; her father and uncle were dairy farmers, although her father had later gone into industrial manufacturing—a nouveau-riche entrepreneur. Charles then poured himself some aquavit, clinked glasses with Joyce, and said, "Skoal!"

d. ehrenberg

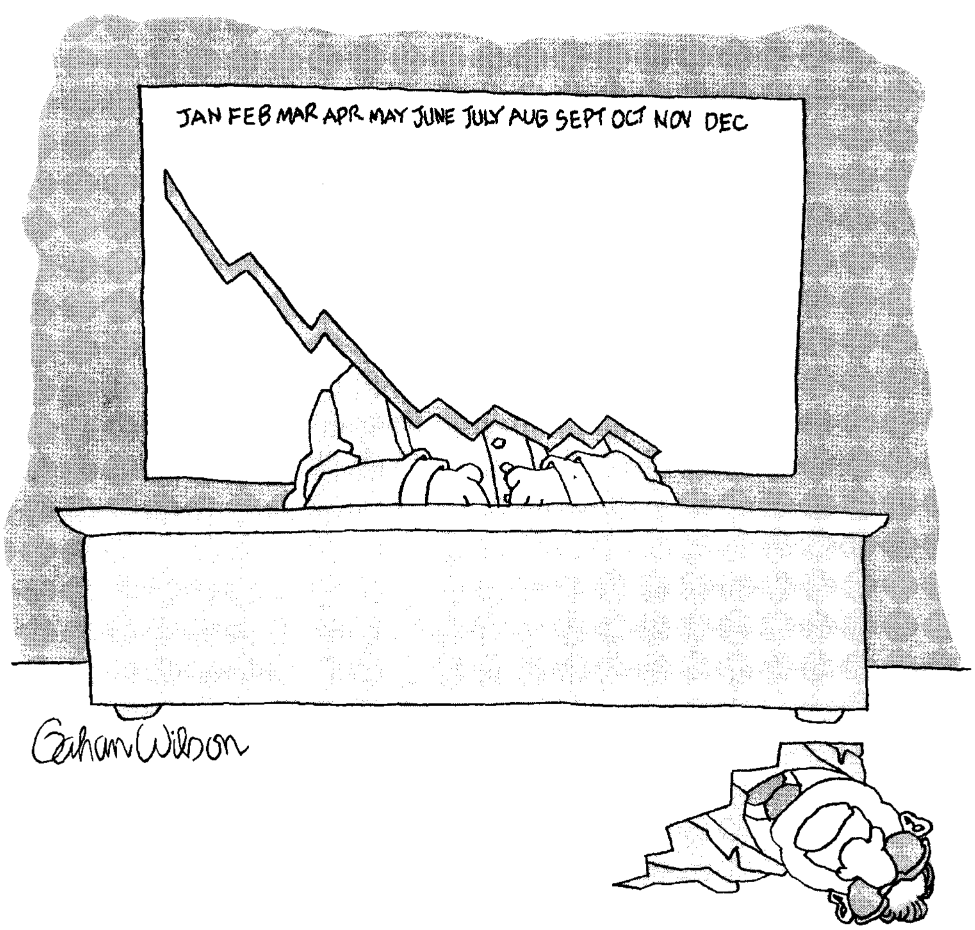
Oh, no! Katherine nearly cried aloud, and when she saw him spin toward their small marble fireplace, in which he'd got a fire going tonight for the first time this year, she closed her eyes. She heard the glass shatter and pieces fall in a delicate splash to the hearth.

"Hey, geez," Gail said.

"What the hell," Joyce said and knocked back her drink, and then, with the mannish overhand swing that had got her into trouble with her hockey stick, she sent her glass bouncing off the fire screen to shatter on the hearth. "What the hell," she said again, softly, as if taking in their place for the first time. "Rome."

Katherine heard the first glass go

months back and had run from the bedroom to find Charles sitting in front of the dead fireplace, in darkness (except for the purple-green highlights from the street lamp), in the high-backed Spanish chair whose seat he had upholstered in orange leather. Its back, a plank with geometrics carved into it, rose above his head, and his shoulders on either side appeared to be a part of it; they didn't seem his shoulders. It was his shoulders she'd loved from the first—substantial, with his arm muscles rolling out from them, and set toward the world with that ease of a self-assured servant. They were off kilter now, and she saw that his head, at the center of the chair's back, was bowed to his chest. She was afraid to go a step farther.


JAN FEB MAR APR MAY JUNE JULY AUG SEPT OCT NOV DEC
Gahan Wilson

THE settee springs did a reversal of their wiry agitation as she went to the bed and lay down on her side, her hands between her legs, and closed her eyes, in order to picture Charles beside her. His shoulders were what marked him as Mr. Easy Street. He could wend his way through a cocktail party or crowded gallery with mere inclinations of them, and they would swing in the direction of any appeal (difficult to keep up with, unless she had a hand on him) with the frontal attention he gave everyone. What a gift to have had those shoulders here in bed!

The force in them was an affront to her when they met, and for months she hadn't spoken to him, though he wasn't offended by this. He was known at their university for his theatre roles, as if he were a Broadway star, and she was having trouble then with her painting; she wondered if she should view each canvas not only as it occupied the present, from every perspective, but as future eyes might see it, too, and was afraid to ask her classmates if they looked on their own work in this way, when they stepped back from it, since none of them mentioned such a thing. She felt a dislocation—with the future dropped between her and the canvas—that brought the immediacy of its lines to a full stop, and this was probably what inhibited her painting.

She was a skilled draftsman, and liked the correct heft and shine she was able to bring to appliances and tools; she'd managed to avoid the hugeness and showy splash of the mathematical shapes and neo-cartooning that were the vogue, and she might be a reasonably good graphic designer, she thought, but Charles encouraged her to fight her inhibitions and continue painting. "It's in you," he said. "You have to believe that. If you don't, nobody will. Please keep at it."

He'd been hired for his present job by an executive filling in for a friend on the day when Charles stopped by the agency, at McCarthy's urging. "We need a good voice for a spot I've done," he said. Charles had been getting regular work as a voice-over while he looked for acting jobs, and he had along his portfolio and a folder of letters of recommendation. The man looked only at the letters, which spoke in general terms of Charles' "gifts," and apparently assumed he was interested in a copywriting job the agency was trying to fill. He hired Charles on the spot. It was Erikson's letter that had done it; he had recently published a book, the Museum of Modern Art was doing a retrospective of his scene designs that spring, and his name or pictures of him seemed to be in every publication you picked up.

Erikson was the new Granville-Barker, it was said—he was that multi-talented—with a string of classical productions reaching back to the thirties, his books on scene design, plus a set of commentaries he'd started to issue on the "realism" of Shakespeare. These were as remarked upon for their literary touch as for their erudition, although it was the elegance of his simple stage sets that had done the most to earn him his name. He'd started as a commercial artist, and thought it wouldn't hurt Charles to try his hand at copywriting; the job was a sure means of support, as acting was not, Erikson said. He was sure that Charles' time would come, and meanwhile it wasn't shameful to take a job—it didn't even have to be viewed as a compromise, he said—as long as Charles kept his humor about it.

Was Charles hurt by all this? Surely. He had met Erikson when he was eighteen, new at the university, and Erikson had arrived to give a lecture for the theatre department. Erikson had walked through the theatre classrooms and studios on a hurried tour, and hadn't taken in much, it was felt, but a few weeks later Charles received a long cardboard tube in the mail, and inside was a rolled sheet of rice paper on which Erikson, in his distinctive style, had sketched Charles as he had sat in a chair doing a reading from "Henry V," and in the corner where you might expect the artist's signature Erikson had written, "Charles, regal even in repose." On the back was Erikson's telephone number and, below, "When you come to the City, give me a call."

"I can't explain how much that meant to me," Charles had told Katherine when they met. "I'd vaguely thought of maybe ending up in New York someday, *maybe*, but with that my fate was sealed." Charles had had the sketch framed, and now it hung on the wall at the foot of their bed, the first thing he saw when he woke. She took a quick look over her shoulder, to reassure herself; it was there.

Erikson had never found the right role for Charles in any of the productions he'd staged since—actually only two; Charles was too young or too short or not a recognizable enough entity to risk with a lead, so he'd earned his way as a voice-over, and with her work, as a photographer's model, it was enough. When the executive hired him, Charles was pleased to have his real talent, as he saw it, untouched, and they were able to keep the apartment, which had become a problem. Charles didn't want her to work once she was pregnant; she was sure that was why he kept insisting that she paint.

If she could have let those glasses, which seemed the beginning of their grief, go! After Charles broke the first one (absently, she believed), he and McCarthy saw a movie together that featured those toasts, and when Charles and McCarthy returned, half tipsy, they went up on the roof and fought violently with Charles' fencing foils—did McCarthy see Charles as a usurper?—and on their way down, the upper-floor tenant stepped into the hall in his bathrobe and said, "I know you guys might be troubled, but just knock on my door, come on in, I'll try to help you settle your dispute." Then the two of them stumbled into the apartment and shattered a pair of the glasses.

They were part of Charles' wedding gift to her, meant to set off the sideboard, and he had let her pick them out. Each had its distinctive shape and was tinted a subtle color: smoky-gray champagne glasses on short, sturdy stems, with bases nearly as broad as their rims; wineglasses; Old-Fashioned glasses—six sets of six, including straw-tinted drinking goblets. When McCarthy had left that night, she jerked open the bedroom door and cried, "That hurts me! It hurts me terribly when one of those breaks. You got them for me!"

"Yes." Barely a whisper. He was staring into the dead fireplace, in darkness again, in the same chair.

"All right, forget about me!" she said, and wished even then she hadn't said it. "Those were forty to fifty dollars a set. That's about seven dollars a glass. Does it give you a kick to destroy something like that in one—one—"

"One fell swoop?" he said, as if asking himself the question.

"Do you get your gun doing it?"

He stood, and the narrow-backed chair hit the floor with a wallop; but she couldn't stop herself. "Does it make you feel like a he-man? Rich, hot stuff, for McCarthy? How do you expect to get ahead?"

"Ahead?" he asked, and his voice began to give. "That's what my mother wanted. *Get ahead.* I'd as soon get behind."

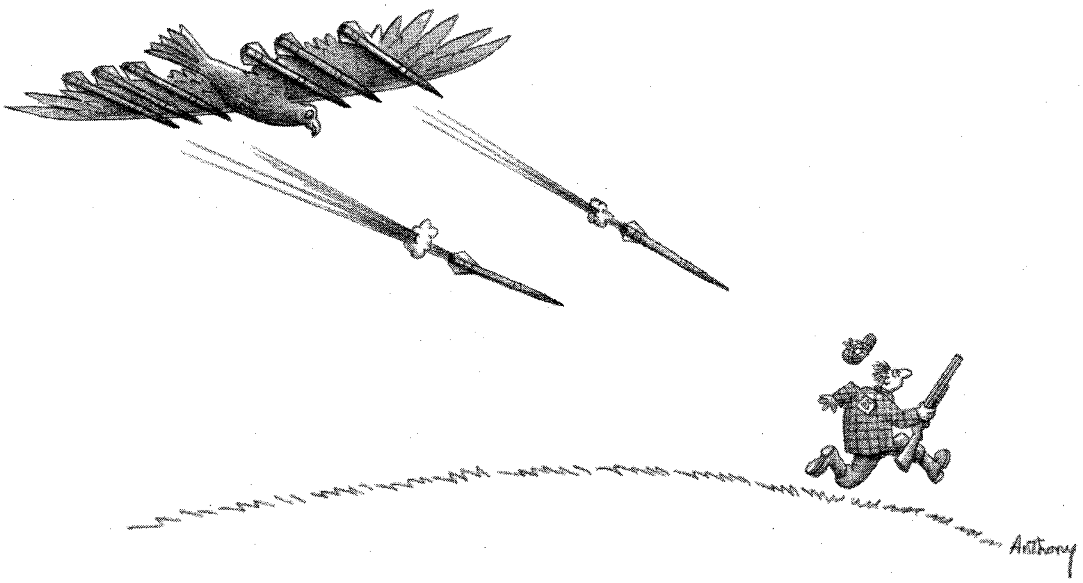
"When you talk through the bottle, all you say gets blurred."

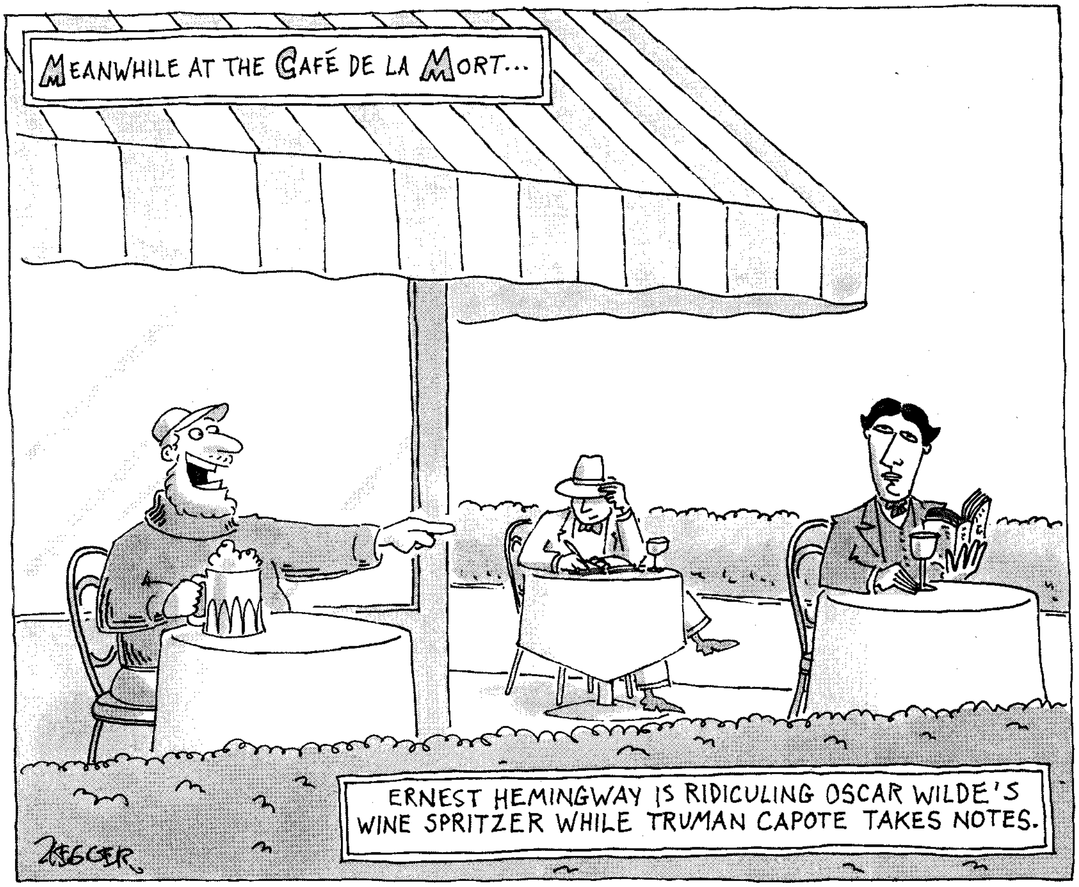
"When things get off the track . . ." he began, as if they were speaking from separate worlds, then stopped.

A few weeks before, he had ordered a tape recorder, voice-actuated, so he could rehearse speeches in bed, but by the time it was delivered he seemed to have forgotten about it; their buzzer sounded and he rose from his deacon's bench, excusing himself to their guests, and went in an absent-minded way to the intercom. "Oh, yes," he said, to the person waiting in the vestibule. "That's right."

They had invited the couple who had moved into the building that week down for tea. They were from Georgia, and the husband had the groomed gentility of one who would appreciate tea done right. The two appeared quaint and at home here, Katherine thought, on the couch with its nappy fabric the color of monk's cloth, with the cobbler's bench of maple, used as a coffee table and refurbished by Charles, in front of them. The husband looked thirty years older than his wife, but was, as it turned out, prematurely gray. He handled even his pipe with a fussy, pastoral skepticism; he was enrolled at Union Theological Seminary.

"We found the Heights more congenial to our perhaps lackadaisical tempo," he was saying. "And surely more soothing than the city for Pal dear." His wife's name was Pal; Charles had had to have it repeated three times ("Pay-el," the man pronounced it) but hadn't registered anything when he realized he had finally got it right. Pal was hugely pregnant—the




MEANWHILE AT THE CAFÉ DE LA MORT...
ERNEST HEMINGWAY IS RIDICULING OSCAR WILDE'S WINE SPRITZER WHILE TRUMAN CAPOTE TAKES NOTES.
ZIEGLER

real reason they'd asked the couple in; it was rumored that Phil wouldn't allow children in his building, although he'd never said so, nor did his leases, but he signed only two-year leases, as if to retain the upper hand. But Phil might have made an exception with this couple, Katherine and Charles had just learned, because the Southerners planned to be in the building only a year, while the husband completed his dissertation.

Then the gong on their door sounded, and Charles let in a black man with a good-sized box under an arm; he was dressed in jeans and a sleeveless T-shirt and one of those tweedy Irish caps, with a pencil under its brim at a jaunty angle. Katherine felt a proprietary joy that their new neighbors were getting an inside glimpse of the actual workings of the city in this apartment, under her eyes; Charles handled situations so well. He wrote out a check on the table in the entry, to put the man at ease in the midst of their prissy tea scene, and then hit all of his pockets, looking for cash—for a tip, she knew—and then went slack, as if he'd been shot: being reminded again of all the economic and other responsibilities to a child? She knew he didn't want to give up this apartment any more than she did.

He checked coat pockets in the closet off the entry and then hopped out to the kitchen and came back with the pint of Jack Daniel's he'd been sipping while he prepared himself some coffee, saying he had to work later, and held the bottle out to the man. She'd never seen such a color change come over black skin. The man glanced on every side, shaken, and then looked into the room to where she and the couple sat, as if to gauge how far he could get before he was stopped, and then he placed the box on the table as if it contained explosives, and said to Charles, under icy control, "Son"—and she saw the word go like a jolt through Charles—"son, I'm a man with work to do." And walked out.

The couple sat blanching, wide-eyed, as if they'd bitten through their teacups.

And then the recorder didn't work well, as if a hex had been put on it, Charles said, and after a while it moved into the room off the kitchen used mostly to store her paintings, soon to be their child's room. It sometimes took her entire imagination to place a child here—like the wailing infant daughter they'd been hearing from the Georgia couple's apartment. They would stand unmoving at the sound of her voice, their faces lifted, as if rehearing the judgment passed down on them. The couple had never invited them up.

WHILE Charles and Gail and Joyce drank too much on Thanksgiving, she sat sipping Postum alone, at the tilt-top table Charles had bought her for the holiday. And then Charles broke out his cannister labelled "TEA" and rolled a half-dozen clublike joints. She passed, because of the child, and Charles hadn't been smoking lately, either, since they'd begun their sessions with Stephens. She could feel the animality of the attraction between Charles and Gail—who, with her ironed blond hair and newly acquired repose, now bore a youthful resemblance to *her*, Katherine realized. But Charles focussed on Joyce, which might have been a ploy; he was crafty with women when she was present. Her friends were suddenly laughing, as if she'd revealed her fears, and she glanced down at her hands in her lap; they looked like a man's. How had she expected to pour tea with those?

Then Charles insisted that he take them home in a cab, mumbling something as he pulled out their coats, then hers, and slipped it on her. He put his arm around her waist in the cab, as he did when they were happily affectionate, so she couldn't judge where his thoughts were. But she was sure it was youth other than hers that had put his arm there, and was aware now of her weight, the new layerings of fat, of the receptacle she'd become ("one in the oven," in that awful expression men used), and of the way in which she was leadenly attached to an existence unacknowledged by anyone else in the cab.

She shoved Charles' arm away.

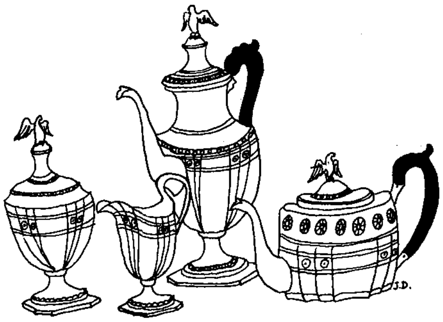
Even he couldn't conceal his surprise at their apartment. It was a one-room walkup, with a double bed, unmade, jammed into a corner, past droppings left by a dog, which was whirligigging to see them. Joyce's restlessness went into a higher level, and she started circling the confines of the place (there was a kitchenette opposite the bed) with her former athletic grace, so that Katherine could understand what Charles had seen in her, since he would have observed this beneath her weight to begin with. And then it seemed to Katherine that Joyce was a herald from another time, hurrying down circling flights of stairs to reach their level, in order to deliver a message of warning. Suddenly she started stomping, on purpose—which startled Katherine—and flickering in and out of a resemblance to the mannish woman above their apartment, and then she was kicking at unpacked boxes and clutter, crying, "Damn it! Damn this stuff and the damn acid dirties!"

There was one wobbly wooden chair, which the three of them grabbed at the same time and shoved under her for her to enthrone herself—the Pregnant Queen—and there she sat, wondering which of the walls had reminded Gail of her grandmother's embroidery. They were all soiled or water-stained. Besides the boxes, some of which were broken open and spilling clothes, and the general clutter on the floor, there were mounds and pools from the dog, a huge Saint Bernard—a "puppy" that Joyce said they were trying to train.

"Housebreak," Gail said. "Apartment-wire." She was giddy. She lay down on the bed, and the dog leaped up and lay beside her—setting mattresses aquiver, panting, one big paw on her back—then rooted through the rumpled covers and came up with a bra in his mouth.

Katherine was so affected she had a lopsided headache. Charles stared at the dirty dishes heaped in the sink and piled across a streaked stove as if ill himself. "I've been thinking I should just pitch *them there* dishes out the window," Joyce said, apparently sensitive to where eyes were. "Sort of like some dudes across the river fireplace their glasses." The dishes had the appearance of being bound by brown ribbons with the ability to shift position yet maintain stability within their wavering loops and ties. Roaches. Charles hated roaches; either his mind was set on leaving, the way he stood there, or he'd set it against letting the place offend him.

He finally turned to Gail in his frontal way, as if he'd put her off long enough for her to appreciate this, and Gail became as giving as cream. She'd brought a gallon of wine to the bed, and he sat beside her and sipped from it while Gail eyed him as if she were keeping him alive with her sexual energy. She might as well be as direct about it as she was in the attention she began to give to the relit joint Charles set between her lips. He'd switched to his talkative phase, whacking one knee with a hand as he laughed—she couldn't take in what he was saying, for the commotion that the clutter and roaches set off in her—and she remembered how, at school, she had quoted to these two from a story about everybody needing squalor in their lives, and now she felt they were paying her back for that. A clap of laughter came from them, as if at how they'd paid her back, or the phony pretentiousness of her altruism to begin with. Gail went into the bathroom, whose wall formed the rear of the kitchenette, and then Joyce joined her there, and it became clear that the two were arguing.



Katherine turned to Charles and said, "Let's get home."

"It's not even eleven. It's Thanksgiving!"

This from one who sometimes criticized her logic. She placed a hand over her stomach and said, "We have to."

After a polite glass of wine, he said, as if he had to mollify her friends for judging them by their place—his worst

* * *

SNAILS

The leaves rusted in the late winds
of September, the ash trees bowed
to no one I could see. Finches
quarrelled among the orange groves.

I was about to say something final
that would capture the meaning
of autumn's arrival, something suitable
for bronzing or a gilded frame,

something immediately recognizable
as so large a truth it's totally untrue,
when one small white cloud—not much
more than the merest fragment of mist—

passed between me and the pale
thin cuticle of the midday moon
come out to see the traffic and dust
of central California. I kept quiet.

The wind stilled, and I could hear
the even, steady ticking of the leaves,
the lawn's burned hay gasping
for breath, the pale soil rising

only to fall between earth and heaven,
if heaven's there. The world would escape
to become all it's never been
if only we would let it go

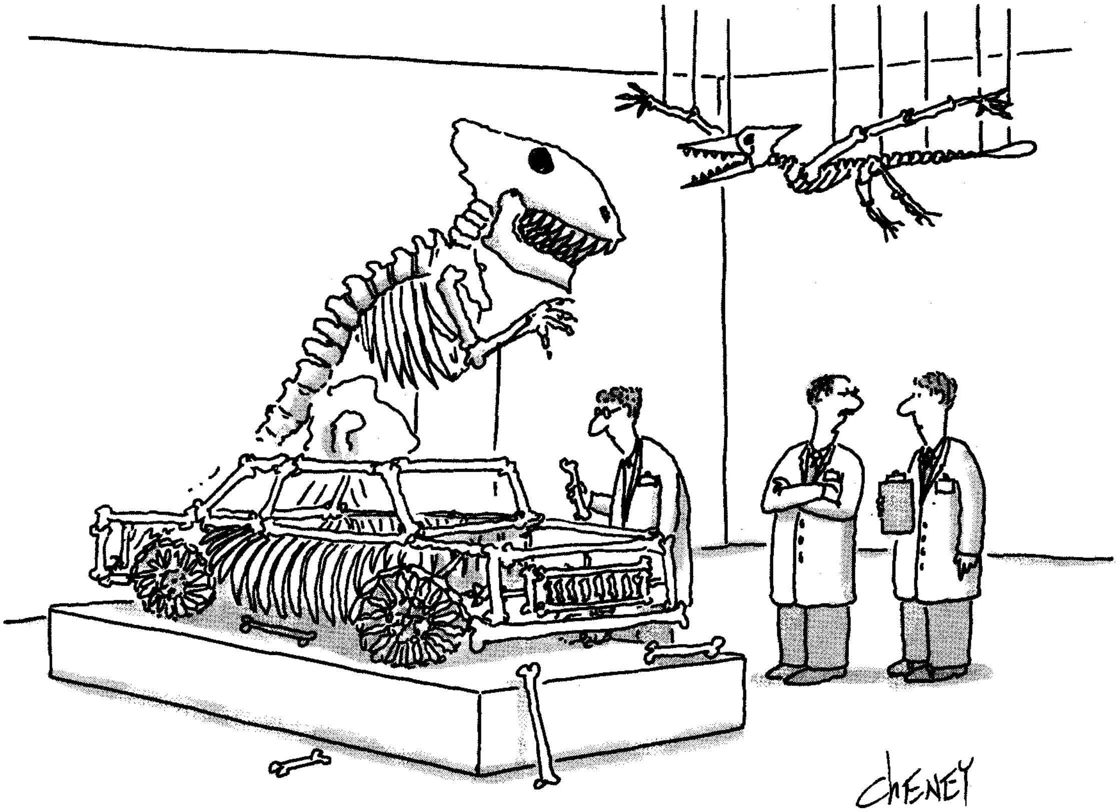
streaming toward a future without
purpose or voice. In shade the ground
darkens, and now the silver trails
stretch from leaf to chewed-off leaf

of the runners of pumpkin to disappear
in the cover of sheaves and bowed grass.
On the fence blue trumpets of glory
almost closed—music to the moon,

laughter to us, they blared all day,
though no one answered, no one
scored their sense or harmony
until they faded in the wind and sun.

—Philip Levine

flaw; and once Gail and Joyce emerged from the bathroom, subdued (were they fighting over him?), and they had their polite glass of wine, and then another, they left. A silver drizzle was falling, and Charles shook off the British coat she’d got him for his birthday, with its attached rain cape, and draped it over her shoulders. This unthinking inclination in him, even in his state, caused her to examine her fingernails, turned into her palm, with smiling satisfaction. She told him to detach the rain cape and put it over his own shoulders, so he did.



“Are you absolutely sure about this?”

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They found a cab off Tompkins Square and he helped her in, and as she was settling herself, pushing damp hair back from her face, the door slammed. He had rolled down the window and was leaning in at it, his head nodding and unsteady from the mixture of all he’d had.

“What is it?” she asked, and slid over on the seat to him.

“I’m staying awhile.”

“With them?” She was barely able to ask this, out of fear.

“Just in the neighborhood.”

“Why don’t you come home.” It wasn’t a question.

“Not quite yet, O.K.? I’ll get a nightcap. These are my stamping grounds.” His voice, close and muffled in the cab, sounded as if it came from under a hat brim, and she realized that her perceptions had become abnormal. Then from the sensation expanding inside her she realized she was suffering the effects of a contact high. His face against the drizzle was molecular.

“Oh, please,” she pleaded. “Have a nightcap at home.”

“Let me walk around a bit. This is like home base.”

She felt a warm line extending from her right eye to her chin—the involuntary tears that began before she knew she would cry.

“I’ll be right there,” he said, and his head shifted so quickly she thought the cab had jerked. “I’ll be back in an hour.”

“At least take your raincoat.”

“You need it.”

“You’ll be out in this. You’ll get sick.”

“It’s hardly sprinkling.”

“It’s cold, it’s awful! What are you planning to *do*!”

He withdrew from the window and said “Walk” with a sound that reached her like the quack of a duck, and then he glanced birdlike around at the drizzle, as if he’d only then noticed it.

“Please,” she insisted.

“All right.” He reached in and lifted the raincoat free as she shifted her weight, then leaned farther in and kissed her cheek. “Soon,” he said, and walked off, and as the cab pulled away and she looked out the open window to see him striding in the opposite direction under a street lamp that formed a frazzling fan of the drizzle, with the coat draped over his shoulders and the cape like a sunbonnet around his head, she started sobbing. She was sobbing so badly she couldn’t stop even when the cabbie parked outside their building.

“Lady,” the man finally said, after several sympathetic sighs. “Lady, take my advice. Drop the guy. Go get laid.”

IN the apartment, she turned on every light, then lay down on the bed with her clothes on. How completely she’d adapted to sleeping with him—merely his body being there! The lights pressed a ghostly flatness into the walls, revealing new planes in corners and around objects—all of which stood at a remove, remote. She walked quickly through the place, glancing away from the gargoyles and griffins on the bar, and shut off the lights. She sat on the settee, in the alcove, surprised to be in her coat, since she was also wrapped in a quilt she’d grabbed from the bed. She stared down at the street corner where Charles would have to appear if he took the subway, then at the tree, lit from beneath by the street lamp, as if to memorize the novelty of its silver-purple branches, now that they were bare. There had hardly been a fall; the heat of summer had persisted through September, and now the weather felt at winter’s edge.

She must have fallen asleep. She woke on the bed, startled by a sound she thought was Charles arriving. Then she was sure she heard footsteps going from room to room—a second-story man. Or a rapist who would sock and grind away any remaining self-esteem and destroy the child. She gripped her hands between her thighs and felt a presence of faces about to break through the darkness into visibility. She couldn't make them out, but they seemed to have the blocky symmetry of the heads that overtook the painting of hers that was Charles' favorite. She passed into another state and saw a miniature of herself, numb and naked, go swimming down a crystalline shaft of water of the sort she once dove down in a quarry mine, distantly making it to the boulders at the bottom, executing kicking movements in the depths to hold herself down, until her senses gave out.

SHE was conscious of colder, morning air on her face and the presence of a body bending close. She opened her eyes on something that retreated so fast she couldn't take it in, then she heard a *woof!* as she wakened entirely. There was a bang, as if the closet door she was studying had been kicked. Or was it the man from Georgia, who leaped down to the landings every morning in his happiness to be off to the seminary? She was still in her clothes and coat, wound in the quilt, sweating mink oil, it seemed, from the waxy scent of herself.

She took a quick look over the roll of covers. Erikson's sketch was still there, as if proclaiming Charles' existence, and she recalled how, these last months, Charles would stand at the window for hours, observing the Japanese painter work at his commercially tainted butterflies—the man's source of income. Charles would say, when a delivery boy arrived for another batch, "They pick them up and take them to a framer. Or a dealer. Is there a magazine that features butterflies? No, these are a bit beyond a magazine." One day he lowered the binoculars he'd begun to use. "Though they're artsy and slick, there's an almost redeeming feature to each one. The way he'll do the veining in a wing, for instance, so it resembles leading for stained glass. Or use an overlay of color over one wing as shadow. Well, he ought to be pretty good at it; he's done enough of them."

Why didn't you leave him alone? she thought, staring at Erikson's sketch as if the force of her thought could break the glass and frame.

She decided to assume that Charles had let himself in and made it to the couch and the sounds she had heard were from him. She got up, dropping the quilt to the floor, and walked into the living room. Charles wasn't there. She started toward the kitchen and felt a tugging at the pocket of her coat, still on, then reached in and pulled out a clump of keys. Charles' set. She threw them at the table and with their impact half expected to see a note that began, "I'm sorry, but . . ."

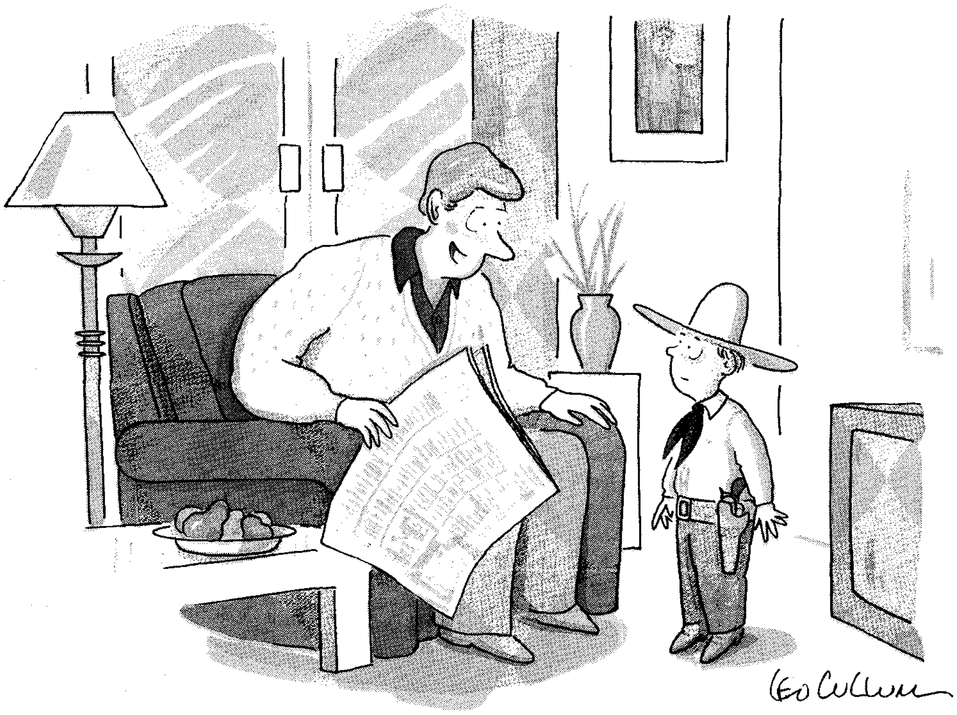
She ran back to the bedroom and dialled Gail and Joyce's number and sat through minutes of ringing, out of breath, and then had an image of Charles rising from the covers of their bed and holding up a hand to discourage them from answering. Bitches.

She called Stephens, who sounded sympathetic, and promised to call back if he heard anything, or if Charles called him.

She went out to the kitchen, into a silence like a thicker wrap than her coat, and sent the hanging palette of her Le Creuset pans banging with a swing of her arm. Another of his damn gifts! Gail and Joyce had at least helped her clear things, so now she had her own stacks of plates. She slammed these around, to create the noise of life, and felt an urge to jerk open the bottom drawer, where Charles kept his tools, and take a hammer to them over the wastebasket. She piled everything into the sink and turned on the water. No roaches. Finicky Phil the faggot had the bug men visit their building every month. She reached under the upper cupboards and slid her blender out across the counter—or the base of it that contained the motor—and plugged it in. She shut off the water and put her hand on the formed allure of the base—one of those designs that MOMA kept on a spotlit pedestal so far removed from its place of actual use the incongruity of it could make you weep.

Her right eye gave its leaking warning at the thought of him setting her up like this in order to run off! She was afraid to go downstairs and fetch their milk from the locker on the stoop, so she slopped the dregs from two cartons in the refrigerator into the bell of the blender, locked it into the base, and turned it on that way, with nothing else inside, for the relief of the noise, then was blinking against white spatters covering the cupboards, unable to get her breath. She hadn't put on the top.

If she could turn out meals that others admired—former classmate



"Yes, Jeffrey, it took brave men to settle the West. But it also took a particular kind of courage to stay right here in Darien."

Joyce, you slob—she could still be all thumbs in a kitchen. Clean, however. She wiped everything up, then washed under the faucet, cupping enough water so that when she lowered her face into her palms she was reminded of last night's sensation, or whatever, of the miniature swimmer.

She added her tiger's-milk ingredients and got the cover on and the blender going at top speed, and then dropped a peeled banana through the hole in the center of the cover, which was fitted with a little cap. There, she thought. Ground to a mush. Every last bit of you. She grabbed a glass from a shelf of the oak hutch against the wall and poured the foamy mixture into it with a flopping noise. The taste was like the air in her uncle's dairy barn after he'd sawed off a cow's horns and cauterized the stumps with a red-hot iron. Her hands were shaking so badly she felt she'd been drunk for a week, and she decided she couldn't allow herself even one drink until Charles returned. She sipped. And shoved her tongue against her teeth to keep from gagging. There was a taste of the rest of the barn in it, too. She tried dainty sips, but then the solid shape of it was in her stomach and she ran into the bathroom and went down on her knees at the toilet, the cold comfort of porcelain against her cheek—usually a preventive, as it was now.

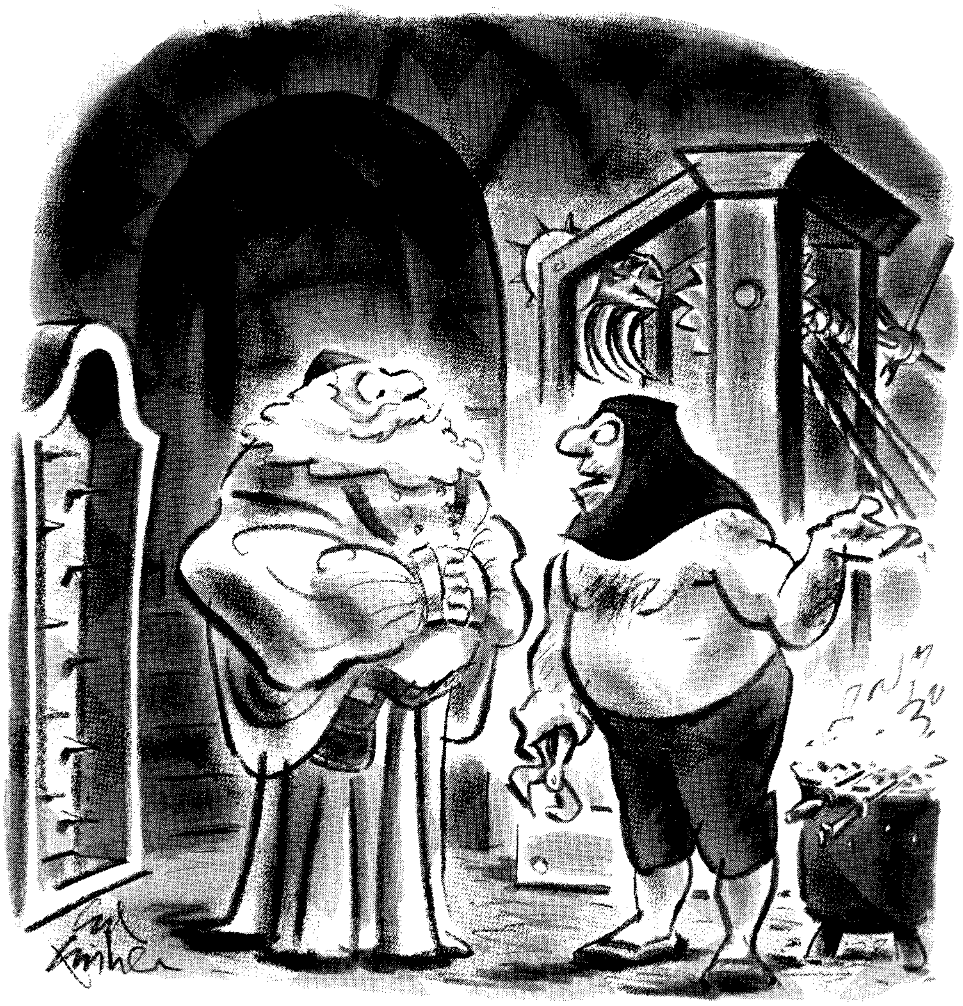
Call Erikson? He seemed the sort of person who was unimpressed by what he saw in the mirror, as she was, and so was able to turn from that elegant image with ease. He had kept up an interest in them; every few weeks he'd be in touch. "If you feel you can't bear the job," he'd said to Charles, after Charles had taken it, "try to see it as bankrolling your future. Most of the younger folks I know have done something of the sort, early on. The point is to keep working." Charles wouldn't admit that he hadn't opened a script since they'd moved to the apartment, and they were already living at the limits of his income, if not beyond.

"It isn't enough!" she almost shouted once, when she was balancing the checkbook. "Not with me not working!"

She grabbed the keys off the table and went out the door and up the stairs to the McCarthys'—the prisonlike look of which sent her up the last flight to the roof. In the brilliance of the smoky autumn light she felt she'd emerged from that quarry pool into correspondence with the sea. There it was. Two deck chairs sat on a surface of white gravel, like a Dali couple, overlooking buildings to a patch of the bay. The roof sloped slightly in that direction and she stepped onto the gravel, which gave grit and solidity to the view—like a vision, as if she'd always known the city from this spot.

A brick wall at the edge of the roof, capped with concrete, was at her breasts. She rested her elbows on it and felt the concurrence of brightness and noise go widening into the stepped-up tempo the city maintained twenty hours a day. A helicopter was landing on the Wall Street pier and an orange-and-blue ferry started pulling out of its slip for Staten Island, putting out so much smoke from its center spout that it curled down and hid its hull at the waterline. From Columbia Heights, or the chasm that was Columbia Heights, the only street before the bay, she heard the "*Vo-tee-ho-ho!*" of the vegetable man. Friday. In the courtyard to the left, a pair of workmen stood at the base of a partly dismantled chimney, foreshortened in a scattering of bricks. A girl in purple tights on the lawn next to them was lifting a white puppy above her head, and now the helicopter rose from the Wall Street pier and swung in her direction, hacking the air into flat echoes she could feel all through the concrete.

The stepped ranks of buildings along the prow of Manhattan were like a mirage, a cream-colored ferry nosing out from them for the Statue of Liberty, whose torch she could see above a hotel of peeling brick. The back of this hotel and—farther to the right—a high mansard roof, with a pair of dormers set into its slate shingling, formed a U that was the center of her vision. At the base of the U she could see the adjoining roofs, like folds in a



"We're working on a promising new treatment for heresy."

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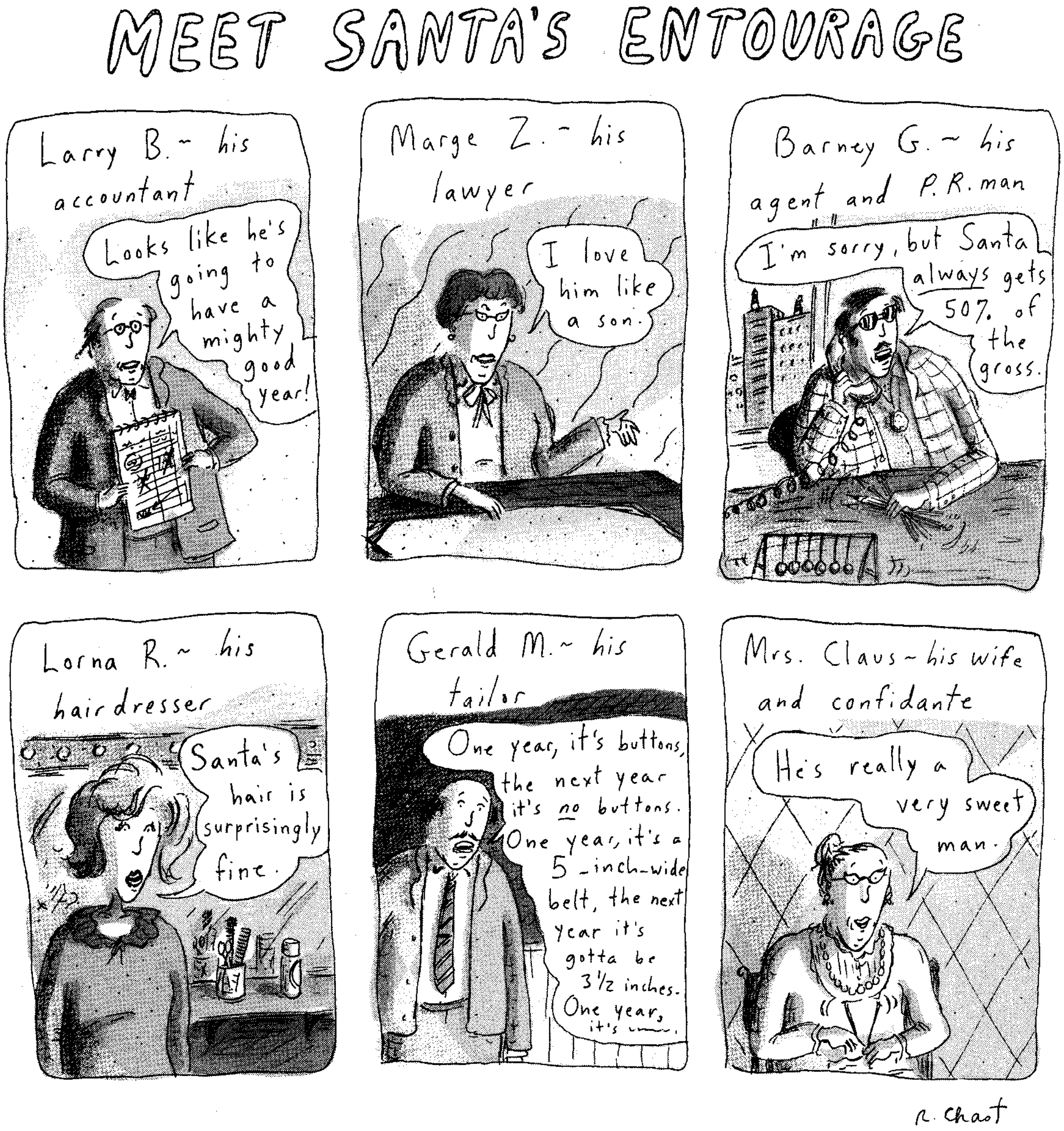

MEET SANTA'S ENTOURAGE
Larry B. - his accountant
Looks like he's going to have a mighty good year!
Marge Z. - his lawyer
I love him like a son.
Barney G. - his agent and P.R. man
I'm sorry, but Santa always gets 50% of the gross.
Lorna R. - his hairdresser
Santa's hair is surprisingly fine.
Gerald M. - his tailor
One year, it's buttons, the next year it's no buttons. One year, it's a 5-inch-wide belt, the next year it's gotta be 3 1/2 inches. One year, it's ——
Mrs. Claus - his wife and confidante
He's really a very sweet man.
R. Chast

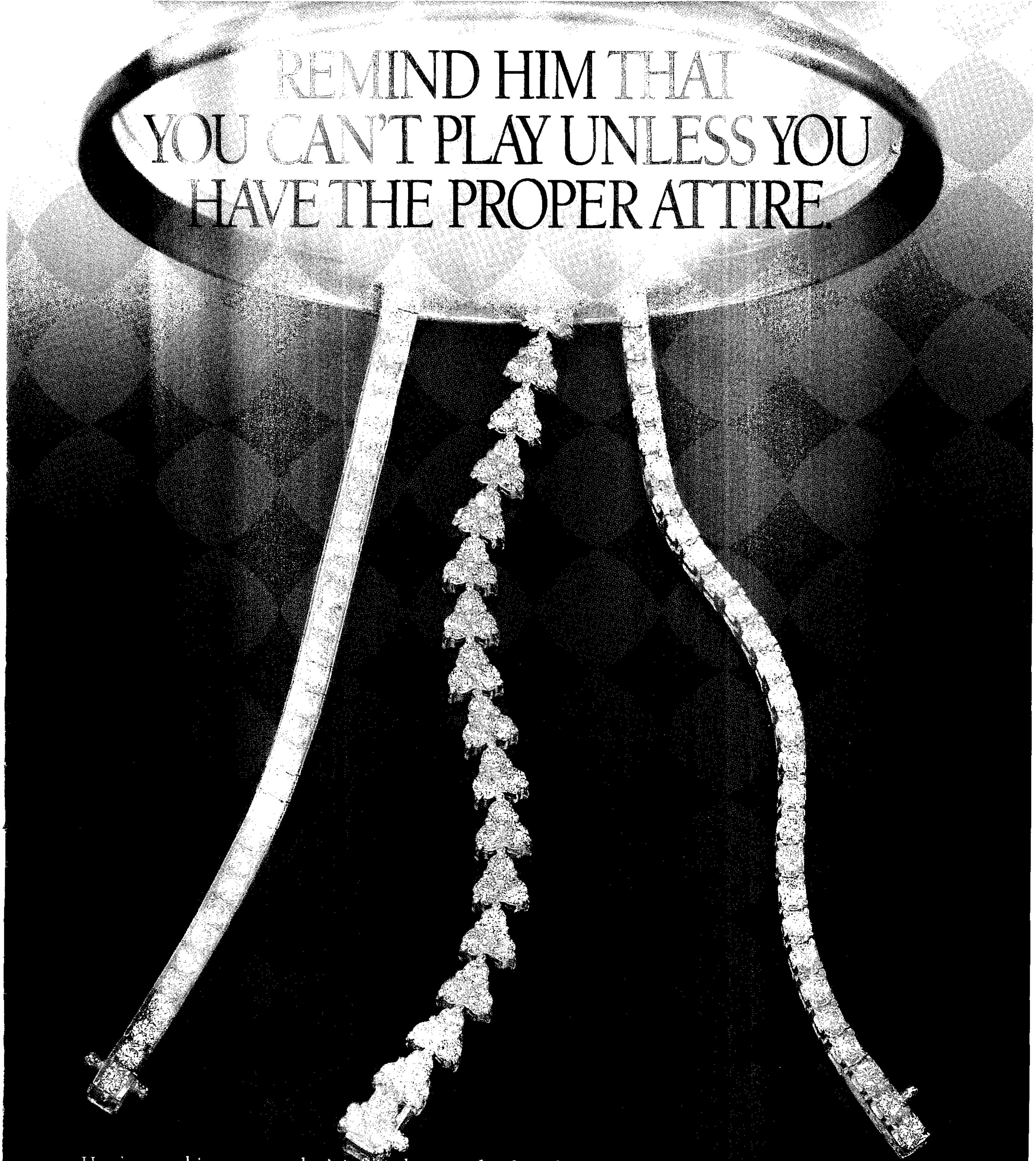
fan, of the blue warehouses along the dock below the promenade; beside it, white spars and landing cranes of a ship. Jets kept coming over, and gulls in the distance often seemed a jet she was hearing. And then a real plane, a seaplane, entered the U at a steep angle, droning like an ache through the sky, and skimmed to a landing on the bay, leaving a pair of silver wakes in which a sailboard, suddenly tacking into view, was set rocking. "How can you ever even hope to suggest reality unless you incorporate a frame?"

One of the workmen began striking a chisel held to the chimney in gentle taps, as if the brick overlaid the nerves in a tooth. Fix it! The vegetable man's "*Vo-tee-ho-ho!*" now rose from Willow, behind her, and she could hear the metal wheels of his pushcart on the street, and then a moth came at her, so close compared to the other wings that she went back, a hand up, aware that her appetite for Charles was as encompassing as this view—monstrous.

SHE hurried back down the stairs, down dark halls, as if she'd just returned from seeing him walk off under the lamp, and then pictured Joyce striding down those endless stairs to give the warning she must have given to Gail in the bathroom. Katherine had run past their door. She went back to it, trembling so badly she didn't think she could get the lock undone before somebody came, and then stood inside with her forehead against it, caught in a pant that brought the tiger's milk rocking up her throat. She swallowed and swallowed.

She went to their bedroom closet, shoved back its sliding doors, and felt the appalling attraction of letting herself go entirely. She pulled a pair of Charles' corduroys off a hanger and pulled them on under her skirt—they fit exactly—and felt as a widow must about clothes: the cold absence of what they once enclosed. She threw off her coat and undid the skirt and let it drop and kicked it onto the bed. She'd got a chill on the roof, and she shoved through their clothes, a mix of his and hers, to one side of the closet, and encountered a touch of skin. She pulled out the jacket, and it wobbled on its hanger—a rust jacket of suède with a worn and frail feel that people who describe skin as velvety probably mean to describe: the texture of a young man's cheek. It was torn at the shoulder, its cuffs frayed, with dark stains down its front and a ripped pocket.

It had been given her by the first boy in college she'd cared for; he'd taken it off and slipped it on her. A month later, he was injured so badly in an accident on his motorcycle he never fully recovered—or not for the year she tried to keep in touch—and he wouldn't speak to her. The accident had happened the same day they'd had their first argument. Finally, she'd mailed him the jacket, along with a letter in which she tried to explain her side of the affair, and he'd mailed the jacket back. Their relationship was only a few years in the past, but it already appeared so distant they seemed adolescents hurrying down streets done in the gaudy purity of primitive paintings, and what she remembered most was how she set herself on his motorcycle, her feet outside his on the pegs, her arms around his chest, the side of her face pressed against this jacket. He had been the first but hadn't been attentive enough



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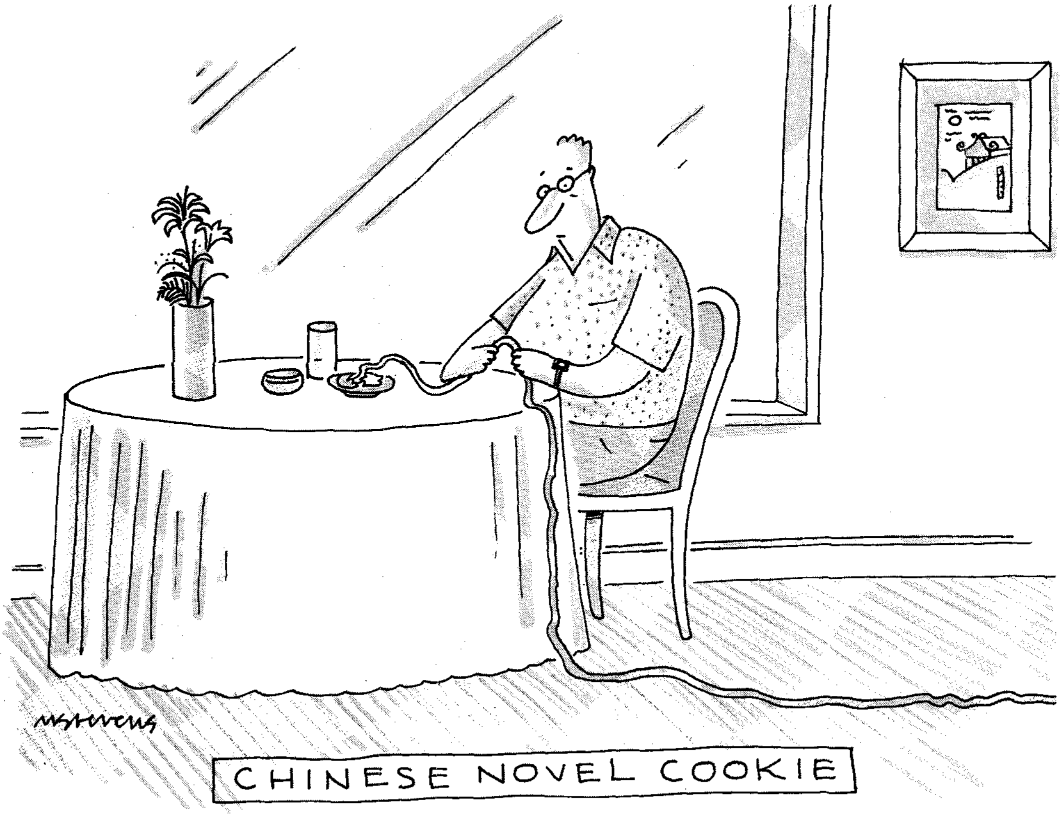

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to draw her out of herself, as Charles had been, and then had held out for more of her.

She jerked on a sweater, pulled the jacket over that, and went out the building to the promenade. She walked to the railing at its edge and heard the whining hurry and wallops of air from traffic on the Belt Parkway below. In front of her was the ship whose spars she'd seen from the roof, the Ciudad de Cadiz; Charles had promised her a trip to Spain: the light. She turned and saw a single man, on the park bench behind her, staring at her with a hungry join-me-in-my-stylish-exile look, and knew from his expression that he would want her to talk first, and within minutes would ask her up to his apartment.

There was a bustle over the brick walkway farther down, in the direction of Brooklyn Bridge, followed by a beep of sound from a bullhorn, and a half-dozen men in suits started in her direction. A slight man out front walked with Charles' air to a park bench, where a woman was rocking a baby in a stroller, and went down on a knee on the bricks in front of her. He placed a hand on the stroller's tray, and talked with what seemed complicity, then twiddled his fingers for the baby to play with.

The other men maneuvered and backpedalled and formed a weaving crescent around him, as if to memorize every angle of this self-effacing chivalry. Some were taking pictures. A movie? They weren't the right cameras, she was sure, but was partially blinded by the thought that Charles had found a job he hadn't told her about, or was involved in something unimaginable. The man rose and started for the fellow who'd been trying to stare her down but suddenly swung away, with a curious jerking nod, as if recognizing something common, and came at her with such directness she could only take in the tailored cut of his suit at first. It was Robert Kennedy.

"Miss," he said, and the photographed smile looked rough-edged, with an apologetic tuck that exposed the uneven weaving of his lip line with his skin. The smile wavered and he took her hand in both of his and mentioned something about taking these walks, now that he was her senator, and then said, "Miss, er, *Ma'am*"—as if he could tell at a touch that she was pregnant. "Ma'am, is there anything you'd like me to do, as your senator?" This seemed at least partially sincere, and an interest began to move in his eyes until he was staring directly at her. There was a reddish, scaling spot beside his nose, abraded from rubbing, and his neck looked thin behind the tailored collar and perfectly crimped Windsor knot of his tie. Suddenly he pivoted toward Battery Park, releasing her hand as if he'd just seen the place, and then with a nod of surprise noticed the Statue of Liberty.

"Goodness," he said, and one hand covered the tie. "It's a beautiful view. Beautiful. Aren't you enjoying it?" He seemed about to ask something personal—they were on familiar ground now—but the pressure from the men in the background distracted him, and finally he was forced to move on. He glanced over his shoulder at her, unsmiling, and the fellow who had propositioned her in silence, and the woman with the stroller and a dozen others, started following in the wake of the men at his back.

She was about to ask him to do everything he could to find Charles—and he would try, she was sure. It was a life. Three, now. His presence was so similar to Charles' the sight of him moving off set her eye running, and then she suffered a picture of the shattering end of his brother, the President, which seemed the end of youth, and of Charles.

She ran back to their building and found Phil in the vestibule, with the cover on the mailboxes folded down but pulling letters only out of his box. He reached into theirs and handed her an Addressographed letter and a flyer from Bohack's. "Is Charles around?" he asked.

What? Phil was fiftyish, and his mourning face, with its shadow of beard and bushy nostrils, had an incongruous force, such a fruity voice came from it. "What do you mean?" she asked.

Phil cocked his head at her; did she look that bad? "No, nothing shock-

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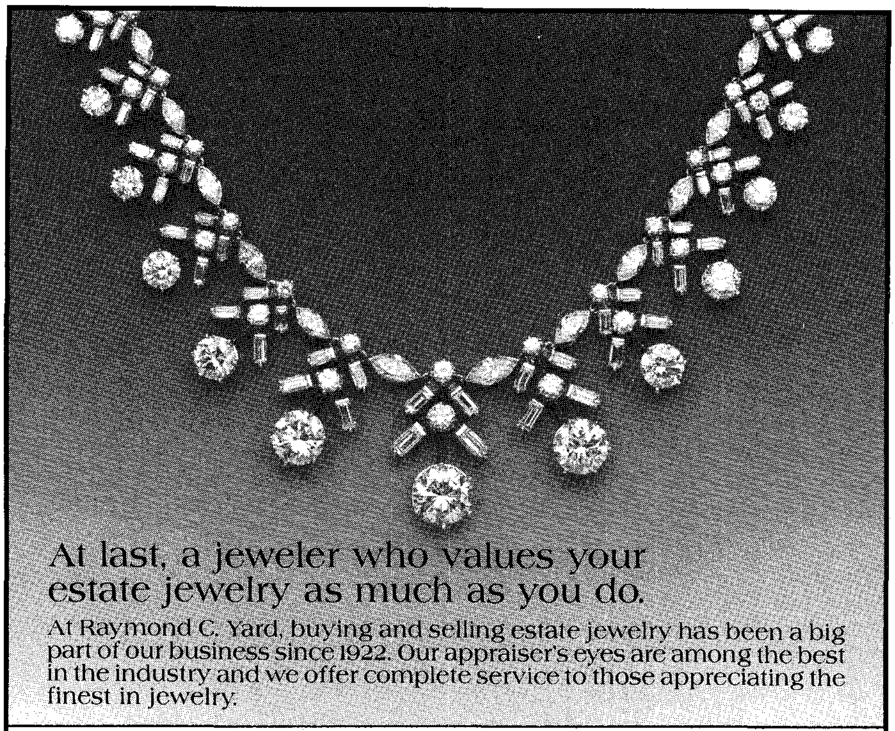

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ing," he said. "I was merely wondering about the rent."

"He hasn't paid it?"

"Not since last month he hasn't." A sudden smile tugged up the corners of his mouth, but was gone so quick it was as if he'd committed an indiscretion; the McCarthys claimed he cruised the promenade, with his mourning look of shame, for young men.

"He's usually so prompt," she said.

"That's why I was wondering. Maybe you could light a match under him, huh? I got bills." He shook a fistful of them close to her face.

"I'll tell him," she said, and started up the stairs, sure that Phil knew something; that he'd seen Charles, or let *him in,* or was aware that she was pregnant. Charles believed that the "client" Phil's antique-dealer friend had mentioned was Phil, and Charles had said he was sure they could stay in the building, even with a child, if he offered Phil the griffins from the bar at a reasonable price, and she'd said, "Don't you dare! That's mine!"

SHE was in the apartment, out of breath, staring at the kitchen, which looked reduced—a shed skin. She threw the letter and flyer on the table and glanced into the living room, then slid open the door of the entry closet. His coat wasn't there. She underwent a graphic display of him entangled with Gail, while Joyce revolved her hefty body around them in some further manipulation—roommates from a religious school!—and ran into the bedroom and dialled their number. It kept on ringing until it seemed the trilling of an internal scream, and then her mind dimmed and she saw Charles lying alone, naked and bleeding, on the filth of their floor.

She called Stephens, and at the sound of his agreeable "Hello?" she said, "I don't think I can make it."

"Ohhh," he said, in his tone of commiseration. "I'm sorry you're feeling so bad you have to say that. So you haven't heard from him, then?"

"No," she said, and her eye began running. She grabbed the receiver with both hands as if to hold herself in place. "You?"

"I said I would call if I did, Katherine."

"I feel I have to have some kind of confirmation that he's O.K. This is unreal!"

"That's perfectly normal—I mean,

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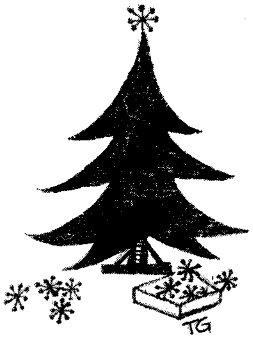
moments of seeming unreality in this kind of situation. How long has it been now?"

"Eighteen hours? I don't know."

"I'll tell you what. Let's wait until we get into Saturday, or better Sunday, and then if he isn't back, let's get concerned. He's bright and resourceful and this type of thing isn't uncommon for a man who's looking at thirty coming up. When it happens, it usually spins itself out in a few days. Did he have his medication along?"



She was crying but didn't want him to know; she wiped at her face and the slippery receiver with both hands. "Does he need it?"

"I'm thinking of his possible anxiety. *Please let me take care of this call*," she heard in a semi-muffled voice; she'd called him at the hospital where he worked half days as director. "Of course the drinking will ease that somewhat; you said he was drinking. I'm sure this is a further development in, ah, the change in him we've talked about. But I'm pretty confident it won't prove to be the kind of change medication is needed for, as in psychosis."

"Please!"

"You'll be able to help yourself out a lot if you can keep calm. I feel— You develop a sense about these things. I feel, I guess, not entirely surprised that he's gone."

This damaged her in a way she was sure Stephens could never fix.

"Why didn't I say something? Why open up another worry, or hand him a direction to head for, if it's not going to happen? Once he's back, I'm sure things will settle down to near-normal."

"Once!"

"I can't make any guarantees, you know. This is the city. You have to be willing to give up your anger at him, Katherine."

"I have to do something before I go insane! If I'm not already!"

"You sound fine. The anger has you pushing hysteria, and you're crying, but that's normal. I suppose there is something else you could do, if you want, if you've already called the hospitals I mentioned."

"Yes."

"Call a precinct station or two in the last neighborhood you saw him in. Ask them to check around. If you want to be sure about what I feel you're not quite saying, call the city morgue."

"Good God."

"If you're up to it, it might help you. Do you want to see me?"

"No!" What occurred to her, as never before, was the money.

"All right, then. Call if you do. Let's keep in touch. Right now I'm afraid I'm with another patient. Could I call you back?"

"No." She hung up. That he would say what he had with another patient there! Then she remembered calls he'd received while she was present—from a young wife who had reinstituted an abusive affair she'd had with her boss before she was married; from a suicide's husband—and the artful way in which Stephens had leaked details of the other half of the conversation, as if to summon gratitude from her for the order of her life, in spite of its setbacks. Now he was talking about her.

The phone at her former friends' kept ringing. She could take a cab over, she thought, and imagined herself in their stinky vestibule, with her finger on the buzzer. They wouldn't answer. Maybe they were actually at work; maybe they had to work today. Finally she called Erikson, who was in. After she explained the situation (hoping Erikson would interrupt with news of Charles), he said in his whispery voice, "There's only one thing I can think for you to do, Katherine."

"Yes?"

"Trust that he's all right. People like Charles, who by nature are vulnerable, seem to have angels or other creatures of benevolence attending to them. We'll trust in that. His gift is too valuable to be lost. There—I've said it. Tell him so the minute you see him."

"I will."

"I wish I could convince you this is a temporary aberration. Would you like to come over and spend the night with us?"

"Oh, no." *Please*, she almost added.

"We have plenty of extra room. You wouldn't be a bit of bother. You could leave Charles a message that you're here."

"What if he calls?"

"I see you're much closer to this than I am. When I was his age I once

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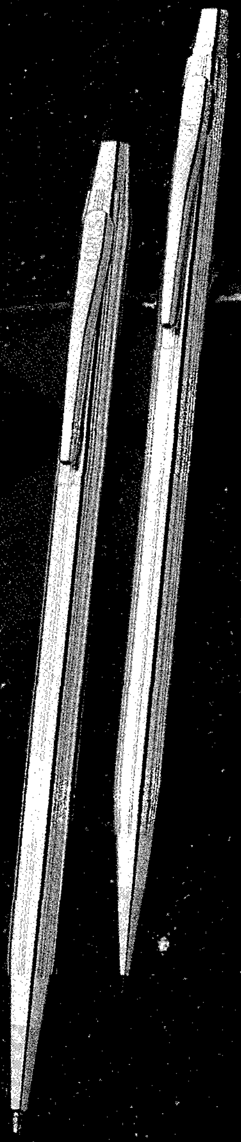

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walked the city for a day and a night. If that's what he's up to, maybe he'll decide to give up that god-awful job. How is your own work?"

"Nonexistent."

"I can understand that at this point. I'd like to see some of it soon."

"Yes." Erikson mentioned her work every time they talked but had never pursued her enough for her to take his interest seriously; he'd never seen a stroke of it.

"I've been meaning to say to Charles that he ought to leave that job, but I feel I've put him on the spot enough as it is with my meddling. You may also tell him that. This might be an opportunity for you, too, to resolve that it's high time for him to quit."

All right, then, she thought, when she hung up. She walked through all of the rooms, except the one off the kitchen, trying to take in everything, and stopped at the far end of the living room, in front of the deacon's bench where Charles installed himself when there was company. The bench was of oak, with a globe segmented like an orange at the center of its back, and carved leaves extending from either side of the globe, so that from a distance the decorations looked like an eagle with outstretched wings.

Charles had built their stereo into a compartment below the seat, which swung up on hinges, and directly above its back, at eye level, was his favorite painting of hers, which he always kept hung: a central blocky head with variations on it, viewed from different angles, radiating into the background—heads she had done over and over, in a fury, when the boy on the motorcycle wouldn't speak to her. It was of him, but she'd been too ashamed to admit that to Charles. He called the painting "The Actor."

The person in it had finally written to her, after those years of silence, through her father, and they'd met in the city one afternoon when Charles was at his job. A brief fall.

She went to the phone, her eye running, and a man at the city morgue, after checking records, said, "No, Ma'am. No one of that description in the last twenty-four hours. There's one about right, but he's Puerto Rican —Latin, I should say."

She dropped on her knees beside the bed and put her head on the quilt, pulling it to her face, and saw herself as she'd walked through the rooms. All right, she thought. All right, Lord. I'll give it all up. Every bit of it. I'll live in a place like Joyce and Gail's. I'll try not to hate them. Charles, either. She paused. I'll move out of the city with him, if I have to.

She went out to the bar and grabbed a bottle of vodka from beside a griffin and poured some into a champagne glass, spilling a bit, and at the first sip felt a convulsion inside: betrayal. She spun around and there was a fragrance of scattering vodka as the glass glanced off the wall above the fireplace and went through the air and struck a side of the deacon's bench, exploding over its cushion. There, she thought, taking hold of the bar and sinking with a weakness so complete she couldn't stand. She stretched out on the carpet in front of the bar. There, she thought. I've killed him.

SHE'D slept on the floor most of the night. She managed to endure today by going to a movie, a foreign comedy she wasn't sure she could sit through, thinking that Charles might call (although this hope was diminishing), and then she stayed to see it again, because the first time around she'd fallen asleep. Then she fell asleep at the same point. Back here, between naps, she took calls from Erikson, Stephens, Erikson again, who reminded her of his message. The man at the morgue could identify her now by voice, and would say when she called, "No, Ma'am, no news."

She took a bath, finally, feeling she was washing the last of Charles from her, and afterward fell asleep. Every time she woke she felt she'd awakened not only to a later hour but to further maturity, as though this were a deeper passage of time in her life. And when she'd lain down a while ago to sleep—as she lay now, after watching the Japanese painter seat his guest, but with a quilt over her—she had once again pictured the miniature swimmer heading toward the depths of the quarry pool, and at a tug in her interior she realized she was experiencing a vision of the child; it would be a girl.

Now again the child drew her toward sleep, as if taking her by an ankle beneath the first layer of consciousness, and she heard a tiny voice saying in the high-pitched and warbling sound of someone speaking underwater, "Oh, thank you, Mommy, thank you, thank you."

It was midnight when she woke. She wrapped herself in the quilt and sat in the alcove, on the settee. The lights at the Japanese painter's were off. Were those movements from his couch? She turned away from this, dismissing it, and stared out the window toward the street corner, as she had on Thanksgiving night. A new cold from the outdoors reached her now (the heat must be off for the night), and she felt frozen in place, immobile. The familiar pattern of the branches of the tree now seemed a permanent part of her memory, and after a while it was as if she hadn't moved from the moment she'd returned without Charles, her hair still wet from the rain. She touched it, and then ran her hand through it, and with the gesture saw Charles on the curb at the corner, waiting for a car to pass. His head, lifted and turned to the window where she sat, was held as if in expectation, although she knew he couldn't see her; no lights were on. He continued to stare after the car had passed, and then she noticed he was wearing only the cape to his raincoat; a wind lifted a corner of it to reveal the jacket he'd pulled on in the haste of leaving. The raincoat itself was gone.

She stood with chills winding down from her hair and threw the quilt on the bed. She stepped over to her vanity—she was barefoot—and leaned forward to see herself in its oval mirror, purple-green from the lamplight. There had been a plump and sated look about Charles as he stood there, as though he'd spent his time feeding on someone; Joyce or Gail, or both, or any of the dozen others he knew in the Village—it made little difference now. He was alive. There was another tumbling sensation below her heart and she placed her hand over it, convinced that this was indeed quickening which had begun.

Her heart took on harder strokes that she could hear in her breathing as she picked up a brush and brushed out her hair, sending down cascades of sparks, and then she leaned farther in, to apply cursory makeup, hurrying in order to be ready when he rang their buzzer, and the purple-green immobility of her face in the mirror held, she saw, with her painter's eye, a new and untraceable geography of weighty beauty it had never held before.

—Larry Woiwode

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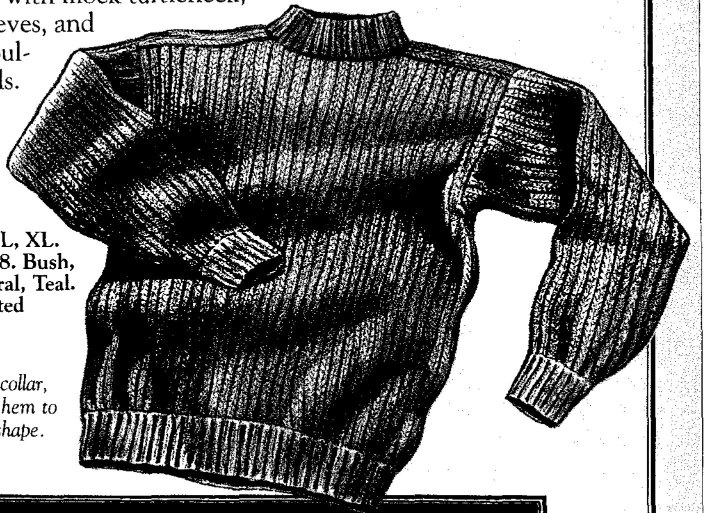

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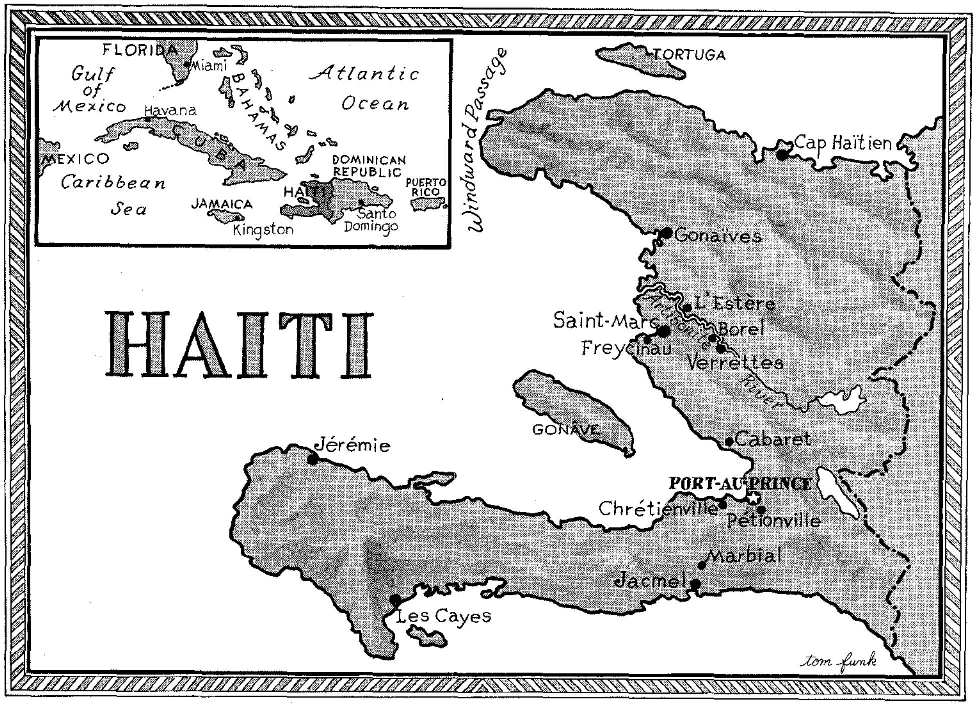
BEYOND THE MOUNTAINS—II



A FEW weeks after the fall of Jean-Claude Duvalier, in February, 1986, the statue of Christopher Columbus presiding over the harbor of Port-au-Prince was seized and thrown into the sea by persons unknown, who left fastened on the empty pedestal a sheet of paper with a simple scrawled message: “*Pa de blans en Hayti!*”

In Creole, the word *blan* means foreigner as well as white: Haitians applying the slogan “No foreigners in Haiti!” to Christopher Columbus is a little comedy, and one that begins to convey a sense of the byzantine intertwinings of Haitian history, culture, and ideology; for when Columbus landed, in 1492, on the north coast of the island of Hispaniola (the western third of which is now called Haiti), his arrival predated that of the first black by almost a quarter century. It was only after the Spanish had virtually exterminated some half-million native Arawak Indians through forced labor, unfamiliar disease, and indiscriminate brutality that they imported their first African slaves—an expedient authorized by the Spanish Crown partly at the urging of Bartolomé de las Casas, a Dominican missionary priest who was appalled at the treatment of the Indians. When, three centuries later, the descendants and successors of those African slaves wrenched control of the country from Napoleon’s troops, they would rename the now independent colony of Saint-Domingue with an Arawak word, *hayti*—“mountainous”—which, apart from a few antiquities, is pretty much all that remains of the island’s first inhabitants.

In the Musée du Panthéon National, a sleek, modern, mostly underground structure built by Jean-Claude Duvalier across the street from the National Palace, the visitor is confronted with rusty iron manacles, chains, branding irons, masks, muzzles, pokers, and other implements, carefully arranged behind a sheet of glass. “For three centuries,” states a nearby placard, “our ancestors were subjected to the humiliation of being bought and sold at public markets, branded like beasts, and exposed to forced labor and punishment of an indescribable horror. . . . Thanks to the sweat of these slaves, the Western part of the island, which little by little was occupied by buccaneers and baptized Saint-Domingue, became the richest colony of the New World, accounting for one-third of the commerce of the French Kingdom.”

That figure may be an understatement. During the nine decades between Saint-Domingue’s official passing to French hegemony under the Treaty of Ryswick, in 1697 (the eastern part of the island remained under Spanish control, as Santo Domingo), and the outbreak of the French Revolution, in 1789, it became the world’s richest, most productive, and most coveted colony—an enormous slave-powered export factory that produced almost two-thirds of the world’s coffee, almost half of its sugar, and large proportions of its cotton, indigo, and cocoa. In 1789, Henry Adams wrote, “Paris swarmed with creole families who drew their incomes from the island, among whom were many whose political influence was great; while, in the island itself, society enjoyed semi-Parisian ease and elegance, the natural product of an exaggerated slave-system combined with the manners, ideas, and amusements of a French proprietary caste.”

By that revolutionary year, the colony’s forty thousand or so white Frenchmen—landed planters and a middle class of tradesmen and suppliers—were ruling over almost five hundred thousand African slaves. And since blacks on the plantations tended to reproduce at an unnaturally low rate and to die young, and it was thus cheaper for a planter to import an adult African than to “breed” a slave and raise him from birth, as many as two-thirds of the half-million blacks had made “the middle passage” from West Africa to the Caribbean; that is, at the time of the revolution two slaves in three had been born and raised in Africa, spoke an African language, practiced an African religion, and retained vivid memories of a life lived in freedom, which made the brutal life of the plantations all the more painful. Justin Girod-Chantrans, a Swiss traveller who visited the island on the eve of the revolution, gave this description of a slave gang at work:

> They were about a hundred men and women of different ages, all occupied in digging ditches in a cane-field, the majority of them naked or covered with rags. The sun shone down with full force on their heads. Sweat rolled from all parts of

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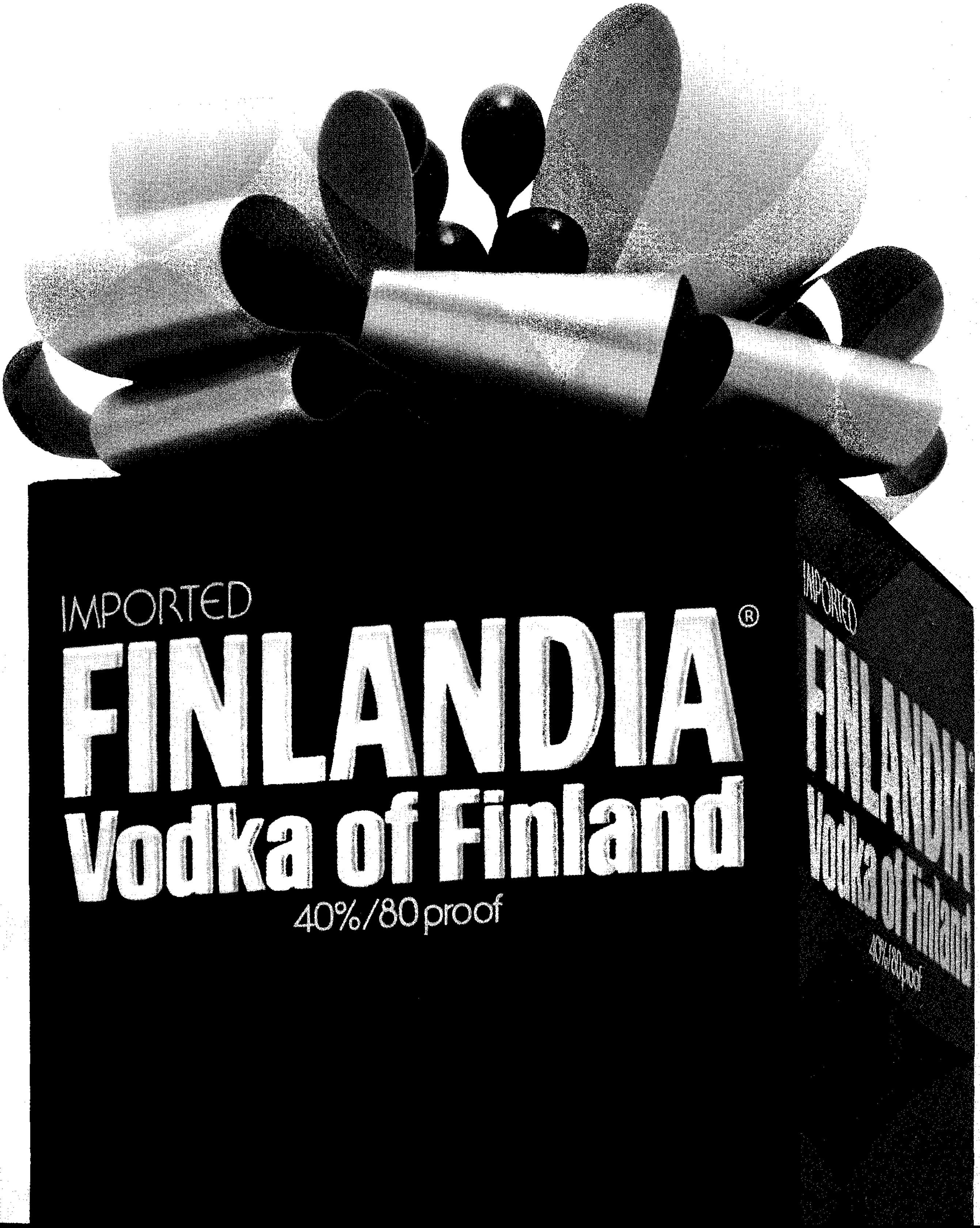
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"Gentlemen, we're sitting on a hell of a lot of inventory."

> their bodies. Their limbs . . . fatigued with the weight of their picks . . . strained themselves to overcome every obstacle. A mournful silence reigned. Exhaustion was stamped on every face . . . several foremen armed with long whips moved periodically between them, giving stinging blows to all who, worn out by fatigue, were compelled to take a rest—men or women, young or old.

How did forty thousand whites enforce such discipline on five hundred thousand blacks? By terror: the ugly iron implements now on display in the glass case saw frequent use. The reports of contemporary visitors are filled with accounts of how slaves were lashed and beaten, how they were forced to wear tin masks to prevent them from eating sugarcane, how recalcitrant slaves were maimed or mutilated, or roasted over slow fires, or filled with gunpowder and blown to pieces.

Apart from the whites in the manor houses and towns and the blacks in the fields, there gradually arose a third class in Saint-Domingue, whose numbers grew rapidly, to the point where by the time of the French Revolution they almost equalled those of the whites: the free mulattoes. At the pleasure of his father, a "true mulatto" child could be declared free—a "true mulatto" being defined, in the complicated race theology devised in Saint-Domingue, as the offspring of a "pure-white" father and a "pure-black" mother. This system, according to which "colored" offspring were divided into ten classes, depending on the "color mix" of the past seven generations, was set out clearly in the standard contemporary source, the "Description Topographique, Physique, Civile, Politique et Historique de la Partie Française de l'Isle Saint-Domingue," of 1797, by M. L. E. Moreau de Saint-Méry (himself a white or possibly *sang-mêlé* colonial):

noir	0-7 parts white
sacatra	8-23 parts white
griffe	24-39 parts white
marabou	40-48 parts white
mulâtre	49-70 parts white
quarteron	71-100 parts white
métif	101-112 parts white
mamelouc	113-120 parts white
quarteronné	121-124 parts white
sang-mêlé	125-127 parts white

Thus, the product of, say, a white man and a *mulâtresse* was a *quarteron*—a result that, as C. L. R. James writes in his 1938 account "The Black Jacobins," could also be "produced by the white and the marabou in the proportion of 88 to 40, or by the white and the sacatra, in the proportion of 72 to 56 and so on all through the 128 varieties."

By the late eighteenth century, many mulattoes owned plantations, and a good number had been educated in Europe. As a class, they had become rich and, particularly in the south, powerful. But as their power grew they were subject to increasing discrimination from the whites—especially those with less money—yet they hated and feared the blacks, for, as James bluntly puts it, "the advantages of being white were so obvious that race prejudice against the Negroes permeated the minds of the Mulattoes who so bitterly resented the same thing from the whites."

The loyalties of the mulattoes were, perforce, divided: between, on the one hand, their black slave mothers and relatives still working in the fields, with whom they shared the condition of less than full citizenship and the contempt, steadily increasing, of the whites; and, on the other, their white, European fathers, whose culture and way of life the mulattoes envied and imitated, and who, like them, had property to protect, including slaves—property that would be threatened if freedom were to be granted the slaves, on whom, after all, the colony's prosperity was founded. Indeed, the divided loyalties of the mulattoes and the whites' ambivalent attitude toward them—they needed the mulattoes as allies against the slaves, yet to grant them the full citizenship they demanded, to admit that they were truly and completely *men*, would, by undercutting the ideology of color, seem to lead ineluctably toward granting the black slaves the same—proved to be a critical factor during the political and military maneuverings of the Haitian revolution. And the legacy of those divided loyalties has hovered like a noxious cloud over the history and politics of Haiti.

THE events making up the Haitian revolution, which lasted, off and on, from 1790 until 1804, were intimately bound up with political developments in the mother country and with France's military campaigns in Europe; it was as if Saint-Domingue served as a kind of fun-house mirror across the Atlantic, complicating and distorting the already complex struggles of revolutionary France. At one time or another during those fourteen years, black slave soldiers fighting for their freedom found themselves battling not only their white masters but the armies of France, Great Britain, and Spain, and both white- and mulatto-led black armies in the south as well. In the end, the glorious revolution would stand as "the only successful slave revolt in history," as all the histories note, yet it effected a bloody and incomplete metamorphosis of the slave system, leaving Haiti not only with its peculiar social structure and violent, autocratic politics but with an entire stock of heroes and symbols that gave flesh to the enduring themes of Haiti's history: brutal repression, often foreign-aided; heroic revolt; miraculous liberation. Each class—each color—reads this chronicle in its own way, and each successive leader aspiring to power is faced with the task of appropriating it.

For the mulattoes, the war began in 1790, when, led by a wealthy planter with good connections to the Friends of the Negro, an abolitionist society in Paris, they demanded that all rights of French citizenship—and the newly christened revolutionary Rights of Man—be granted them (but not the blacks). Their forces were crushed, and the mulatto leaders, whose fine looks, upright bearing, and fiery eloquence had made a great impression in revolutionary Paris, were horribly tortured, broken on the wheel, and beheaded (this operation being performed, as the sentence stipulated, on the opposite side of the parade ground from that on which whites were executed).

For the blacks, the war began the following year, when a series of secret nocturnal voodoo gatherings was organized under the leadership of a

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huge voodoo high priest known as Boukman. They culminated in a meeting during a thunderstorm, in a wood known as Bois Caiman, in the northern mountains above Cap Français (today Cap Haïtien). A few days later, a signal was given, and the slaves rose up, massacred their masters, and fired the plantations across the northern plain, transforming in a night one of the wealthiest agricultural regions of the world into a vast, hellish conflagration. Boukman's secret voodoo gathering has served as a fount of Haitian revolutionary, nationalist, and—sometimes—pro-black, anti-mulatto imagery. It was at Bois Caiman that, as a placard in the Musée du Panthéon National puts it, "*la nègritude* rose to its feet for the first time, showing where our first roots lay and marking with its seal the foundation of our ethnicity and of our culture."

RETIREMENT

The world is a beautiful woman
we love but have ceased to see,

with whom we must learn to linger
all over again, to prize and to praise

all over again, while there is time,
so much time has been lost.

And so we retire, to watch
a dark-blue, touch-paper sky

spasm with trapped light
like the storm in the Xerox machine,

or, looking away, suddenly see
the golf course powder its face.

She is shy and retiring like us
as we seek to redress

the long neglect of a life.
Now there is time at last

to bring out her playful side,
her secret poetry, her deft translations:

the mud flat's manual of knots,
nœud de soldat, *nœud de vache*,

the spider's virtuoso harp,
the poached egg like an octopus.

The seasons send her inspiration
to the tiring house of dirt,

where she dons and doffs
her naked disguises:

a field fluffy with pompoms of clover,
a strand with three strands of pearls.

—Craig Raine

• •

However potent *la nègritude*, the masses of unschooled slaves would never have been able to do what they did without the rise of a class of extraordinary leaders, and of those none was more extraordinary than Toussaint Louverture. Before the revolution, Toussaint Bréda was a privileged slave, a cattle steward, on a large northern plantation. An ugly man, short but powerfully built, he had been born in the colony to the son of an African chief and impressed all who met him by his imposing dignity. His skill as a horseman was legendary (he was nicknamed the Centaur of the Savanna), and he had also managed to learn to read. He acquired his military strategy, legend has it, from a close study of Caesar's "Commentaries."

When the slaves rose up in the north, Toussaint, by now a free man, was in his mid-forties. He joined the slaves a month into the rebellion and quickly became a leader. Maneuvering in a fiendishly complicated world where alliances could shift abruptly, often in response to distant events, Toussaint first led his men alone against the colonists; then joined the Spanish, fighting under the banner of the French royalists against the ruling Republicans; and then, some months after Louis XVI was executed in Paris, joined the French Republicans and fought with them to push the Spanish from Saint-Domingue. Finally, Toussaint and his troops were instrumental in clearing the island of the British, who had hoped to profit from France's turmoil by stealing its richest colony.

In 1800, soon after Napoleon became First Consul, Toussaint Louverture (he had adopted this surname in 1793 to mark the "opening" of freedom to the black slaves) became the governor of what officially remained a French colony—but one that made its own laws to govern its own population, which consisted almost entirely of former slaves. Already ruler of the colony in all but name, Toussaint plainly wanted to retain this relationship with France; Napoleon, however, determined to put an end to the upstart, for reasons both strategic and personal. It was Toussaint who stood in the way of the First Consul's New World Empire. "Toussaint exercised on [United States] history an influence as decisive as that of any European ruler," Henry Adams wrote. "Before Bonaparte could reach Louisiana he was obliged to crush the power of Toussaint." This circumstance was all the more irritating because observers had begun to point out similarities between the two military geniuses. Adams again: "The same abnormal energy of body and mind; the same morbid lust for power, and indifference to means; the same craft and vehemence of temper; the same fatalism, love of display, reckless personal courage . . . [This] parallelism roused Napoleon's anger, and precipitated a conflict which had vast influence on human affairs. . . . Toussaint seemed naturally to ape every action which Bonaparte wished to make heroic in the world's eyes. There was reason to fear that Toussaint would end in making Bonaparte ridiculous; for his conduct was, as it seemed to the First Consul, a sort of negro travesty on the consular *regime*."

In 1801, after Toussaint named himself governor-general for life, Napoleon resolved to put him in his place. In November, he sent a huge fleet to the island, carrying more than ten thousand crack troops under the command of his brother-in-law General Charles-Victor-Emmanuel Leclerc. Their mission was to reconquer the colony, unseat Toussaint, and restore slavery in Saint-Domingue. If France had recognized black rule in Saint-Domingue, Napoleon wrote Talleyrand, then "the sceptre of the New World would sooner or later have fallen into the hands of the blacks." It was to be a war of counter-revolution.

The fate of the newly freed slaves now rested with Toussaint—and much else besides. If the blacks were defeated, Adams wrote, "the wave of French empire would roll on to Louisiana and sweep far up the Mississippi." For Napoleon to succeed in his New World ambitions, Toussaint must be removed. "Rid us of these gilded Africans," the First Consul wrote General Leclerc, "and we shall have nothing more to wish."

It was not to be; General Leclerc and the majority of his troops would soon be dead. By the time the war ended, in 1803, with the disembarkation of the bloody remnants of fifty-five thousand French soldiers, the former colony had been devastated and depopulated: Cap Français, Saint-Marc, and many other cities and towns had been burned to the ground; most of the plantations had been destroyed; all but a few of the surviving whites had fled to France or the United States; and a third or more of the blacks were dead. These included Toussaint himself, who died not by force of arms but by treachery, having been lured to a meeting by the French, then captured and shipped back to France, where he succumbed to pneumonia while imprisoned in a fortress in the Juras.

The war had been characterized by astonishing brutality on all sides: not only were towns and plantations methodically looted and burned but prisoners were regularly tortured and killed and their heads mounted on the walls of stockades or on pikes along the roadsides. Rape and massacre of noncombatants were the rule. According to several accounts, the French used dogs to rip black prisoners to pieces before a crowd assembled in an amphitheatre. During the last, desperate phase of the war, General Jean-Jacques Dessalines, an illiterate and ferocious former field slave, who had succeeded Toussaint as leader, gave his troops a now celebrated order: "*Koupê tet, boulê kay!*"—"Cut off heads, burn houses!"

But when it was over—when General Dessalines had ripped the white middle from the French tricolor to form the Haitian flag, and the French colony of Saint-Domingue had become the independent nation of Haiti—an astounded world faced an undeniable fact: half a million illiterate African slaves had defeated the armies of the most powerful nation on earth and created the world's first (and at that time its only) independent black republic. To the nations of Europe and to the United States it was a terrifying and threatening fact, for Haiti was not only the second independent nation in a hemisphere still crowded with the possessions of Britain, France, Portugal, and Spain but a republic of rebellious slaves surrounded by a great number of

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LA BOHÈME (Puccini)	March 31
DIE WALKÜRE (Wagner)	April 7
DON GIOVANNI* (Mozart)	April 14
GÖTTERDÄMMERUNG (Wagner)	April 21

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colonies and one independent nation where slavery remained a basic economic fact of life.

In Europe, the miraculous phenomenon was an inspiration to the Romantics: Wordsworth addressed a celebrated poem to Toussaint, the "miserable Chieftain" ("Though fallen thyself, never to ride again, Live, and take comfort. Thou hast left behind Powers that will work for thee"), and Kleist wrote a famous story, "Betrothal in Santo Domingo" ("Now in 1803, as the world knows, when General Dessalines was advancing against Port-au-Prince at the head of thirty thousand negroes . . . "). The reaction among political leaders, however, was simple panic: to them, Dessalines represented the nightmare of incipient revolution. (A modern historian has aptly dubbed him "the Castro of his time.")

The panic was not discouraged by Dessalines, one of whose first acts as the ruler of independent Haiti was to order the massacre of all the whites remaining on the island. A contemporary observer wrote of "piercing shrieks" that resounded one night as squads of soldiers moved from house to house, killing whole families, and noted that the next day the rivulet running through Cap Français was "literally red with their blood." After the massacre, Dessalines issued a proclamation: "Never again shall colonist or European set foot on this soil as master or landowner. This shall henceforward be the foundation of our constitution." When Haiti's first constitution was written, in 1805, those words were included, and the formal prohibition was retained in successive constitutions until 1918, by which time American Marines had occupied the country. (Before writing the Act of Independence, at Gonaïves, Dessalines's secretary, Boisrond-Tonnerre, had made a famous vow, known to every Haitian since, literate or not: "For our declaration of independence we should have the skin of a white for parchment, his skull for inkwell, his blood for ink, and a bayonet for pen!") The constitution, drawing on both the extreme centralization of the French colonial system and the military instincts of the Haitian leaders, made Dessalines ruler for life, an autocrat with the power to choose his successor. It also tried to head off the imminent conflict between the educated and prop-

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ertied mulattoes and the newly freed black slaves by declaring that all Haitians, regardless of color, were henceforth to be considered "black," and it formalized Dessalines's earlier nationalization of the plantations, declaring all land the property of the state.

None of these steps—and particularly not the massacre of the whites and the appropriation of French-owned land—did much for the former colony's image abroad, or helped breach its economic and diplomatic isolation. The hemisphere's other revolutionary state, the United States, seemingly a natural ally, refused to recognize its newly independent neighbor, partly because of French pressure but mainly because Southerners feared that Haiti's example might influence American slaves. Vice-President John C. Calhoun pointed out in 1826, "It is not so much recognition simply, as what must follow it. . . . What would be our social relations to a Black minister in Washington? . . . Must his daughters and sons participate in the society of our daughters and sons? . . . Small as these considerations appear to be they involve the peace and perhaps the union of the nation." Calhoun's words were prophetic: "the land of the free" recognized Haiti only in 1862, during the Civil War Administration of Abraham Lincoln.

IT was during the first two decades of independence, in a devastated, isolated country, its rivers clogged with corpses, its fields and towns charred ruins, where the ability to read was rare and technical skills were almost nonexistent, that the peculiar Haitian social structure took shape. The new country's isolation increased its self-absorption and its nationalism, and deepened its internal divisions, cultural and economic, and its suspicion of the colonial powers. The country possessed a ready-made élite, in the mulattoes and smaller numbers of black freedmen, and to these was added a fabricated one, drawn from the country's new rulers—Dessalines and his fellow black officers. Otherwise, the nation consisted of an illiterate population of Africans who in their years in the New World had known nothing but plantation work under the lash and a decade and a half of apocalyptic war.

During that war, Toussaint had tried to reëstablish the export economy by using forced labor on the plantations, many of which were leased to Army officers. Now the Emperor—not to be outdone by Napoleon, Dessalines had crowned himself Jacques I in October, 1804—followed suit, instituting a system of quasi-serfdom, in which military officers again leased the former colonial estates, and worked them with indentured ex-slaves. The workers were legally restricted to specific plantations and were forced to labor in conditions of such harshness that they soon recognized in the system a virtual restoration of slavery, and they began to desert and flee to the mountains in large numbers. There they joined the many communities of *marrons*—runaway slaves who had escaped the plantations in colonial times and become squatters, making their homes on remote slopes and cultivating small subsistence plots.

The members of the new Haitian élite were also dissatisfied with Dessalines's policies—especially his nationalizing of the plantation land, which the mulattoes claimed as their

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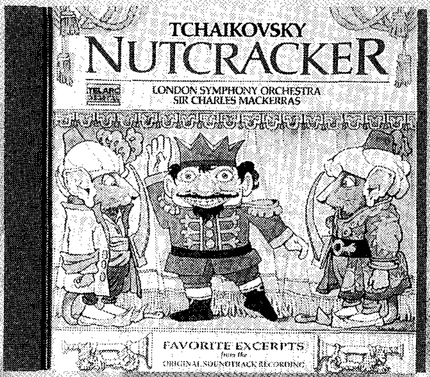

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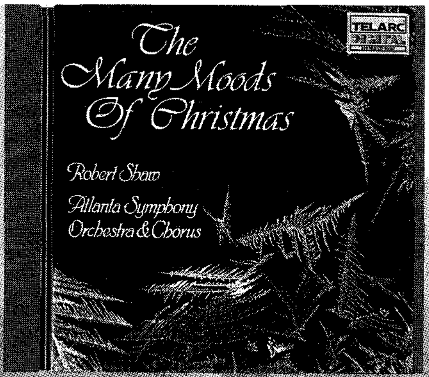
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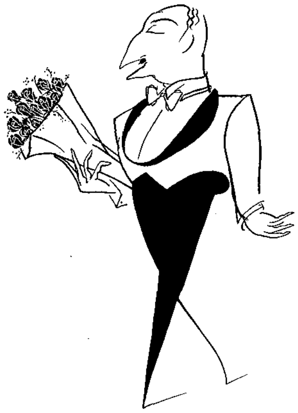

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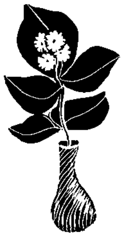
rightful inheritance. The mulattoes rose up in the south. Dessalines, who detested the mulattoes, thundered, "How does it come to pass that since we have chased away the colonists their children are claiming their property? The Blacks whose fathers are in Africa will then have nothing? Be careful of yourselves, Negroes and Mulattoes . . . the property we have conquered in spilling our blood belongs to all of us; I insist that it be shared with equity."

But Dessalines, whose regime had become increasingly corrupt ("Pluck the chicken, but don't make it scream," he advised his ministers), was unpopular even among many of his black officers, who regarded the fertile land as their spoils of war. On October 17, 1806, Jacques I, Emperor of Haiti, known to the people as Papa Jacques, was ambushed by a group of mulatto officers near Port-au-Prince, dragged from his horse, and bayonetted. After his body was stripped and castrated, the fingers hacked off to yield up their golden rings, it was left to rot in the sun on the Place d'Armes.



The assassination of Dessalines, the father of the country, plays the part of the Fall—of original sin—in Haitian history. His name is synonymous with black power, black independence, Haitian nationalism: after the flight of Jean-Claude Duvalier in 1986, the portly, tricorne- and braid-bedecked, sword-bearing figure of Dessalines could be seen as the central character in countless nationalist murals celebrating Haiti's "second liberation." And 1806 serves black Haitians, in particular, as a kind of shorthand for the moment when Haitian history—set on the path of political and economic independence and black self-rule by a leader who, however corrupt and autocratic, at least attempted to speak for the disinherited and to break down the walls of color and class inherited from the colony—began to go terribly wrong. But 1806 means something very different to mulattoes, who "have been ever since victims of a paralyzing complex of guilt because of the assassination of Dessalines," as the Haitian scholar Lyonel Paquin writes in "The Haitians: Class and Color Politics." "The Blacks did a good job of feeding that complex," Paquin continues, "ceaselessly accusing the Mulattoes of the crime. It is an historical blackmail which lasts to this day."

After 1806, a leadership struggle ensued, which developed into a civil war between black-led and mulatto-led factions, and the country split in two: in the south was a mulatto-ruled Republic of Haiti, under General Alexandre Pétion; in the north, a black-ruled State of Haiti, under General Henry Christophe. In 1811, Christophe, a former slave, crowned himself King Henry I and proceeded to create an aristocracy of Haitian princes, dukes, counts, barons, and knights, who became the ancestors of today's "black bourgeoisie of the north." He also built, not far from Cap Haïtien, an opulent palace known as Sans Souci, and the Citadelle La Ferrière, a huge castle, set high on a mountain, that from the air looks like a vast stone ship knifing through giant waves. To impress visitors, legend has it, the King would parade his soldiers on the fortress's lofty battlements and demonstrate his authority and power by ordering whole squadrons to march straight ahead toward the sheer wall, where, unquestioningly, having received no command to halt they would disappear over the edge, plummeting a thousand feet into the valley below.

Christophe granted some estates to his newly created aristocrats, and late in his reign he began to distribute land in smaller parcels, but in general he followed Dessalines in trying to reinvigorate the export economy by keeping the large plantations intact and maintaining a forced-labor system. In the south, the mulatto President Pétion, faced with a shortage of labor and money, and with stagnant agricultural production, decided on a radical land reform: he broke up all the plantations into small parcels and sold them for nominal sums or granted them outright to his officers and soldiers. Although many of the old mulatto élite did manage to retain or amass estates, Pétion went on distributing small tracts of land to common soldiers until his death, in 1818. Jean-Pierre Boyer, a mulatto general, succeeded him and, after the death of King Henry (the King, seeing his regime about to collapse in the face of internal rebellion, committed suicide in 1820, supposedly with a silver bullet), reunited the country; Boyer eventually applied the land-reform policy throughout Haiti.

The reforms took about forty years

in all, and when they were complete what had been an international, export-led economy driven by large-scale agricultural production had been transformed into a nation of benighted smallholders. Sugar, which had been the key to Saint-Domingue's wealth, virtually disappeared as an export crop, and coffee—easily cultivated, or even collected, for it grew wild on Haiti's isolated mountains—replaced it as the country's most remunerative export, a cash crop that was grown by small cultivators along with the bananas, yams, and corn they fed their families. Haiti's may be the only revolution in history to have turned a modern (albeit slave-powered) trading state into a largely peasant country. The small landholdings created by Pétion and Boyer, which became ever smaller as they were divided equally, in the new French fashion, among the children of each succeeding generation; the rapidly growing peasant population; the consequent exhaustion of the soil and erosion of the land; and the succession of Haitian rulers, members of the urban-based élite, who cared little and did less about these rural problems—these factors led directly to the spectacular poverty of Haiti today.

By creating a nation of smallholders, the land reforms helped determine the future development of the élite and the type of governments—despotic, unstable, corrupt—they would form. Since the Haitian élite's wealth and power, unlike those of the élites elsewhere in Latin America, could not be based on land—even those who had managed to secure or retain large estates were forced by lack of available labor to parcel their land and lease it to tenant farmers—the land reforms, as the economist Mats Lundahl writes in his book "Peasants and Poverty," made government "the most lucrative source of incomes in the country." Thus, writes Lundahl, "The administration was turned into a generator of legal and illegal incomes accruing to the followers of the politicians who happened to be in command at the moment, and the supremacy of this group was always contested by others fighting for their turn."

The intra-élite fights were so frequent as to seem almost continuous, were often bloody, and were frequently complicated by the involvement of one or more foreign powers. But from Dessalines to Duvalier the political struggles in Haiti can be said to have had two relatively constant characteristics: they tended to involve the great mass of Haitians as a marginal or, more often, an instrumental force, usually brought into play by a leader to help remove the country's current ruler from power; and they turned, either overtly or covertly, and often in the most intricate ways, on the great burden bequeathed by colonial Saint-Domingue—the critical fulcrum of color.

WHEN Admiral Columbus was asked by Isabella to describe his newly discovered island of Hispaniola, so the story goes, he reached for a sheet of paper from the Queen's writing desk, crumpled it, dropped it on the table, and said, "It looks like that." (When reflecting on their troubles, Haitians will say, "Beyond the mountains, more mountains.") Today, Haiti's ratio of population to arable land is one of the highest in the world, with the result that, as a favorite statistic of AID people in Port-au-Prince has

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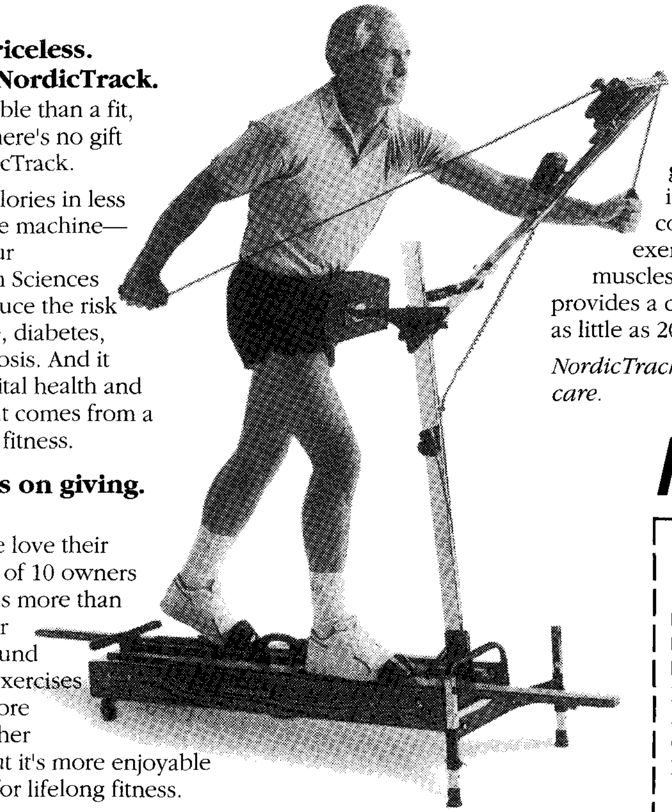

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it, while only thirty per cent of Haiti's land is cultivable forty per cent is under cultivation. All over Haiti one sees on impossibly steep mountainsides rows of sticks hammered into the earth, looking like the leavings of some primitive mountaineer. In fact, they are the footholds that a Haitian farmer relies on in cultivating his property. Perhaps only in Haiti do farmers hurt themselves falling off their fields.

The denuding of the hillsides, not only by overcultivation but by the peasant's never-ending search for wood for charcoal (which is rapidly becoming his major cash crop), eventually led to catastrophic erosion; from the air, the blue water around the island is seen to be clouded with dirt—tons of Haiti's precious topsoil, trickling down day after day, month after month, to the bottom of the ocean. Large parts of the country have been transformed into virtual desert, and, despite tree-planting efforts by the many "development groups" working in Haiti, are still being so transformed. This transformation has gradually forced the peasants off the land. During the last three decades particularly, more and more of them have been piling into buses and coming to the cities, adding to the squalor of the urban slums. (And since the early nineteen-seventies increasing numbers have boarded rickety boats and braved the open seas and the United States Coast Guard, in the hope of reaching the riches of south Florida, six hundred miles away.)

The migrations to the cities represented the coming together of two worlds that had previously been separate. One was the so-called "low world" of the countryside—a world made by the freed black field slaves who flooded into rural Haiti, became peasants either by squatting or by receiving land during the land reforms, and, isolated and unschooled, created what C. L. R. James called "Africa in the West Indies." Even today, eight Haitians in ten still live in that world. All along the car-choked streets of Port-au-Prince, signs of it are everywhere—most notably the ubiquitous peasant women just in from the country, carrying their produce to market in great baskets balanced effortlessly on their kerchief-bound heads.

Within a few miles of the capital, the market women's husbands, straw-hatted black peasants, are working tiny plots—an acre, two, four, often widely separated—with little more than a machete, just as their great-grandfathers did. Like their great-grandfathers, they are illiterate; speak only Creole, in a country whose official language was always French; practice voodoo, in a country whose official religion was always Catholicism; live with their woman—or, if they can afford it, their several women—in *plaçage*, or common-law marriage; react with suspicion and sullen fear to outsiders (a category that includes Haitians from the city as well as the almost never glimpsed foreigner); and know the authority of the dreaded state only through a military *chef de section*, or sheriff, who functions as an all-powerful proconsul. The *chef de section's* word is law, the more so since the peasant is mute before the French-speaking official world of courts and government. In the case of a land dispute—and land disputes are constant, for most peasants hold no written titles to their property—his muteness may leave him defenseless before the powerful city man who covets his fields, speaks French, and has friends in the government.

This city man is part of Haiti's "high world." Perched in lovely houses in Pétionville, Laboule, and Kenscoff, high above Port-au-Prince, the Haitian élite, though tiny in numbers, are a formidable group: as the peasants are culturally African, the élite are culturally European—foreign-educated, French-speaking, well travelled—and a larger and larger proportion of them, as one moves up the income scale, are light-skinned. They live in the cities, and hold jobs in the bloated bureaucracy, or in other, more indirect ways draw income from the government, which traditionally (until the advent of foreign aid) funded itself by taxing the produce of the peasants. Government in Haiti thus evolved as a huge extractive mechanism, sucking funds from the masses in the countryside and channelling them to the élite in the cities.

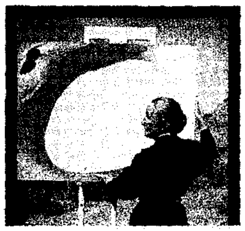
Much of Haiti's history can be understood as the struggle within the élite—often, but not always, divided very roughly into mulatto and black factions—to achieve and retain political power, and thus control access to the spoils. During Boyer's reign, the mulatto grip on the government solidified and tightened. "The aristocracy of the high-yellow skin has been erected on the ruins of the aristocracy of the white skin," the French sociologist Victor Schoelcher reported bluntly in 1843. Spenser St. John, a British envoy in Haiti some time later, observed, "Every one who mixes in Haytian society is struck by the paucity of black gentlemen to be met with at balls, concerts, or the theatre, and the almost total absence of black ladies."

In 1843, an impatient younger generation of mulattoes overthrew Boyer, and over the next several years there developed what came to be called *la politique de doublure*, or "the politics of understudies," in which an old, distinguished, and malleable black general would play the part of President, thereby smoothing the ruffled feathers of the blacks, while "understudies"—the predominantly mulatto factions of the élite—wielded the real power behind the scenes. This continued until 1847, when the mulattoes, as Paquin dryly puts it, "picked the wrong man."

His name was Faustin Soulouque, and at the time of his elevation he was the commander of the Palace Guards. An illiterate black, he was regarded as stupid and easy to control. Like François Duvalier, who was to rule Haiti more than a century later, he was fatally underestimated by his opponents, and was able to turn their low opinion of him into his greatest strength; he knew how to appeal in ideological terms to the black Haitian masses (he was the first and perhaps the only Haitian ruler to organize official voodoo ceremonies); he counterbalanced the Army by setting up a secret-police militia force loyal only to him,

WNET New York Excellence In Public Television

WNET/Thirteen, New York, began its journey in broadcasting on September 16, 1962, with the call letters WNDT — "New Dimensions in Television." In its twenty-seven years of operation, WNET has done nothing less than permanently alter the cultural landscape of the country — a feat in keeping with the station's origins in the most diverse and sophisticated metropolitan area in the world. *Great Performances, Nature, The MacNeil/Lehrer NewsHour, American Masters* — these and other ongoing series are bellwethers of the Public Broadcasting Service, the confederation of over three hundred independent stations, each chartered to serve the needs of its local community. It is a dismaying prospect to imagine life without WNET.



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Dear Reader:

For over twenty-five years, WNET/New York has been committed to the positive power of television. Since the station was founded in 1962, its mission has been to provide programming that informs and educates as well as entertains, programming that makes a difference in the lives of its viewers.

Like its sister public television stations across the country, WNET's primary responsibility is to serve the local community — in our case, the New York–New Jersey–Connecticut viewing area. But because we have access to such a wealth of creative talent in our region, we have a unique opportunity to produce programs of interest to national audiences as well. Many of the programs you see on your local public television station — in fact, over one-third of the Public Broadcasting Service's prime-time schedule — come from WNET.

As public television's flagship station and major program provider, WNET has a proud tradition of excellence and innovation in programming. We take our responsibility to serve the public very seriously because we recognize the enormous influence of television in shaping our lives. That is why we are dedicated to providing viewers with a television of ideas that stimulates their thinking, enriches their imagination, and broadens their horizons. We believe that American television audiences deserve nothing less.

We hope that reading about our programs in this supplement will whet your appetite for quality programming and inspire you to watch — and support — public television. Today, as always, we are keeping what matters in sight.

Sincerely,

Bill Baker

Dr. William F. Baker

President, WNET/New York

WNET, licensed to Newark, New Jersey, was the nation's sixty-eighth public television station. In the opening-night broadcast, host Edward R. Murrow explained that "the real function of this station will be to cover the province of all mankind." Even in its first season WNET did just that. The station offered news and public affairs shows (*The World at Ten*, *Profile: New Jersey*), *Once Upon a Day* for children, and cultural programs like *The Art of Film* and *Sculpture at the Guggenheim*.

Today, sixty per cent of all TV households in the station's greater New York viewing area watch WNET with over five million viewers tuning in to WNET at least once a week. Nationwide, over three hundred public television stations draw in about ninety million viewers a week, where at least one in three of the prime-time programs is produced by WNET.

It is appropriate to introduce the topic of fund-raising early on, for on television, even mediocrity does not come cheap, and it follows that quality requires a lot more. From the beginning, raising funds was a top priority for WNET. The station began public fund-raising efforts only a month after it went on the air and in 1965 inaugurated on-air solicitations. Foundations, particularly the Ford Foundation, were staunch supporters, and the station also turned to corporate America, enlisting Philip Morris as its first corporate underwriter in 1963. Other pioneer underwriters included Shell, Exxon, and Bristol-Myers.

Today, thanks to corporate support, WNET can bring viewers such programs as *The MacNeil/Lehrer NewsHour* (whose longtime underwriter AT&T was recently joined by PepsiCo); *Nature* (American Gas Association and Siemens Corporation); *Great Performances* (Martin Marietta Corporation); *Adam Smith's Money World* (Metropolitan Life Insurance Company and UNISYS); *Travels* (Lexus); *Art of the Western World* (Movado Watch Corporation); and *From Vienna: The New Year's Celebration* (IBM). Other producers have also relied on corporate underwriting to bring their work to public television: *Smithsonian World* (Southwestern Bell); *The McLaughlin Group* (General Electric); *Learning in America* (Chrysler); *Live from Lincoln Center* (Exxon and General Motors); *Bill Moyers' World of Ideas* (General Motors); and the *Twenty-fifth Anniversary Special of the L.A. Music Center* (ARCO).

Edward R. Murrow hosted WNET's first-night broadcast, setting the tone for all who would follow.

As a $100 million non-profit organization, WNET receives funding from four major sources: individual giving; support from corporations and foundations; government grants; and program sales, in-kind contributions, and miscellaneous other income. Dollar-stretching is the modus operandi, and the majority of funds go directly toward supporting one overarching goal: the best in alternative programming.

"We try to produce programs worth spending time with, programs that are engaging, compelling, distinctive — and have the potential of making a difference in people's lives," says Arnold Labaton, Director of the WNET Production Center. WNET supplies over one-third of all prime-time programs aired on PBS: In addition to WNET productions, it makes available, or "presents," series and specials obtained from other producers, such as *The Metropolitan Opera Presents* and *Ethics in America*.

The litany of WNET's ground-breaking offerings is by now well known. Bill Moyers made his initial foray on WNET in 1971 in *This Week*, followed by *Bill Moyers' Journal* in 1972 and such later series as *A Walk Through the 20th Century* and *A World of Ideas*. And Robert MacNeil and Jim Lehrer anchor what is surely the only ship fit to sail the murky sea of televised news. ➤

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SMITHSONIAN WORLD **Southwestern Bell Corporation**

A co-production of WETA, Washington, D.C. and the Smithsonian Institution. Funding provided by Southwestern Bell Corporation.

Host Michael Wood introduced audiences to "Art of the Western World."

Dance and TV were considered a lethal combination until WNET brought *Dance in America* to the small screen in 1976 and introduced millions of Americans to dance for the first time. And with dramatic flair WNET early on gave a venue to such young playwrights as Paul Zindel and Terrence McNally and adapted short stories by the likes of John Cheever and Dorothy Parker.

For all the enjoyment WNET has provided, the station has not shied away from darker programming — "Keeping what matters in sight" is WNET's uncompromising motto. Documentaries such as *Banks and the Poor*, *The Police Tapes*, and *Pesticides and Pills: For Export Only* as well as live coverage of the Iran-contra and Watergate hearings and the remarkable *An American Family* opened eyes to issues that had seen little treatment on television theretofore.

WNET's nonfiction TV is often startling but its approach to what is called "experimental" TV is unique. *The Great American Dream Machine* came along in 1971 to break open the neat package TV magazines had been and strew the contents around. *The Television Laboratory*, founded in 1972 to promote the work of independent filmmakers, not only nurtured the genius of video artist Nam June Paik, but also explored the genre of "speculative fiction" with such productions as *The Lathe of Heaven* and *Overdrawn at the Memory Bank*. Later, *New Television* brought home the weird and the wonderful in video art. Also visiting the farthest reaches is *Channel Crossings*, which brings to our sets a wealth of dramas and documentaries produced for foreign television.

WNET first opened the mysterious doors of science to its viewers in 1964 with *Spectrum*. The series set the stage for the incredible popularity of *Nature* (currently one of public television's most-watched prime-time offerings), *Innovation*, and *The Brain*.

"The Silent Twins," on "Channel Crossings," told the story of eighteen-year-old identical twins who wouldn't speak.

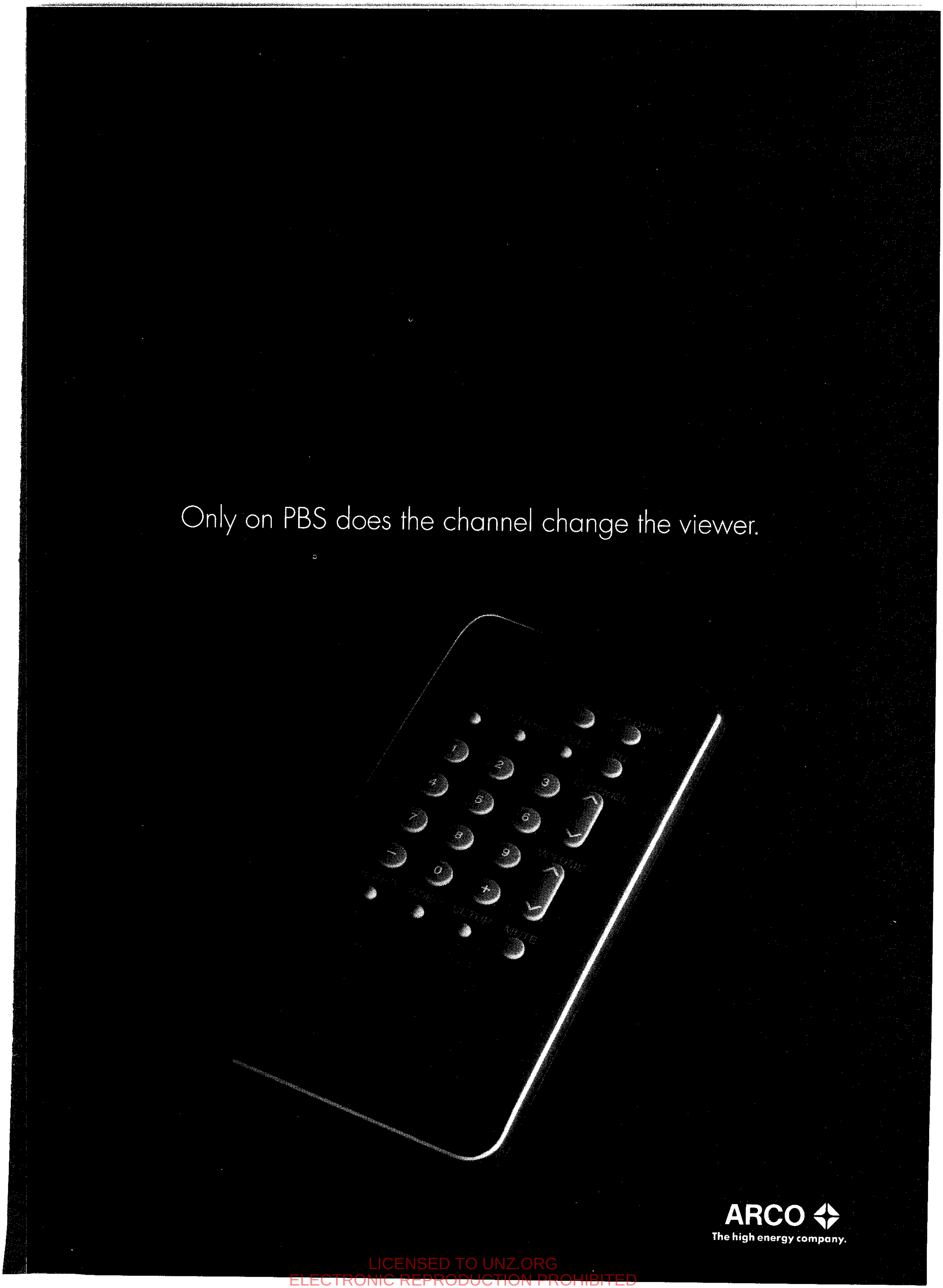
Because the littlest viewers can grow into the most discerning elder ones, WNET fosters an appreciation for high-quality programming early on. *Mr. Rogers' Neighborhood* and *Sesame Street* are permanently marked on children's maps, and *WonderWorks* and *Square One TV* take kids on other journeys of exploration. And a favorite destination was the enchanted *Shining Time Station*, co-produced by WNET and Quality Family Entertainment.

Where *doesn't* WNET take us? Every season the question becomes tougher to answer. Into the land of fantasy and out through the door of reality, backward into the history of man's development and forward toward the future of technology. And then there's *Travels*, taking you places you may have been before but never with such a knowledgeable guide.

WNET provides guides of another kind in the form of educational materials that accompany some major series, such as *Art of the Western World* and *The Mind*. Viewers can continue to learn through books, viewers' guides, and college telecourses developed by WNET. Other efforts designed to foster lifelong learning include broadcasting instructional television programs for local schools and the airing of adult education series. In addition, WNET reaches out to the members of its community with special projects and events related to topics of interest and concern, such as adult literacy, AIDS, and the crisis in urban education.

WNET was a quarter of a century old in 1987 — certainly enough time to make an institution of any educational and cultural entity. WNET has survived by actively avoiding institutionalized fare; just when you think you've got a line on what the station is all about, along comes a program to confound the expected. There may be a new law awaiting formulation, WNET's own brand of physics: One small action produces an expansive reaction, so long as it begins with that twist of the dial to public television, where one finds what matters, in plain sight. ●

Laurie Anderson and Peter Gabriel appeared in Nam June Paik's "Good Morning, Mr. Orwell."


Only on PBS does the channel change the viewer.
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Arts & Humanities

Gregory Hines

"Gregory Hines' Tap Dance in America"
Great Performances

■ Great Performances *presented a tremendous opportunity to bring tap dance to a wide range of people, young to old, who had never seen it before. For the participants – some of the greatest tap dancers now alive – it was a unique experience being given the enormous respect and freedom to do what they wanted, not having to fit their work into some preconceived mold. And for tap dance itself, the show gave back something to the art form. We were encouraged to express ourselves in the finest light possible, in a pro-creative atmosphere. I enjoyed every day of my work on that show.*

● *"Unanswered Prayers: The Life and Times of Truman Capote" presented the brilliant writer on "American Masters."*

Baryshnikov dancing Balanchine. E. L. Doctorow's *Billy Bathgate*. Eric Idle in *The Mikado*. TV turning the lens on itself. Eugene O'Neill's *Strange Interlude*. This is but a tiny sampling of the arts and humanities on WNET.

WNET didn't take long to hit its performing-arts stride. By 1965 WNET was broadcasting performances presented by Lincoln Center, and the next year saw the introduction of *New York Television Theatre*. *Sunday Showcase* and *World Theatre* continued the trend. Opera also found a niche, both on *Great Performances* and *Live From the Met* (now *The Metropolitan Opera Presents*). In these programs all of the arts found a permanent and welcoming home on WNET.

In 1969 WNET presented what has been hailed as the original mini-series, the BBC's *The Forsyte Saga*, and ever since has offered viewers the finest in dramatic series. Nineteen seventy-six might have been less of a bicentennial celebration without *The Adams Chronicles*, WNET's Emmy Award–winning series that brought together the talents of 1,100 actors, nine playwrights, and a host of directors to tell the story of a new nation and the illustrious family that helped shape it. Another series that kept people home at night was the adaption of Evelyn Waugh's *Brideshead Revisited*, that deliciously British eleven-part series, a Granada Television production in association with WNET and NDR, Germany, which aired under the *Great Performances* imprimatur.

Great Performances is a showcase for the finest in music, dance, and drama from across the country and around the world. Born in the 1973–74 season, *Great Performances* had its roots in *Theater in America*, which aired regional productions. WNET took advantage of new technology to pioneer live broadcasts from concert halls and theatres, and in 1976, *Live from Lincoln Center* took its place under the *Great Performances* umbrella (although it no longer resides there). Among the great performances and performers that have lately enlivened the small screen in this series are Lauren Bacall in a Humphrey Bogart profile; the remarkable Arturo Toscanini, whose career spanned seventy years; and the world premier of the opera *Nixon in China*, staged by controversial wunderkind Peter Sellars.

It was in presenting dance, however, that *Great Performances* took a giant leap, against the skeptics' longstanding opinions that TV, by its nature, could neither capture dance fully nor compete with the live medium without harming its appeal to live audiences. Both notions were put to the lie when *Dance in America* enlisted the talents of sensitive television directors and worked with choreographers to recast their pieces for the special demands of the medium. The result has been an impressive widening of the audience for all kinds of dance — the work of George Balanchine, Martha Graham, Paul Taylor, Twyla Tharp, the American Ballet Theatre, and Merce Cunningham among many others — both televised *and* live.

Great Performances is the longest-running performing-arts series on TV largely because of the guidance of a visionary producer, Jac Venza. "The reason *Great Performances* has remained the strong series it is, after seventeen years," says Venza, "is that the really significant American talents in the fine arts of music, dance, and drama are most

● *Abba Eban was the guide for "Heritage: Civilization and the Jews."*

"Showboat," starring Lenora Nemetz and Lee Roy Reams, was one of many "Great Performances."

welcome in public television." A television veteran of over thirty-five years, with more than twenty-five of them in public television, Venza is acknowledged as the father of *Great Performances*. He was also responsible for bringing to national audiences *NET Playhouse*, *NET Festival*, a two-part documentary on Fred Astaire, and *The Shakespeare Plays*.

The stage door is also kept busy at *American Playhouse*, the drama anthology series that will begin its ninth season in Spring 1990. Presented by a consortium of public television stations (KCET/Los Angeles, South Carolina ETV, WGBH/Boston, and WNET) and headed by David Davis, Executive Director, and Lindsay Law, Executive Producer, *American Playhouse* is dedicated to crossing the spectrum of American drama. The contrast is purposeful, the variety rich, from *A Walk in the Woods*, an adaptation of the Broadway hit, to *Dim Sum*, about family life in San Francisco's Chinatown. In addition to producing made-for-television movies and mini-series, *American Playhouse* develops feature films that are released in theatres before their television premieres on the series. *El Norte*, *Stand and Deliver*, and *The Thin Blue Line* are just a few such acclaimed movies.

A day in the life of British choreographer Michael Clark and his entourage was presented on "New Television."

Home viewers who tuned in to *Art of the Western World* recently got the chance to reacquaint themselves with the artistic heritage of the past two thousand years. "It's our job to create ongoing series or specials that enhance the viewer's understanding and pleasure," says Robert Kotlowitz, WNET's Director of Arts and Humanities Programming. "*Art of the Western World* is one example of that."

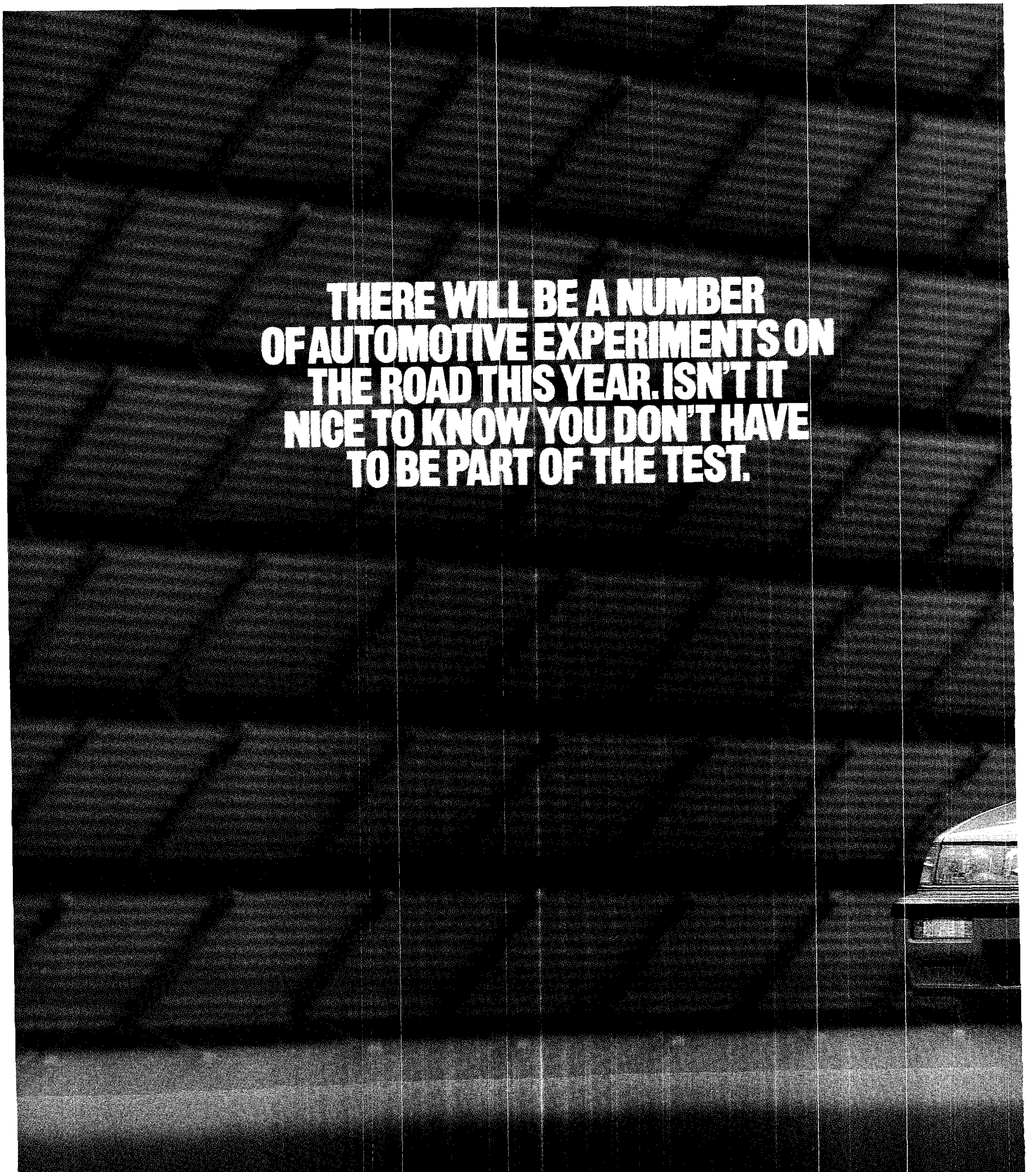
Host Michael Wood and a distinguished roster of authorities took "students" to over 140 locations in ten countries, sites that saw the birth of such creations as the Parthenon in Athens; the architecture of Chartres Cathedral; Raphael's frescoes at the Vatican; and the surreal world of Magritte and Miro.

The highest practitioners of all the arts in the United States have been honored on *American Masters* since 1986. The individuals profiled in each of the programs generally need no introduction — architect Philip Johnson, jazz singer Billie Holiday, musician Duke Ellington, photographer Andre Kertesz, actress Lillian Gish, and author James Baldwin. Most of the films are co-produced by independents and WNET, so the treatment is as individual as the subject.

Music has always gotten more than a fair shake from WNET— and in 1988 took on an additional rattle and roll. *Shake, Rattle & Roll* was a celebration of fifties and sixties pioneering rock and roll, with let-it-rip performances by Chubby Checker, the Coasters, Jerry Lee Lewis, and plenty of others.

The presentation of the U.N. Day Concert has been a tradition on WNET for more than twenty years. The appropriately international program of music includes performances by world-renowned musicians, as does the annual *From Vienna: The New Year's Celebration* — which over the past six years has featured no less than Claudio Abbado and the Vienna Philharmonic, the Vienna Boys' Choir, and host Walter Cronkite, among others.

Danny Glover and Esther Rolle brought to life a new production of "A Raisin in the Sun" on "American Playhouse."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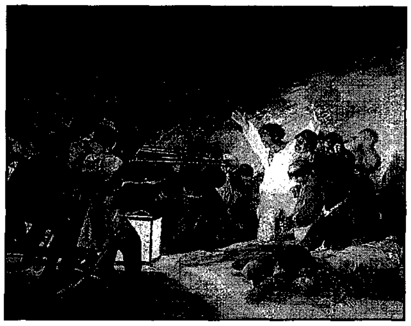


● *The art of Spanish painter Francisco Goya was featured on "Art of the Western World."*

That one can say the words "video art" without a second thought is mainly due to one man: Nam June Paik. And that so many of us have seen his work is largely the result of Paik's longstanding collaboration with WNET. An early participant in the station's groundbreaking *TV Lab*, Paik created *Global Groove* and other one-way broadcasts that soon gave way to his monumental conception of live international satellite connections. The first of these, *Good Morning, Mr. Orwell* (1984), originated from Paris and New York; the second, *Bye Bye Kipling* (1986), linked New York, Seoul, and Tokyo. Then came *Wrap Around the World* in 1988 — a ten-country, simultaneous multimedia exchange with which, the artist has said, "satellite art moved into the realm of the future tense."

Continuing in Paik's footsteps are the works seen on *New Television*, co-produced since 1986 by WNET and WGBH/Boston in association with KCET/Los Angeles. In this forum for independent video, each work is as quirky and challenging as its maker — Bill Viola, Juan Downey, and Ken Kobland, to name only a few. *Channel Crossings* is another inhabitant of the global village, bringing home the perspectives of foreign dramas and documentaries to viewers in eighteen parts of the U.S.

WNET's commitment to the exploration of history and culture made possible the 1984 nine-part survey of three thousand years of Jewish history titled *Heritage: Civilization and the Jews*. Abba Eban was the learned guide, taking viewers from the heights of Sinai to the catacombs of Rome, from Nazi concentration camps to modern Israel. So it is with pride that the station (along with WGBH/Boston and KCET/Los Angeles) has ventured into closer territory on *The American Experience*. These hour-long documentaries study our national identity through such pivotal events and provocative subjects as the San Francisco earthquake of 1906, Apache Indian culture, Prohibition, baseball, and immigration.

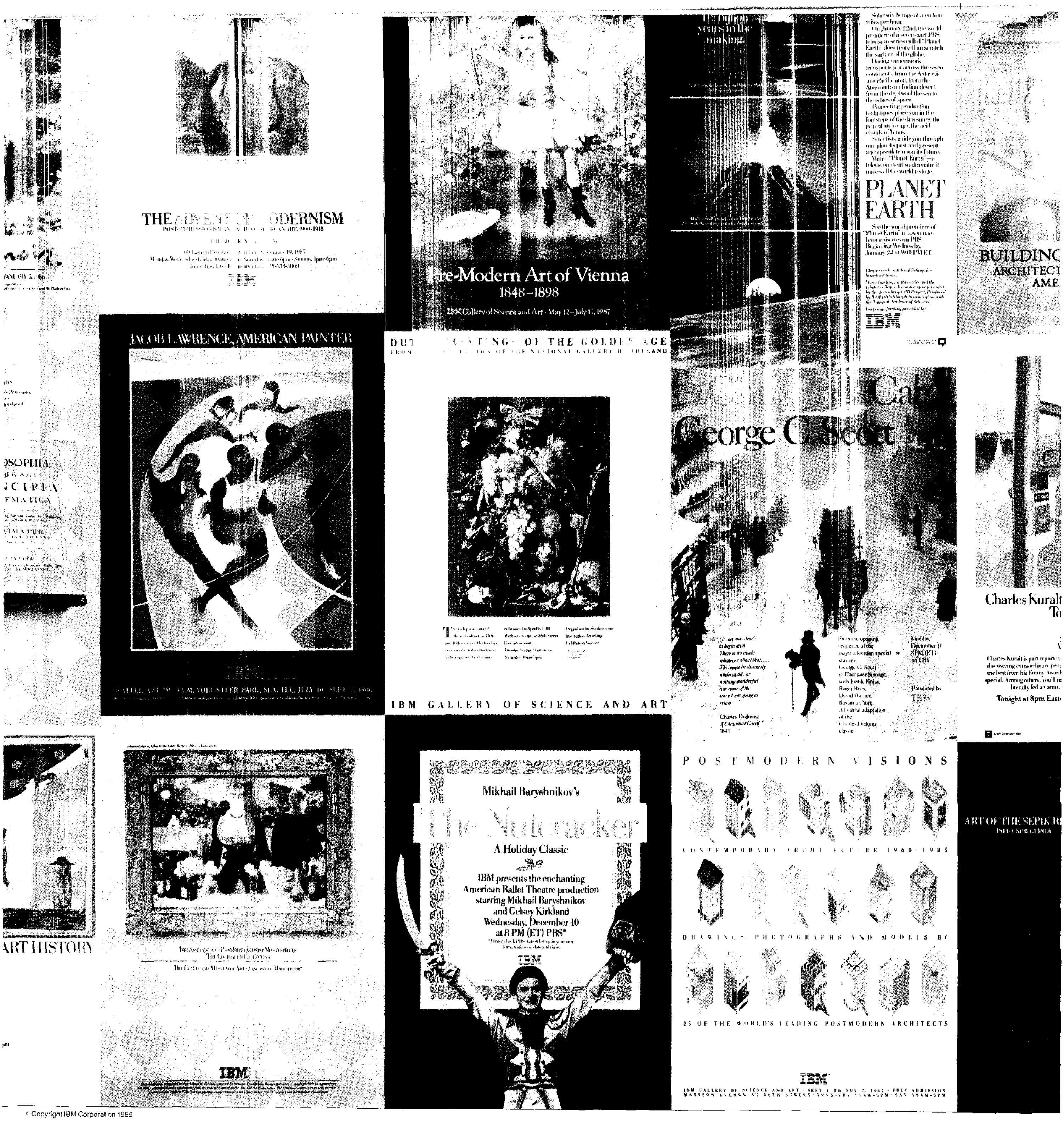
● *Tinseltown was unveiled in "Tales from the Hollywood Hills" on "Great Performances."*

And in 1988 WNET took on the one thing without which none of the preceding would have been possible — television itself. The eight-part *Television* (co-produced by WNET and KCET/Los Angeles in association with Granada Television of England) traced the sixty-year history of the world's most powerful medium. Television's singular journey continues at a sometimes fevered pace, and WNET continues to blaze new trails.

And what does the future hold? Take the past as a guide. WNET will be dramatic — with new seasons of *American Playhouse*; harmonious — with a *Great Performances* commemoration of the bicentennial of Mozart's death; and moving — with a survey of the roles dance plays in various cultures, titled *The Dance Project*. *The Shape of the World*, in six parts, charts the history of man's exploration, measuring, and mapping of the Earth.

WNET's arts and humanities offerings are sometimes years in the planning, sometimes take shape as you watch, and always enrich the "province of mankind" with the fruits of artistic creation and the cultural forces that inspire it.

● *"Great Performances" presented some of America's premiere dancers in "Gregory Hines' Tap Dance in America."*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Bill Moyers

Executive Editor
Public Affairs
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News & Public Affairs

■ *A certain knight goes out to adventure, and many months later returns to the castle all ragged, scarred, and exhausted. He reports to the king: "I have been pillaging, plundering, and panicking your enemies to the East." The king, puzzled, says, "I* have *no enemies to the East." And the knight replies: "You have now."*

■ *For twenty-five years the journalists of WNET have raised enough ruckus to create enemies to the east, west, north, and south of us. Whether offering* Free Time *to the powerless or creating a* 51st State *of consciousness as relief from the establishment press, whether airing documentaries on failing high schools and scandalous meat packing, or* An American Family *in the process of disintegrating, WNET has riled mayors, governors, wardens, corporations, union bosses, tycoons, contributors, critics, lobbyists, the left, right, and center, puritans, pirates, the* Village Voice, *the* New York Post, The New York Times, *doctors, lawyers, Protestants, Catholics, Muslims, and Jews. We even have managed to throw New York taxi drivers into a tizzy.*

■ *Now the heat did not always produce light, and the light did not always reach to the end of the tunnel. Over the years we've run down and run out, wandered off course, copped pleas, sprung leaks, struck deals, and fallen timid and short of the mark; the hand that must always rattle the cup is not always bold to rattle the china. But every time we got our courage back, recovered our will, and found the money, we managed to make the* →

It can no longer come as a surprise that the majority of Americans get their news from television before any other source. The "evening news" has not, however, always resulted in programming that reflects television's responsibility to the public. Instead, the pressures of ratings and revenue wars have given rise to local news programs that more closely resemble game shows. The differences between the commercial networks and public television are nowhere more highly evident than in their respective approaches to daily world events and public affairs.

"The philosophical difference is fundamental," points out Robert MacNeil of the incomparable *MacNeil/Lehrer NewsHour*. "The commercial networks, however serious their journalistic intentions, are governed by the ethic that they must maximize their audience. But at WNET we are free to make programs that are interesting and wait to see what audience turns up."

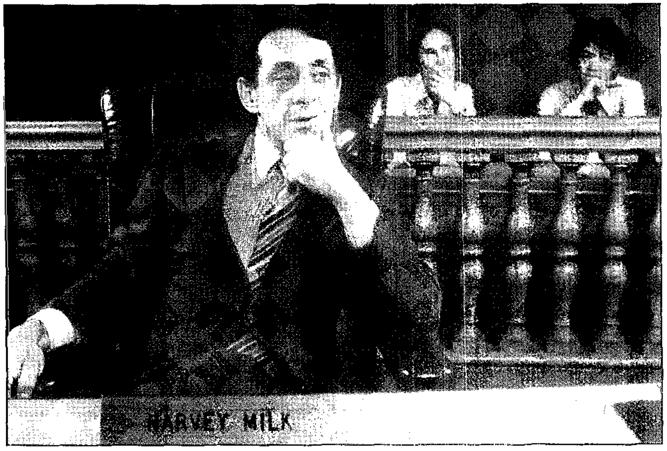
From its beginnings, WNET has been committed to journalistic alternatives to network news. The absence of commercial strictures has helped build a strong tradition of attention to issues considered too sensitive, too dangerous, or too unappealing for a median audience. And so, in WNET's early years, the station presented *Of Men and Ideas*, featuring such intellectuals as Erich Fromm and B. F. Skinner; panel discussions of political and sociological issues on *Perspectives*; *Great Decisions*, which examined international issues; and *At Issue*, designed to stimulate discussion of controversial issues.

Discussions and debates on affairs that touch us all may rage at length, but commercial network news frequently has managed truncated coverage at best, near silence at worst. WNET has been there, for the long run, with cameras and commentators — live at the United Nations; the Knapp Commission proceedings on police corruption in New York City; the Iran-contra hearings. One of the greatest scandals and repercussive events of its decade, Watergate, was given deep attention, not only in the large chunks of time devoted to televising the Senate hearings on the infamous break-in and cover-up, but in the trenchant observations of the news veterans who covered the story for WNET. While world news was increasingly slighted on other channels in favor of tales of local woe and wonder, WNET never took its eyes from the bigger picture.

WNET has also kept the smaller but no less important picture in focus. The station has led the way in programming for and by minorities: *History of the Negro People*; *Black Journal*; *Soul!* featuring black entertainers; the brilliant William Miles documentaries *I Remember Harlem*, *The Different Drummer: Blacks in the Military*, and *Black Champions*; *Crisis: Who Will Do Science?* exploring why blacks are not entering science and the efforts being made to reverse this trend; *Woman Alive!* with Gloria Steinem; and *Realidades*, a weekly bilingual series that addressed the concerns of the Hispanic community.

One of WNET's most interesting — and amusing — experiments was *The Great American Dream Machine*, a weekly ninety-minute mixture of irreverence and insight launched in 1971. An intellectual *Laugh-In*, the Emmy Award–winning program offered brash and breezy social commentary in a fast-paced flow of vignettes, investigative reports, and performances dealing with life in the United States. The series was hailed by critics as "fast, funny, fascinating" and "wacky, wishful, wonderful," and enjoyed hearty audience response.

● *Jane Fonda appearing in "The Great American Dream Machine."*



Harvey Milk, from "The Times of Harvey Milk" on "Non-Fiction Television."

"We offer a whole spectrum of points of view on controversial subjects," says Richard Hutton, Director of Public Affairs Programming. Oppositional viewpoints are rarely the product of committee decision; the risks inherent in outspokenness are customarily shouldered by courageous individuals. Public television almost singlehandedly has kept documentary filmmaking alive and active when, sadly, there are few other outlets existing for these works. WNET, for example, gave noted filmmaker Frederick Wiseman a forum for such compelling works as *Law and Order*, *Basic Training*, *High School*, *Deaf and Blind*, and *Missile*. Wiseman has said he does no research before shooting; he wants the subject to educate him. The often devastating point of a Wiseman project emerges in editing, the most creative part of his original brand of filmmaking.

Walter Cronkite hosted Roger Weisberg's "Can't Afford to Grow Old."

For the series-length documentary *An American Family*, producer Craig Gilbert had the notion to view the inner workings of a not-so-typical American family. The results, twelve hours distilled from over three hundred recorded by live-in filmmakers Alan and Susan Raymond, galvanized all who watched (and the audience numbered in the millions). Everything from the documentary methodology to the Loud family's behavior and opinions was subject to public scrutiny, which is precisely what made the series a success. By any account, it was a groundbreaking television event.

Award-winning filmmaker Roger Weisberg has likewise found a forum at WNET, with such incisive documentaries as *Who Lives, Who Dies*, about the rationing of American health care; *To What End?* examining the future of nuclear weapons in national security; and *Can't Afford to Grow Old*, about the cost of long-term health care.

Associated with WNET since 1971, Bill Moyers has been responsible for lively, illuminating examinations of a wide range of topics, touching on practically every aspect of politics and culture. His first series on WNET (after a 1966 visit on *The President's Men*, in which he talked about his role in the Johnson administration) was *This Week*, a news digest. The next year found the show expanded into *Bill Moyers' Journal* — an hour each week of interviews with notable personalities (a format at which he excels) discussing recent events and issues. Moyers relishes the sort of questions that appear too large to answer — what is creativity? what ideas and values prevail in America today? *Creativity with Bill Moyers*, a 1982 Emmy Award winner, spotlighted such individual artists as Maya Angelou, Pinchas Zukerman, and John Huston. And *Bill Moyers' World of Ideas* (1988) gathered over forty notables with important things on their minds, Barbara Tuchman, Joseph Heller, and Isaac Asimov among them.

America's brand of democracy, and the document meant to define and protect it, is a subject obviously close to Moyers' heart: *In Search of the Constitution*, *Report from Philadelphia*, and *The Secret Government . . . The Constitution in Crisis* (all aired in 1987) probed the history, the interpretation, and the uses and abuses of the Constitution. The impact of religious values and beliefs on national and international events was explored in Moyers' *God and Politics*. At once farther afield and closer to the bone were the fascinating series in which discussions with various poets, politicians, and the remarkable Joseph Campbell honed our apprehension of what it is we're all about: *Joseph Campbell and the Power of Myth* (1988), *The Power of the Word*, and *The Public Mind* (1989).

Soviet-American relations were examined by Bernard Kalb in "Global Rivals."

cantankerous babble of democracy a little more interesting. Our finest hours came because this station soon was home to the dispossessed of television; no less a pioneer than Edward R. Murrow, by then exiled from the news organization he had helped to create, introduced WNET to the Greater New York area when the station opened in 1962. A few days later the station preempted its announced schedule to provide complete coverage of the United Nations debate on the Cuban Missile Crisis. It was the beginning of our long public affair.

■ *In my opinion, our singular contribution over this quarter-century has been to change the very meaning of news, so that the very definition of "public affairs" has been enlarged to embrace the whole range of human endeavors that give texture to our common life. Our understanding of news stretches from Moscow to mythology, from the headlines of the moment to the history of all our yesterdays, from life in the street to the life of the mind to the life of this Republic.*

■ *Perhaps it is true, as J. B. Priestly has written, that Americans are becoming "a vast crowd – a permanent audience, waiting to be amused" – that we look on more and more and join in less and less. But I cannot believe this is true for our audience. They value the journalism of ideas, they take themselves seriously historically, they believe the individual can yet matter.*

■ *One of Saul Bellow's characters says: "The people who come to evening class are only ostensibly after culture. Their great need, their hunger, is for good sense, clarity, truth – even an atom of it. People are dying – it is no metaphor – for lack of something real when day is done." At our best, WNET serves those people for whom life is a continuing course in adult education.*

● *Documentary filmmaker Frederick Wiseman has found a forum on WNET.*

For Fred Friendly, former president of CBS News and veteran of broadcast journalism for over fifty years, WNET has provided rich opportunities for sustained examination of provocative topics. As originator and director of the Columbia University Seminars on Media and Society, which produces the Friendly series, often in association with WNET and other stations, this venerable pro has put the art of lively debate in the service of deeper understanding of such subjects as *The Constitution: That Delicate Balance* (1984), *Managing Our Miracles: Health Care in America* (1986), *The Presidency and the Constitution* (1987), and *Ethics in America* (1989).

Issues of international discourse have been explored in depth by WNET and some well-versed correspondents. *Global Rivals* (1988) helped explain the often unfathomable Soviet-American relationship. Host Bernard Kalb called upon an impressive array of world figures for their perspectives on the Cold War, *glasnost* and *perestroika*, and the future of the political, economic, and social competition between the superpowers. The series was a co-production of WNET and Antelope Films Ltd. of Great Britain in association with Oesterreichischer Rundfunk, Austria. *The Struggles for Poland* (1988) was the first historical examination of that country ever undertaken by Western television, a nine-part chronological analysis beginning at the turn of the century and moving through the World Wars to the upheavals of today. Hosted and narrated by Roger Mudd, co-produced by DNA (David Naden Associates) "Poland" Ltd. and WNET, in association with Channel Four/England and Norddeutscher Rundfunk/Hamburg, the series drew from over a hundred filmed interviews as well as rare archival footage.

Another complex intercontinental relationship — that of the United States and Britain — was examined in *An Ocean Apart* (1988), a BBC production in association with KCET/Los Angeles and WNET. Again presenting first-hand accounts — from Eric Severeid, James Schlesinger, and Dean Rusk — along with new analysis of pertinent documents, the programs looked at Great Britain as our staunch ally and arch rival.

The Television Laboratory was established in 1972 under the direction of David Loxton to explore "television's uncharted territories." In retrospect that mandate seems akin to Columbus setting off to find a new route to the Indies and ending up in the New World. For the productions of *The TV Lab* in some ways changed television for good: In 1973, putting new low-cost portable video equipment to broadcast-intended use for the first time, a collaboration with the California video group TVTV (Top Value Television) resulted in *The Lord of the Universe*, a pithy report on the Guru Maharaj Ji's followers. *Video and Television Review* was instituted in 1975 to provide a showcase for all genres of video work, including documentary. In 1977 came *The Police Tapes*, Alan and Susan Raymond's ➤

● *"Adam Smith's Money World" has gone to China to examine the world economy.*

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General Motors shares with PBS a dedication to excellence. For many years, GM has supported quality television programming. *A Christmas Special with Luciano Pavarotti,* first seen in 1981, became a holiday tradition on public television. Since then, *The Verdi Requiem, Bill Moyers' In Search of the Constitution,* and *George Washington: The Forging of a Nation* have all been GM Mark of Excellence Presentations on PBS. The quality of this season's schedule reflects GM's continuing commitment to quality. And to public television.

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❀ *U.S.-British relations were explored by host David Dimbleby in "An Ocean Apart."*

award-winning portrait of the Forty-fourth Precinct in the South Bronx. Also that year, John Alpert, Keiko Tsuno, and Karen Ranucci became the first American TV journalists allowed in Vietnam since the fall of Saigon, bringing back footage that would compose *Vietnam: Picking Up the Pieces*.

While *The TV Lab* never restricted itself to one type of work, it did help administer the Independent Documentary Fund that made possible *Non-Fiction Television*. The series debuted with *Paul Jacobs and the Nuclear Gang*, about the willfully hidden dangers of low-level radiation. Another of the series' presentations, the Oscar-winning *The Times of Harvey Milk* (1984), told of the political and personal life of the homosexual San Francisco Board of Supervisors member who was murdered by a former colleague in 1978.

These excellent series and specials are by nature produced according to demands that differ from those made on a news organization constantly receiving, digesting, and structuring reports on fast-flowing daily events. Now in its seventh season, *The MacNeil/Lehrer NewsHour*, co-produced by WNET, WETA/Washington, D.C., and MacNeil/Lehrer Productions, was the first national news program to devote a prime-time hour (how could it be any less? we may now ask) to thorough discussion of the news. *MacNeil/Lehrer* never insults our intelligence by assuming we are neither interested enough nor capable of comprehending what goes on in our world. Deeper analysis of the most important stories of the day is achieved through substantive background reports and interviews with panels of experts. "Although we're not a news-gathering organization like the other networks, we've always attempted to be more civil and fair, and relaxed and less frenetic," says Robert MacNeil. Television news gives an intrinsically compressed and somewhat subjective interpretation; with co-anchors Robert MacNeil (executive editor) and Jim Lehrer (associate editor) the truth is sought by the most able minds on television.

The business and finance beat is covered in depth every week on *Adam Smith's Money World* (co-produced by WNET and Alvin H. Perlmutter, Inc.), which is now in its sixth season. Host Jerry Goodman ("Adam Smith") offers viewers up-to-the-minute economic news with reports on such topics as high-definition television, toxic waste, and the American music industry. In addition, special on-location reports have taken viewers as far afield as China and Australia to explore the economies of these nations.

The public affairs coverage from WNET is wide-ranging, with upcoming series and specials exploring everything from the future of communism (*The Second Revolution: Communism in Crisis*) to vital contemporary issues, including America's work force and the changing American family (*Critical Issues*). For WNET, nothing is out of bounds: If something happens that we need or want to know about, WNET will give us the facts of the matter — and, if they are to be found, the grander mysteries called why.

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MARTIN MARIETTA

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George Page

Host and Executive Editor, Nature, *and Director of Science and Natural History Programming at WNET*

As everyone knows by now, the most important issue facing the people of Planet Earth is whether or not we can keep our little speck of ancient, condensed star dust intact for future generations of people, other animals, and plants. No one even argues anymore, thank goodness, that the fate of our equatorial rain forests and the fate of our own species are one and the same.

That was not the case, however, as recently as 1982, when WNET created and premiered nationally a public television series called Nature. *For eight years now, every Sunday evening at eight o'clock ET, coast to coast, we have been beaming out the message that all life on Earth is deeply and fundamentally interdependent. We haven't done it by "preaching doom and gloom"; we have simply shown, with the best pictures and sounds available to the natural history filmmaker, the seminal interdependence of our planet's diverse life forms. Our guiding principle has been nothing more or less than good, old-fashioned journalism. But our underlying passion – bias, if you will – has been a strong belief that once Americans learn to love something, they will fight like the devil to preserve it.*

I hope our series Nature *has inspired us all to love the natural world and that we shall, indeed, fight like the devil to keep what's left of it.*

Science & Natural History

Science is serious business, but on WNET it is serious entertainment as well. When WNET studies the sciences, it does so in a style all its own — hard-hitting, at times idiosyncratic — and the experiments and breakthroughs it shares with its audience are often ahead of their time.

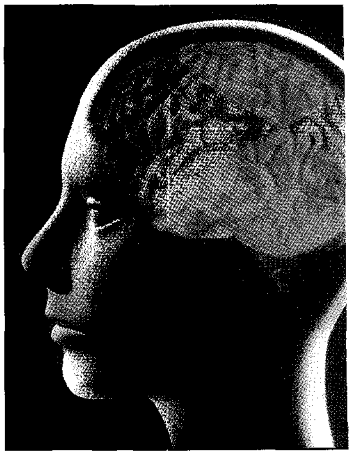
Certain topics in modern science taken up by WNET had been so neglected by the popular media that the result was a near vacuum of information. Venereal disease was a case in point, and in 1972 WNET responded with *VD Blues*. Hosted by Dick Cavett and featuring well-known entertainers, it gave needed attention to a growing problem by imparting the bad news in a supportive environment. The show's VD hotline received calls from 18,000 viewers.

The Killers (1973) also combined the presentation of facts on endangered health with the opportunity to get direct help. An education series on five lethal medical conditions, including heart disease and cancer, and how the medical profession was — or was not — dealing with them at the time, the program represented the largest nationally televised health project ever attempted in the United States. After each ninety-minute episode aired, two hundred local public television stations broadcast follow-up programs informing viewers about how to get help in their own communities.

In 1984 WNET presented the first national television documentary about the frightening new killer AIDS. Two years later, after a flood of subsequent media reports had confused many Americans trying to keep abreast of developments, the original Emmy-nominated *AIDS: Profile of an Epidemic* was updated.

WNET has long recognized what an important factor outreach is where health is concerned; in fact, outreach is the difference between televised lip service and programming that speaks to the common good. An outreach program also bolstered the five-part series called *The Thin Edge* (1975), which, by taking on mental health, showed that many Americans have been touched in some way by some form of mental illness, a frequently closeted part of a person's history.

Healthline (1978) was a weekly medical series devoted to all manner of topics of literally vital interest. Avoiding jargon and steering away from a "frontiers of science" approach, each installment gave consumers the kind of facts they needed to make informed decisions about such health matters as contraception, arthritis, and



What we know about how we know was the focus of "The Brain."

New developments in surgery are only one of the frontiers of science explored in "Innovations."

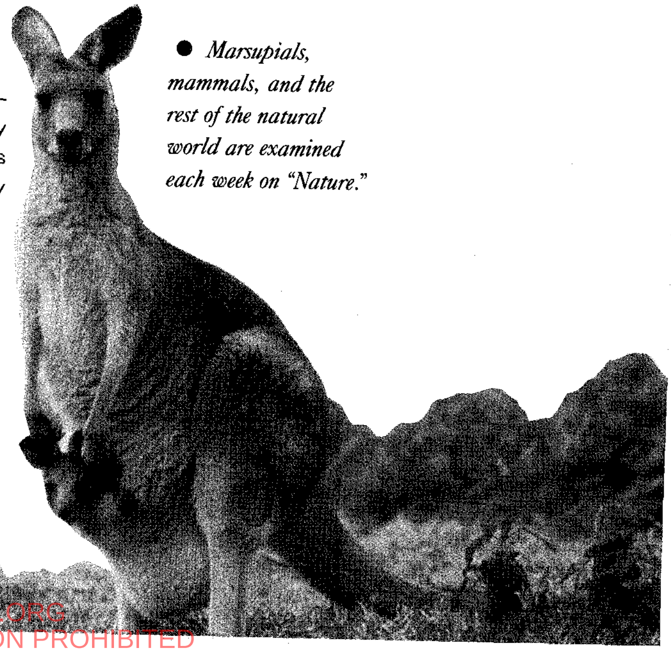
orthodontics. A panel of experts was on hand during every broadcast, and viewers were encouraged to phone with questions.

The frontiers of science do have a privileged place in WNET's agenda, a place called *Innovation*, the Emmy Award–winning series now in its seventh season. Since 1983 — 1985 nationally — host Jim Hartz has taken his audience on some fairly fantastic voyages through the latest developments in science, medicine, and technology, looking at high-definition TV, obsessive-compulsive behavior, personality formation, and alternatives to animal testing. Many of the topics treated first on *Innovation* later get major play in the news — the highly touted "elixir of youth," Retin-A, is a good example. In all of *Innovation*'s reports, the series puts the focus on items of particular immediacy for its viewership.

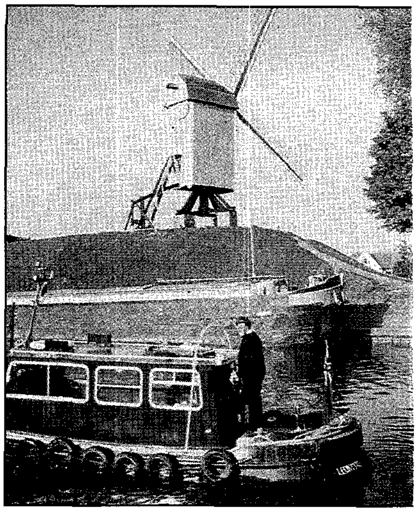
Perhaps no show is more closely identified with WNET than *Nature*, one of public television's greatest hits since 1982, produced by WNET and presented in association with The Nature Conservancy. This is what we watch PBS for week after week, to take an armchair journey through the strange and beautiful natural world. The series' initial broadcast, the three-part *Flight of the Condor*, set the tone for what would follow. A leisurely close-up exploration of South America and its flora and fauna, the program took us from Cape Horn to the craggy Andes. Another miniseries journeyed to Australia to focus on marsupials, on the life of the Great Barrier Reef, and on the conditions that conspired to create rock-climbing fish and carnivorous plant life. *The New York Times* called *Nature* "public television at its most impressive"; one of public TV's largest audiences obviously agrees.

Relying on the filmmaking talents of individuals whose specialties are nature photography and study, the series is hosted and narrated by George Page, WNET's Director of Science and Natural History Programming. *Nature*'s eighth season takes us under the ice of Antarctica to find surprising wildlife in this seemingly hostile environment; to Scotland's gorgeous Caledonian forest; and along the African rift, from the continent's southeast to the Red Sea. So long as there is nature, it is hoped that *Nature*'s spectacular footage will keep us attuned to the mystery of life.

The nature of human beings fascinates WNET's viewers as much as does the rest of the natural world. *The Brain*, the challenging eight-part series originally broadcast in 1984, was a production of WNET and Antenne 2 TV France in association with NHK, Japan; the Societe de Radio-Television du Quebec; and Kastel Enterprises, Ltd. — and was an unqualified success. The companion book, by Dr. Richard Restak, shot quickly onto best-seller lists; the series enlisted a record number of colleges and universities to offer the related study course; and the virtually unanimous praise for the series was formalized by numerous awards, including a Peabody, an Emmy, and a du Pont-Columbia. There really is no subject as interesting as what we know about how we ▷



● *Marsupials, mammals, and the rest of the natural world are examined each week on "Nature."*



● *Film producer Richard Goodwin took a slow boat through Europe for his own idiosyncratic installment of "Travels."*

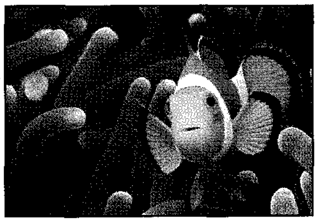
● *"The Mind" explored human thought from infancy through old age.*

know — *The Brain* delved into the basic aspects of brain research and how the organ works; vision and movement; rhythms and drives; stress and emotion; learning and memory; the two sides of the brain; madness; and what the future holds in the way of research. Among the people who discussed various examples of function and dysfunction was Olympic diver Greg Louganis, who is able to condition himself to execute complex maneuvers "without thinking"; another man interviewed told of having been driven to acts of violence until the removal of a cyst discovered in his brain. The breadth of reporting on this most self-referential of topics made *The Brain* appeal to professionals and laypeople alike.

The popularity of *The Brain* prompted a return to the inexhaustible subject in last year's *The Mind*. This time more elemental mysteries were explored: What is the nature of the unconscious? How does the mind develop through childhood? What can addiction teach us about the brain? Is aging inevitable? Speculation, theory, fact, anecdote, example — with all of these, the brain attempts to plumb the mind. As simply stated at the series' outset, "The mind is what the brain does."

In the name of expanded horizons, WNET has made yet another departure with *Travels*, not a typical travelogue but a series of highly personal journeys. The destinations range from the romantic or exotic to the rather ordinary — try Seattle to Chicago by bus — but the destination point is not the point at all. Getting there's the thing — financial maverick Jim Rogers takes a motorcycle ride along the old Silk Route through Western China; television producer Sue Francis tours the subterranean cities of Calcutta, Toronto, and Madrid; and film producer Richard Goodwin takes a three-mile-per-hour tugboat-and-barge trip through Europe, slowing down in order to more quickly get a feel for the citizens of foreign lands.

The world changes, moves, evolves, and feels the effects of human advances and encroachments. We strive to understand it and ourselves, and we hope for better, even when we do worse. Such are the challenges of science, and such is the world WNET continues to reflect. The upcoming seasons will offer the hour-long documentary *Black Stars in Orbit*, on black American astronauts, as well as the six-part series *Childhood*, which explores various attitudes toward child rearing through the ages and around the world. *The World of the Dolphin* looks at man's relationship to his favorite sea creature. *Land of the Eagle* will show us the natural wonders of the North American continent, its prairies, mountain ranges, coastlines, and the wildlife that call each habitat home; and *glasnost* affects the airwaves when *The Natural History of the USSR* unfolds in six parts. Finally, the future holds the promise of a look into the medical profession and its advances, the problems it must solve, and the hopes of researchers, doctors, and patients alike. *The Future of Medicine* is the future of us all, and WNET will help take us there. ●



● *Natural history programs like "Nature" delve into the beauty of undersea coral gardens and the majesty of the African plains.*

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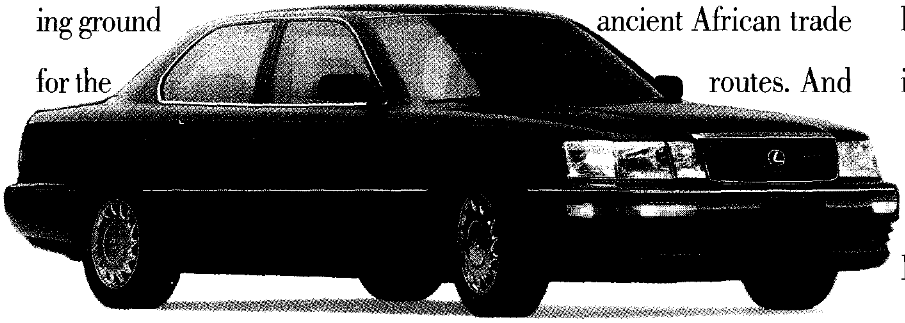

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Didi Conn

Station Manager
Stacy Jones
Shining Time
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■ *There's something about a train station that triggers one's dreams, hopes, and imagination – it's a taking-off point.* Shining Time Station *has a lot of room for flights of fancy. Anything can happen. The show helps children understand how spontaneity expands possibilities. It's about breaking through to new frontiers. And about fun. As the woman who runs Shining Time Station, my character is very careful never to impose her authority; she is a gentle teacher, a guide. And since Mr. Conductor is only eighteen inches high, he is like a child's imaginary friend. There's a very tender quality to the show because of things like that. Kids are left free to explore, to invent their own answers. I'm so impressed at the responses we get, from both parents and young children who call it the "choo-choo show" – they love it.*

My teacher and guide was Viola Spolin, and in her book Improvisation for the Theater *she wrote something that continues to inspire my work: "Creativity is an attitude, a way of looking at something, a way of questioning, perhaps a way of life. It may well be found on paths we have not yet travelled." We hope* Shining Time Station *is a good way station to creativity and individuality.*

Children's & Family Programming

In a time when the term "electronic babysitter" has become a permanent entry in the American family lexicon, WNET challenges the notion that passive entertainment is the best that children's TV can do. From its inception as an overtly "educational" outlet to its growth into the broadcaster without peer of all kinds of programming, the station has continued to heed its self-imposed mandate to bring alternative viewing to all sectors of its audience. Surely, the children's programming department has the most fun seeking and producing alternatives on WNET.

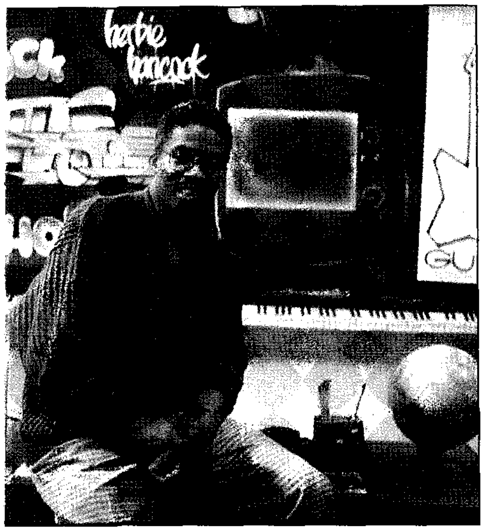
In its first year, WNET created two series for the younger set, *Once Upon a Day*, an internationally flavored show of song and dance, and *What's New*, an after-school half-hour that examined topics of interest to eight-to twelve-year-olds. The year 1967 saw the first broadcast of what would become public television's longest-running children's program, *Mister Rogers' Neighborhood* (produced by Family Communications, Inc.), and *Sesame Street* began in 1969. This pair of shows has become virtually synonymous with children's TV.

Sesame Street marked the beginning of a long and productive relationship between public television and the Children's Television Workshop (CTW), which produces the award-winning program. CTW followed up with *The Electric Company* (1971), which emphasized reading skills for older children; the science series *3-2-1 Contact* (1980); and *Square One TV* (1987), which teaches math skills.

Rockschool, a 1985 import from the BBC that in its second season was co-produced by WNET, is another example of how the station gives a twist to the subject matter that kids find most fascinating. Hosted by Herbie Hancock and featuring guest stars, concert clips, and its own Rockschool Band, the series focused on teaching rock musicianship as a craft and thus expanded young people's appreciation and understanding of the music kids have always called their own.

In "The Power of Choice," Michael Pritchard talked with teens about values, sex, drugs, and peer pressure.

Since a child's world is not all fun and games, Satellite Education Services and KCET/Los Angeles in association with WNET came up with *Why in the World*, broadcast from 1981 to 1985. Conceived by Walter Cronkite, the series was designed to stimulate interest in public affairs among high



"Rockschool" taught children about rock and roll musicianship; Herbie Hancock was the headmaster.

schoolers by centering on major news stories of the day.

In 1984, viewers both young and old got the chance to attain a skill that was already integral to education: computer literacy. *The Academy on Computers*, a Canadian production introduced in the U.S. by WNET, comprised twelve "Bits and Bytes" that taught computer basics in an unusual hands-on, audience-participation format.

WNET's 1962 logo contained the image of an owl; in 1985, WNET premiered *OWL/TV*, a production of Canada's *OWL* magazine and various partners (including WNET in the program's third season). This was the show for those sixty-five per cent of grade-schoolers who say they're turned off by science. Using children and their own ideas instead of actors and a script, the series found real locations and situations to teach kids about science and nature in a lively and pertinent way. Not coincidentally, the series helped foster an interest in and sense of caring for the natural world that would create a generation of responsible adults.

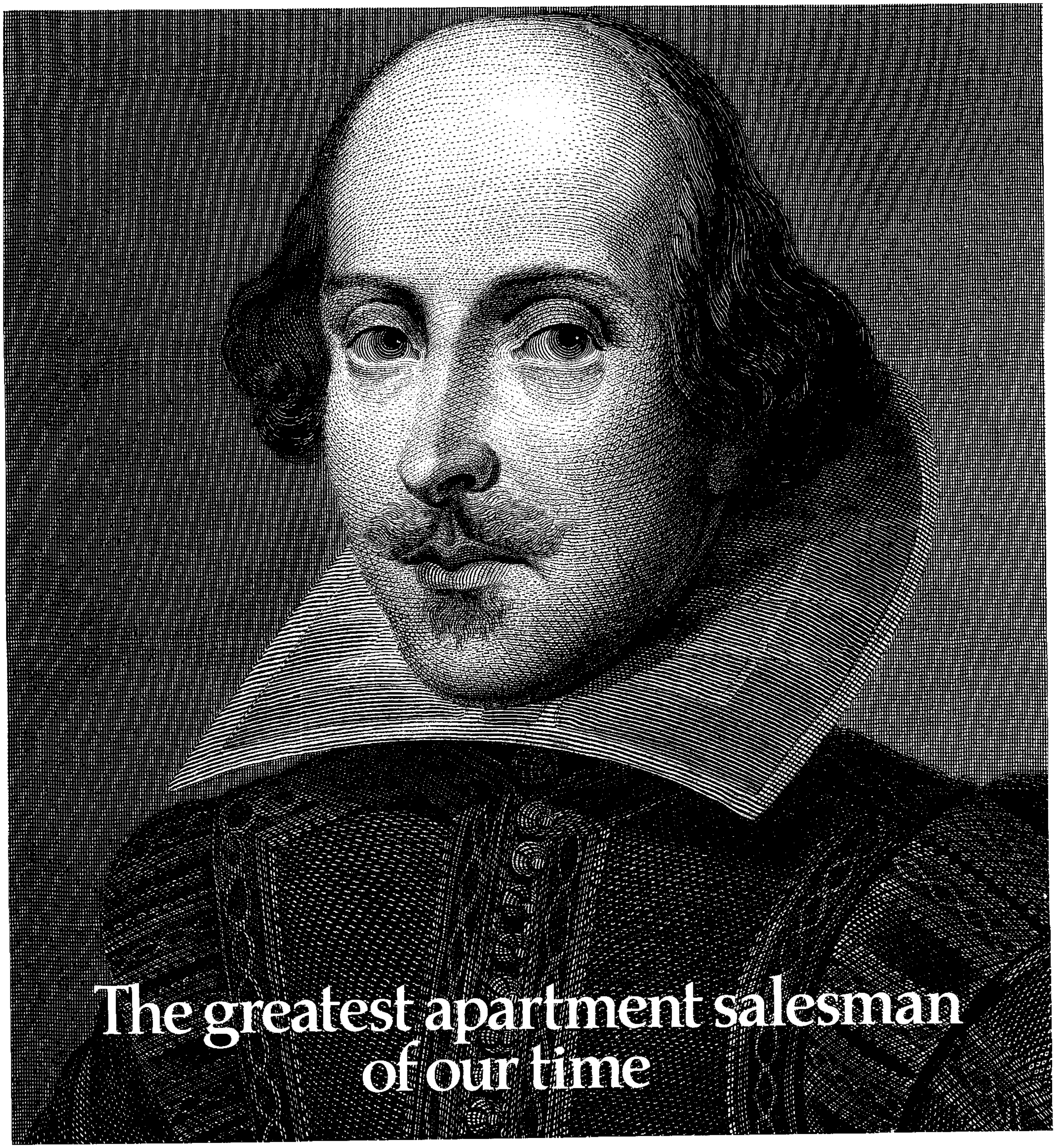
Ringo Starr as Mr. Conductor and Didi Conn as Stacy Jones kept things on track at "Shining Time Station."

The tough issues teenagers face today generated *The Power of Choice* in 1987, a critically acclaimed documentary featuring comedian and youth counselor Michael Pritchard that formed the basis of the following year's ten-part series of the same name. Produced by Elkind + Sweet Communications in association with WNET, the series took Pritchard on location to talk with teens about values, communication, sex, drugs, and peer pressures, all the issues that most concern them and their parents. Viewers can look forward to more of Michael Pritchard's sage humor in an upcoming series on parenting.

In 1986 the Children's and Family Programming Department, a unit of WNET's Production Center, formalized the station's longstanding dedication to high-quality alternative programs for its young viewers. A relevant study says that a full quarter of all the time parents and children are together is spent watching television. According to Donald Johnson, Director of Children's and Family Programming, the department's creation "signaled a move into the broader realm of programming for at-home viewing in two categories: one specifically for children to watch on their own, the other creating formats that parents and children can watch together."

WNET teamed up with OWL magazine to present "OWL/TV," a nature and science program for preteenagers.

One parent/child plum on WNET was *Shining Time Station*, a coproduction of WNET and Quality Family Entertainment that aired in 1989. Featuring former Beatle Ringo Starr as the diminutive Mr. Conductor, the show took place in an enchanted train station — the ➤



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kind of setting few small fry can resist. With its lively mixture of music, animation, humor, and light-touch promotion of creative and social development skills, *Shining Time Station* proved so appealing that one family revealed in a fan letter that even their dog was an avid viewer.

Another show designed with parent-child tandem viewing in mind is *Behind the Scenes*, produced by Learning Designs, Inc., in association with WNET. To be broadcast in 1991, the series will capitalize on children's native curiosity about how things are put together — in this case, works of art ranging from a musical composition of William Bolcom to a David Hockney painting, from a new dance by choreographer David Parsons to what goes on backstage at the theatre. Also upcoming is a series entitled *Lights On!* a game show about inventions and innovative problem solving, directed at fostering creative thinking — a process WNET itself is more than familiar with.

By encouraging children and parents to communicate on a wide variety of topics, WNET furthers its goal of extending the boundaries and effects of broadcasting. "The notion of extension is important to us — presenting shows that instruct and illuminate, and then incite practice, reflection, and discussion that live on beyond the broadcast," says Donald Johnson.

With community outreach (such as the sponsorship of KidsTHIRTEEN, a festival of family entertainment in Central Park each spring), with the creation of more and more new shows — a weekly "magazine" series exploring activities for children and their parents in the tri-state area is now in development — and with all those programs that have already captivated children and adults alike, WNET continues to set the standard for involved, inventive interest in young people.

Melissa Pierson is a freelance writer who works in Hoboken, New Jersey.

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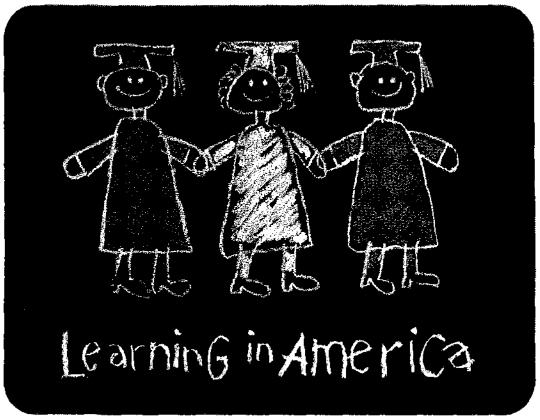

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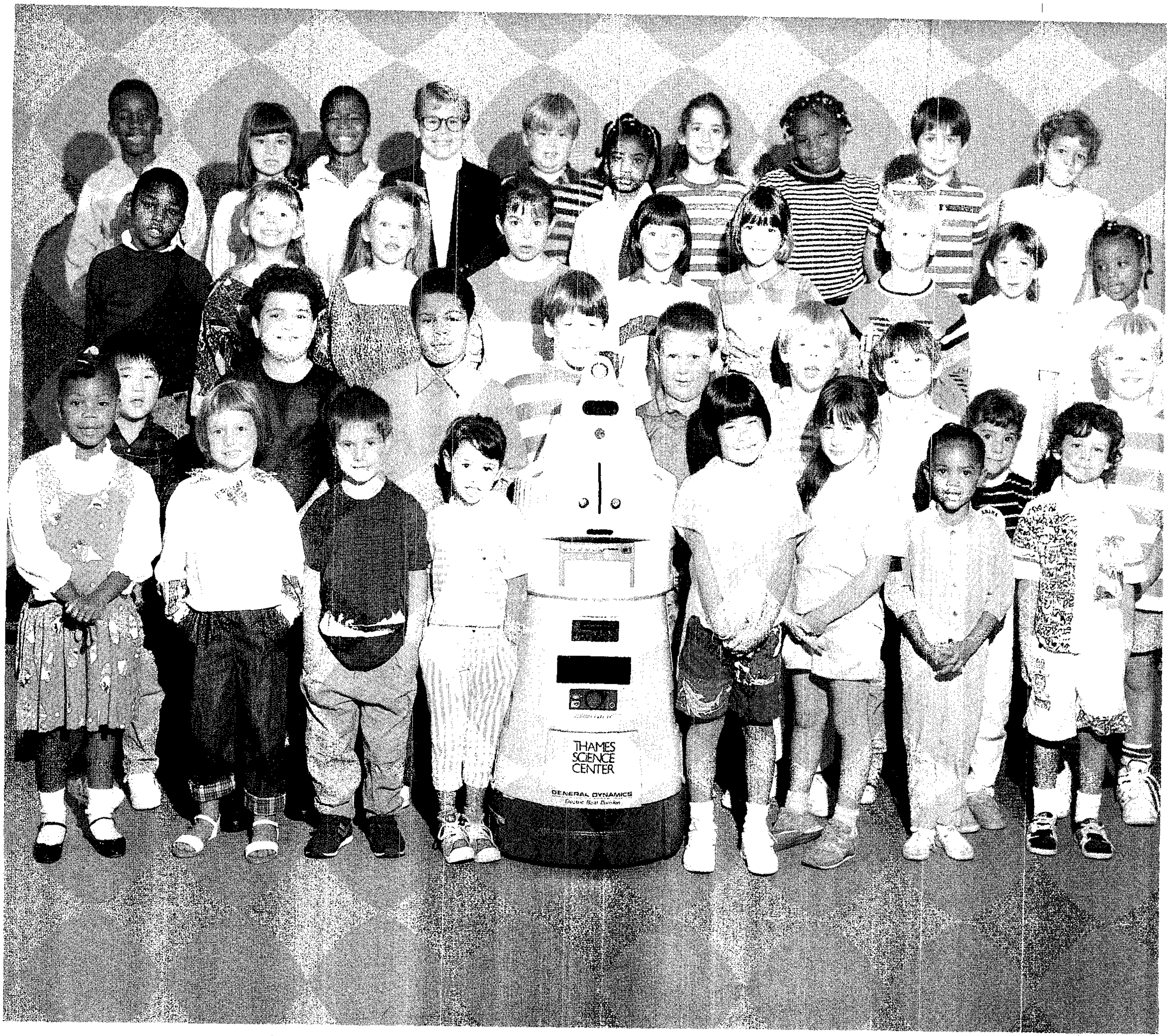

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and so organized the *zinglins*, a company of illiterate, brutal peasants; he tended to distrust and turn on those who most helped him gain and retain power; and he massacred the mulattoes and then set loose the black masses to loot and destroy their businesses and property. In 1849, he crowned himself Emperor Faustin I, and created a large black aristocracy of his own. But Emperor Faustin eventually bled the country dry by the expensive pomp of his court and by his several attempts to conquer neighboring Santo Domingo, and he was overthrown in 1859 by a mulatto general, Fabre-Nicolas Geffrard.

Here, as Robert and Nancy Heinl, Alain Turnier, and other historians have detailed, Haitian history begins to grow more and more complicated, increasingly obscured by a dense growth of insurrections, revolutions, coups d'état, and civil wars, with peasant armies marching back and forth across the land, the general political chaos punctuated by the screams of massacres and the smoke of fired and looted cities. During this period, which, with interruptions, lasted until 1915, the Army tended to be made up largely of illiterate peasants who had been forced into service. Recruiting, the Haitian writer Fréderic Marcelin declared in the eighteen-nineties, "whether it's carried out brutally in the streets or more mildly by letter, is at bottom nothing more than a means of coercion. Our army is nothing more than a vast prison turned inside out."

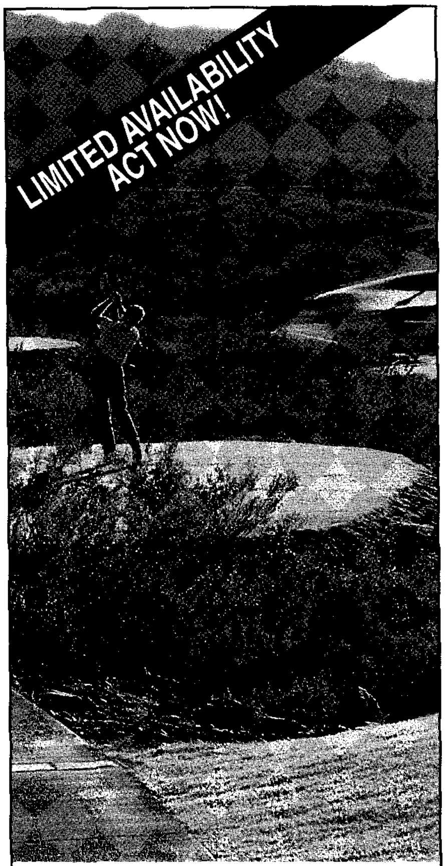
Many of the battles fought by these reluctant revolutionaries involved some degree of foreign intervention—at first British or French, and then, later in the century, German and American as well—as one faction or another preferred to witness foreign gunboats shelling Haitian cities rather than see its political opponents victorious; as, in the growing chaos, one or another nation felt bound to protect its nationals; or as France and, later, Germany and the United States felt called upon to "encourage" the Haitians to resume payment on their huge foreign debt, which Boyer had been forced to incur in 1825 in order to pay the immense reparations that France demanded in exchange for its recognition of the new nation. Throughout the century, debt payments constituted a major drag on the country's development and a further threat to its stability. During the forty-eight years between the overthrow of Geffrard and the landing of the Marines in 1915, sixteen Presidents served; two completed their terms.

IN 1907, in a modest house not far from the National Palace, François Duvalier was born. As Bernard Diederich and Al Burt note in their indispensable book "Papa Doc," this was "during the military dictatorship of Nord Alexis," though when François "was one year old General Antoine Simon overthrew Alexis. He was four when a revolution ousted Simon and five when an explosion reduced the old wooden Palais National and President Cincinnatus Leconte along with it to splinters. Duvalier was six when President Tancrède Auguste was poisoned; his funeral was interrupted when two generals began fighting over his succession. . . . One Michel Oreste got the job, but he was overthrown the following year by a man named Zamor, who in turn fell a year later to Davilmar Théodore."

President Théodore lasted barely three months before Vilbrun Guillaume Sam marched a detachment of irregulars down from the north and overthrew him; President Sam had reigned five months when, with another revolution spreading from the north, he ordered a hundred and sixty-seven political prisoners, most of them members of élite families, massacred, and took refuge in the French Embassy—whence, on the following day, a mob dragged him out, impaled him on the Embassy's spiked fence, and tore his body to pieces.

Enter the United States Marines. They came to put an end to the chaos—or, at least, that was the reason given publicly. Perhaps more important was concern about the repayment of a large New York bank loan and worry about possible encroachments by the Germans, whose nationals by then controlled much of the country's importing businesses, and who, embroiled as they were in the First World War, might welcome the chance to interfere in a country whose strategic value had just been greatly increased by the opening of the Panama Canal.

When the Marines marched ashore, François Duvalier was a child of eight; by the time they left, he was a nationalist intellectual of twenty-seven; a young physician who had worked



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widely in rural Haiti; an amateur ethnographer and anthropologist with a strong interest in voodoo and peasant culture; and, like many of his contemporaries, a burning *noiriste.* Rekindled nationalism, a product not only of the occupation itself but of the Americans' preference for ruling the country through mulatto politicians, proved to be one of the major legacies of the occupation, along with a few new schools, a telephone system, and repaired roads (this last courtesy of forced-labor gangs toiling under white Marines—for Haitians, a painful echo of the slavery their forebears had endured).

Another important legacy was the "professionalized" Garde d'Haiti, which, though it had been trained by United States Marines to be disciplined, hierarchical, and, above all, "nonpolitical," soon came to serve as the key to political power. And the better roads and more efficient communications helped concentrate political power in the capital and made possible a much more efficient exploitation of the countryside. (For the Marines, starving the regional centers had served as a useful tactic in combatting an anti-American guerrilla movement known as the Cacos, who were peasant irregulars led by Charlemagne Péralte, a legendary hero. Péralte was eventually betrayed by a spy and assassinated by a Marine; a famous photograph, picturing the dead leader tied upright to a door, Christlike, has taken its place as an icon of Haitian nationalism.)

Duvalier understood these legacies, as he did the Americans' belief that a Haitian democracy must be built on a strong middle class—the tiny group among which Duvalier, the country-doctor son of a minor magistrate, numbered himself.

FRANÇOIS DUVALIER, a serious and somewhat awkward little man who wore thick spectacles and affected formal dark suits, seems to have impressed most people who encountered him—from his years in college and medical school to his time in the Cabinet—as a taciturn, even enigmatic, figure of uncertain intelligence and ability.

His student years during the twenties and thirties were a time of great intellectual excitement in Haiti. The return of whites to power had always been Haiti's ultimate nightmare, and the occupation gave rise to unceasing,

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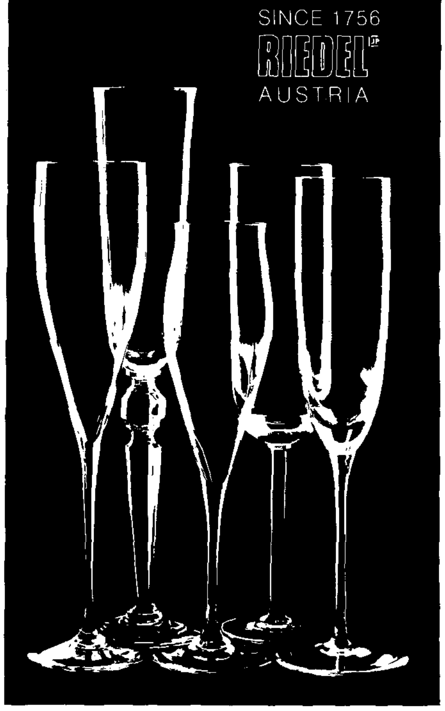

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anguished self-analysis. As the historian David Nicholls recounts, in "From Dessalines to Duvalier," political and intellectual groups of all ideological hues sprang up, issuing declarations and manifestos, publishing short-lived journals and newspapers. All the groups, whether Communist, Fascist, ultranationalist, or racist, had a common goal: accounting for what had befallen the independent Republic of Haiti, and formulating a plan for its political future.

By the time the Marines departed, in 1934, Duvalier had become a founding member of a group called Les Griots (meaning The Bards in Guinean). Building on an "ethnology movement" of the nineteen-twenties, these young men pressed for frank recognition of the role that African traditions had played in Haiti's history: they embarked on careful studies of peasant life, emphasizing, among other things, the importance of voodoo. For ambitious intellectuals in a country where the official language was French, the official religion was Roman Catholicism, schooling had long been the preserve of the mostly European Catholic clergy, and so-called "high" culture had always looked to Paris, this was a controversial view. For the Griots, and especially for Duvalier, the "valorization," as he called it, of Haiti's African character had clear political implications—implications that were being made bitterly clear even then, in the immediate aftermath of the American occupation, by the wholesale *mulâtrification*, or "mulatto-ization," of the government and the Army, and that became even clearer during the early nineteen-forties, when the government, in collaboration with the Catholic Church, launched an "anti-superstition" campaign against voodoo.

Duvalier developed his ideology in a series of articles, essays, and pamphlets published during the thirties and forties, many of them written with Lorimer Denis, a black lawyer and mystic reputed to be a *houngan*, or voodoo priest. These writings are voluminous, contradictory, and at times rather obscure, but the main line of thought, expressed most fully in his and Denis's treatise "The Class Problem Throughout Haitian History" (1946), may be said to follow from a frankly racist premise: that Haiti is a nation whose people are overwhelmingly of African descent, and thus share a particular

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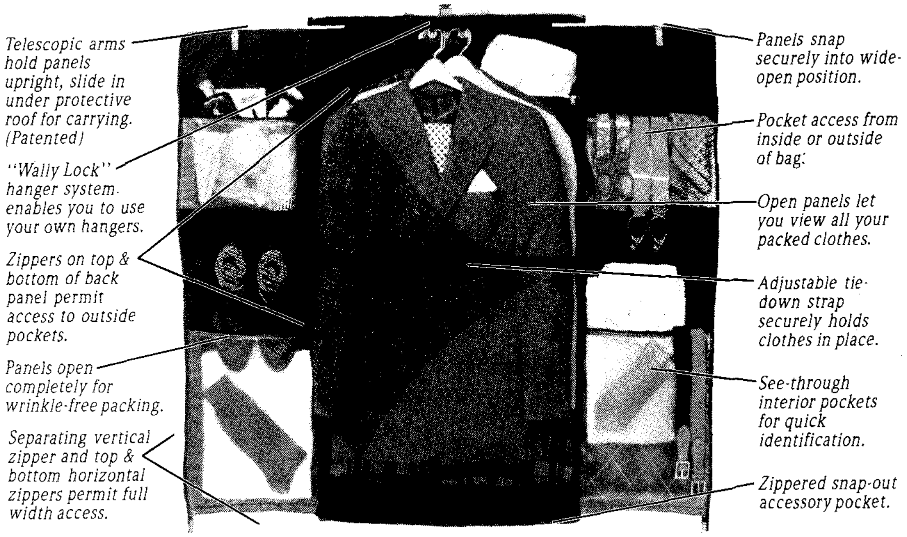
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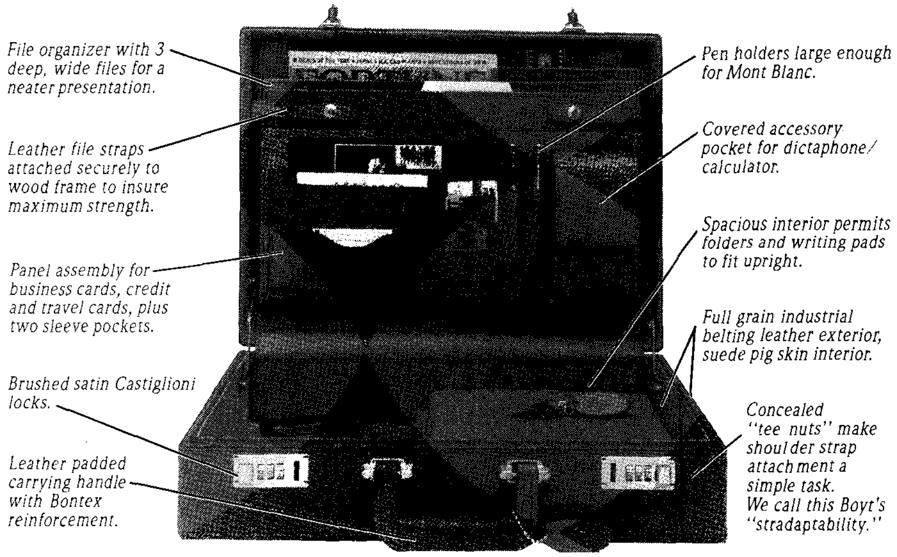
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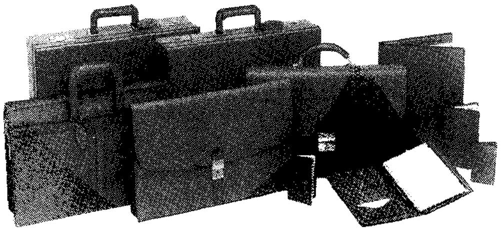

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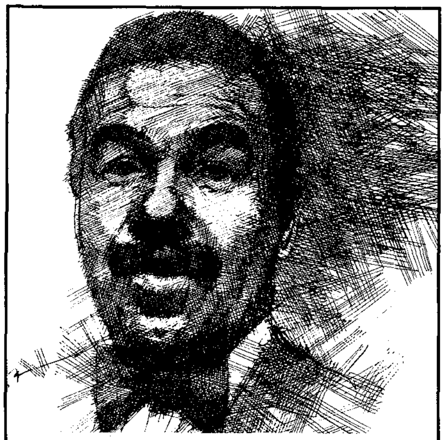

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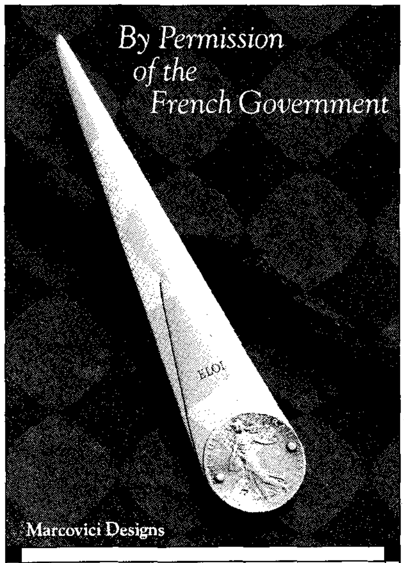

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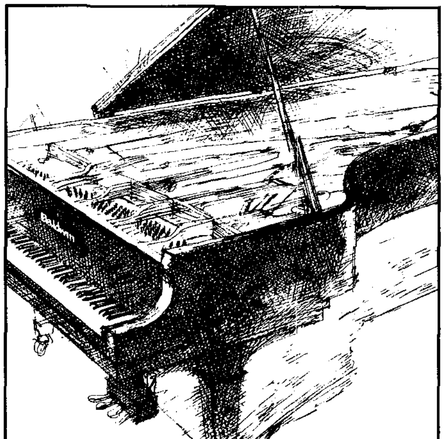
cultural and political disposition. (In building on this premise, Duvalier sometimes cited European racist theorists like Alfred Rosenberg, chief ideologist of the Nazis.) Despite this clear racial disposition, Duvalier argued, Haiti had since its founding been dominated, politically and culturally, by a mulatto, Europeanized élite (either directly or by means of *la politique de doublure*). In other words, since its inception the social system of independent Haiti had in fact been nothing more than an extension of Saint-Domingue's. The black élite (with a few important exceptions) had largely collaborated, and in so doing had shown themselves to be traitors to their true allies, the black masses—the peasantry, who embodied in their daily lives the culture and religion of Africa.

For Duvalier, the political solution, which he often framed as a quasi-mystical "saving" of the nation's soul, using terms that recall the European Fascist rhetoric of the period, could come only with a true revolution that would wrest power from the old élite. "All revolution, if it is to be profound and durable," Duvalier and Denis wrote in 1946, "must have as its object the redemption of the masses." But how was such a redemption to be effected? "There must rise up, as long before in Saint-Domingue, one or more of those representative individuals of whom Carlyle speaks and who, by means of their personal synthesis, polarize the agonies, the hopes, and also the desire to endure of a class of men who can create the Toussaint Louvertures, the Dessalineses, the Christophes, founders of Empires and of Nations." This "representative individual" could arise only from the black middle class, since, as Duvalier wrote somewhat later, he must be a "descendant of peasants, emerging from the matrix of the history of the race," while also laying claim to "a sufficient level of intellectual culture" to counterbalance the élites and manage the revolution.

As the Haitian sociologist Laënnec Hurbon explains, the stipulation that the black savior must have sufficient "intellectual culture" provides a clue to something rather strange in Duvalier's populism. His revolution would not be a cultural reformation of Haiti; it would not seek to replace the French spoken by educated Haitians with Creole, or to replace Roman Catholicism



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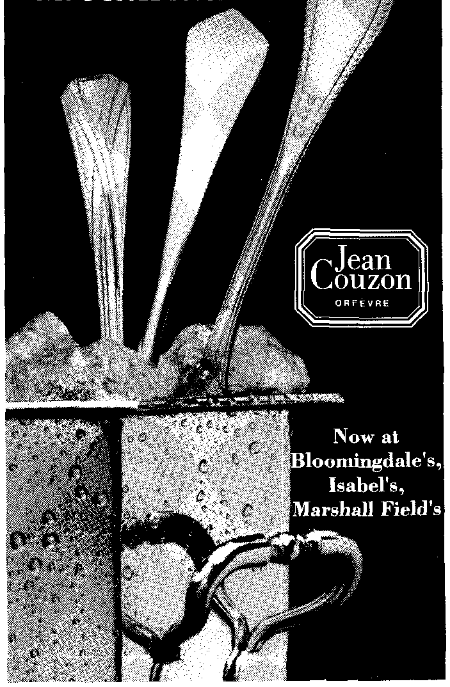

with voodoo, or, indeed, to have the Haitian state concern itself with helping those who had always been ignored—the peasants. Rather, Duvalier's "redemption of the masses" would seek to put, and retain, a black in power, and to promote the black middle class into prime places in a system that had always been closed to it. This shift in political power—which must be permanent, which must *endure*, unlike all previous "revolutions" in Haitian history—would itself constitute the redemption of the masses. The basic lineaments of the system—the "two worlds," the extreme cultural and economic division of the country—would remain largely unaffected.

As President, therefore, Duvalier, the redeemer of the masses, would follow all other Haitian rulers in speaking to the nation mostly in French, though ninety per cent of his people were unable to understand him. On taking office, Duvalier, the great champion of voodoo, would receive the traditional Te Deum in a Catholic church. Though he would make great use of voodoo—both by projecting himself as the incarnation of a frightening voodoo *loa* ("spirit") named Baron Samedi, who was the guardian of the graveyard, and by recruiting to his cause voodoo priests in the countryside as a means of exerting local power—voodoo itself would never become anything like Haiti's official religion.

AS a result of the tumultuous events known as the Revolution of 1946, "the black man in power" became a reality. A student strike against President Elie Lescot, an élite mulatto, expanded into a general strike, which, in turn, provoked a coup d'état, headed by three Army officers. After a raucous seven-month *parenthèse*, Dumarsais Estimé, a black deputy who had served as Minister of Education during the thirties, became President. And Estimé, a man from a humble peasant family in Verrettes, presided over an infusion of blacks into the public administration, many of them the very middle-class intellectuals who had been calling for a *noir au pouvoir*.

Duvalier, who had been working in an American-sponsored campaign against the tropical disease yaws in rural Haiti (and, under the program's sponsorship, had spent two semesters at the University of Michigan, in Ann Arbor), entered the government as Di-

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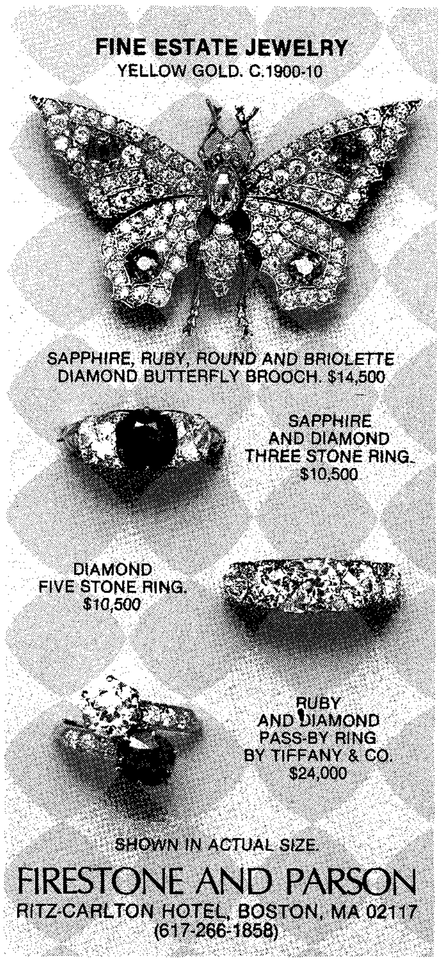
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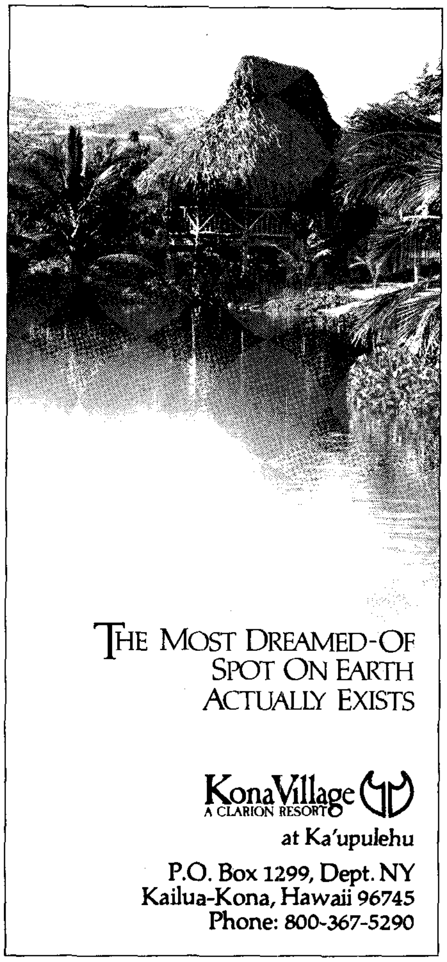
rector of Public Health, later advancing to Under-Minister of Labor, and then to Minister of Public Health and Labor. During Duvalier's time in office, the government raised the minimum wage, passed unprecedented labor and health laws, enacted a statute forbidding foreigners to teach Haitian history; it also worked to increase tourism and foreign investment by sponsoring an international fair. Under the nationalist banner, the arts flourished, especially Haitian painting; it was the beginning of what came to be known as the Haitian Renaissance.

The atmosphere of intellectual excitement and nationalist renewal was heady, but it didn't last. Though Estimé succeeded in bringing money into the country, a great deal of corruption came with it; a group that had always been excluded from the traditional fruits of power was eager to make up for lost time. There were scandals in the banana industry and in several projects connected with the international fair. The old élite, unaccustomed to being locked out, began to plot with the Army.

In 1950, faced with growing turmoil and encouraged by an impatient élite, the three officers who had deposed Lescot four years before overthrew Estimé, forcing him—in a scene that Duvalier would never forget—to walk between a double column of soldiers on his way to a ship that would carry him to exile. One of these officers, Colonel Paul Magloire, a black man strongly backed by the traditional élite, made a triumphant tour of the country and shortly thereafter was elected President.

To Duvalier, Magloire represented a return to business as usual, a black officer once again working only to fill his own pockets and those of the élite, in yet another version of *la politique de doublure.* From his position in the Cabinet, Duvalier had watched Estimé's downfall, had observed how the élite conspired with the Army and how both profited from the growing popular agitation on the left. He had added a useful course in the practical realities of Haitian politics, and a number of valuable contacts in the labor unions, to his knowledge of Haitian history and peasant culture.

Duvalier spent the Magloire years working for the American sanitary mission, acquiring political allies, and, during the later, more repressive period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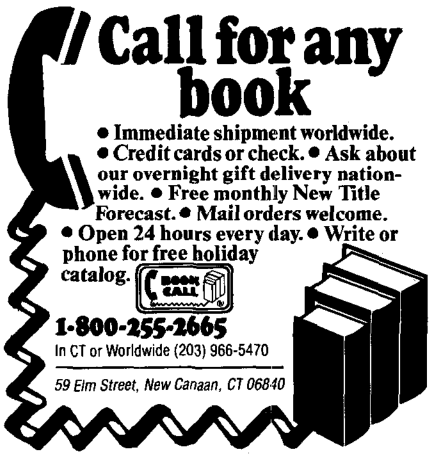
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of Magloire's rule, hiding from the police. (While underground, according to legend, Duvalier made an intensive study of Machiavelli.) By 1956, when Magloire tried to extend his term and was brought down by yet another general strike and by the intervention of his own Army, the soft-spoken little country doctor—scholarly, unassuming, apparently even honest, having declined, unlike virtually all his colleagues, to profit from his four years in office—was in a position to put himself forward as the rightful heir to Estimé's black revolution.

THE *parenthèse* of 1956-57 was a spectacular exercise in prolonged political crisis, a nine-month period during which Haiti was ruled by five governments, all of them pushed, pulled, manipulated, and, finally, destabilized by the four men who held the real power—the four major candidates for President.

In many ways, the events of the *parenthèse* that brought Duvalier to power loomed over the one that followed the overthrow of his son, twenty-nine years later: in both, an enormous burst of political activity—an explosion of political parties, new magazines and newspapers, popular organizations and committees—was packed into a very short period bracketed by repression; in both, the real work of winnowing out the candidates and determining the eventual winner was decided largely in the maneuvering before the election itself; in both, the unforgivable sin for any candidate was offending the power in place, the Army; and, in both, the losing candidates refused to recognize the man who eventually became President as the legitimate winner, thereby insuring continued political instability.

In 1957, both François Duvalier and his major opponent, Senator Louis Déjoie, boasted national reputations and could claim whole regions of the country as strongholds. Déjoie—a handsome, European-educated aristocrat who liked to dress for dinner—was the scion of a wealthy mulatto family that included General Nicolas Geffrard, a major figure in the war of independence, and his son, President Fabre-Nicolas Geffrard; he was backed by the traditional élite, which by then included not only the powerful Catholic Church and a large part of the officer corps but virtually all the

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country's significant businessmen. Meanwhile, Daniel Fignolé, tall, slim, good-looking, and blessed with a talent for rousing Creole rhetoric, wielded enormous power in the capital, where he could unleash adoring masses to do great damage. Many black soldiers also favored him, and some officers. Clément Jumelle, Magloire's Finance Minister, claimed significant support within the public administration and among the professional class. And, finally, Duvalier, issuing his call for black salvation in halting, somewhat mystical terms, had a strong following in the north and throughout the countryside, and was a favorite not only of many black soldiers but of key black officers. And though it was known that a group of operatives he had assembled was planting bombs and concocting other violent "dirty tricks," he managed to retain his benign image: Papa Doc, the slightly dotty country doctor.

As the four candidates fought each other through the rise and fall of five governments, through general strikes, mass demonstrations, bombings, attempted assassinations, and political violence of every sort, it gradually became clear that Duvalier had an all-important advantage: "the impossibility of any electoral victory on the part of his opponents," as the political scientist and future President Leslie Manigat observed. Jumelle had been wholly discredited by the corruption and scandals of the last regime; Fignolé was a populist rabble-rouser whom the élite would never countenance; and Déjoie, the strongest of the three, was an élite mulatto facing three blacks in an overwhelmingly black and highly race-sensitive country.

The deciding event was the "civil war" of May 25, 1957, when the Army split in two. A Déjoie faction broke off and took up positions across the Champ de Mars from the bulk of the military, in the Dessalines Barracks behind the Palace. As crowds gathered to watch, artillery bombarded the barracks, and snipers fired back, picking off several of the gunners. (Within the barracks, according to the memoirs of Colonel Pressoir Pierre, a Duvalierist, the soldiers were "overcome with panic" under the artillery barrage, but a young second lieutenant named Henri Namphy "went—in peril of his life—directly to the line of fire seizing control of the situation and restoring confidence to his men.")

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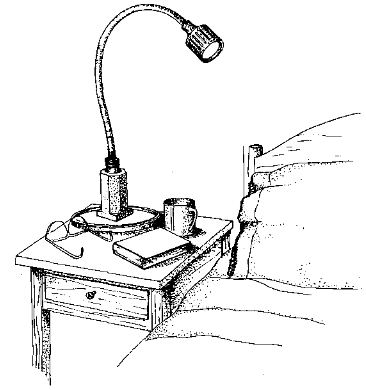

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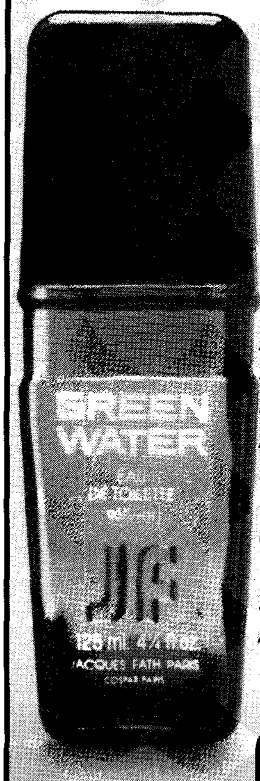

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When the "civil war" was over, seventeen soldiers and perhaps a hundred civilians were dead and the Déjoie faction had been defeated. Some of the leading "rebel" officers were cashiered and a few imprisoned. With Déjoie weakened, Duvalier moved to deal with Fignolé, joining with Jumelle to support the appointment of the young firebrand as provisional President.

On the day of Fignolé's inauguration, Port-au-Prince was the scene of delirious celebration; the following dawn revealed that the façades of many of the city's houses and other buildings had been emblazoned with the Fignolé insignia and the slogan "We have taken power for 25 years!"

"The speed with which the slogans had been printed frightened me," Colonel Pierre notes in his memoirs. The high command's fears were not eased when the young President ordered a reshuffling of officers that would send certain loyalists of May 25th to posts outside the capital, and announced, without consulting the high command, that he was doubling his soldiers' pay. Fignolé's days were numbered.

On June 14th, the soldiers of the Dessalines Barracks were pleased to learn that a double feature would be shown in the barracks that evening. As they filed into the theatre, they were asked to leave their rifles outside, "to prevent accidents." Having enjoyed two Westerns, the now unarmed soldiers were loaded into trucks and driven out of the capital. Meanwhile, in the Palace, there came a sharp knock at the door of the Cabinet room, and a group of officers burst in, machine guns in hand, and marched the provisional President down the hall, out of the building, and to a wharf, where his family had been assembled on a waiting launch; the Fignolés were on their way to twenty-nine years of exile in New York. Before his supporters had any inkling of trouble, "the cowboy-movie coup" ended the political career of the populist President. He had ruled for nineteen days.

When it dawned on the slum dwellers of Port-au-Prince that they had been deprived of their idol, they reacted first with paralysis and then, two nights later, with fury. A rumor—that crucial weapon of Haitian politics—began to race through the city that Fignolé was still in Haiti, that he was being held in Fort Dimanche prison, that he would soon be executed.

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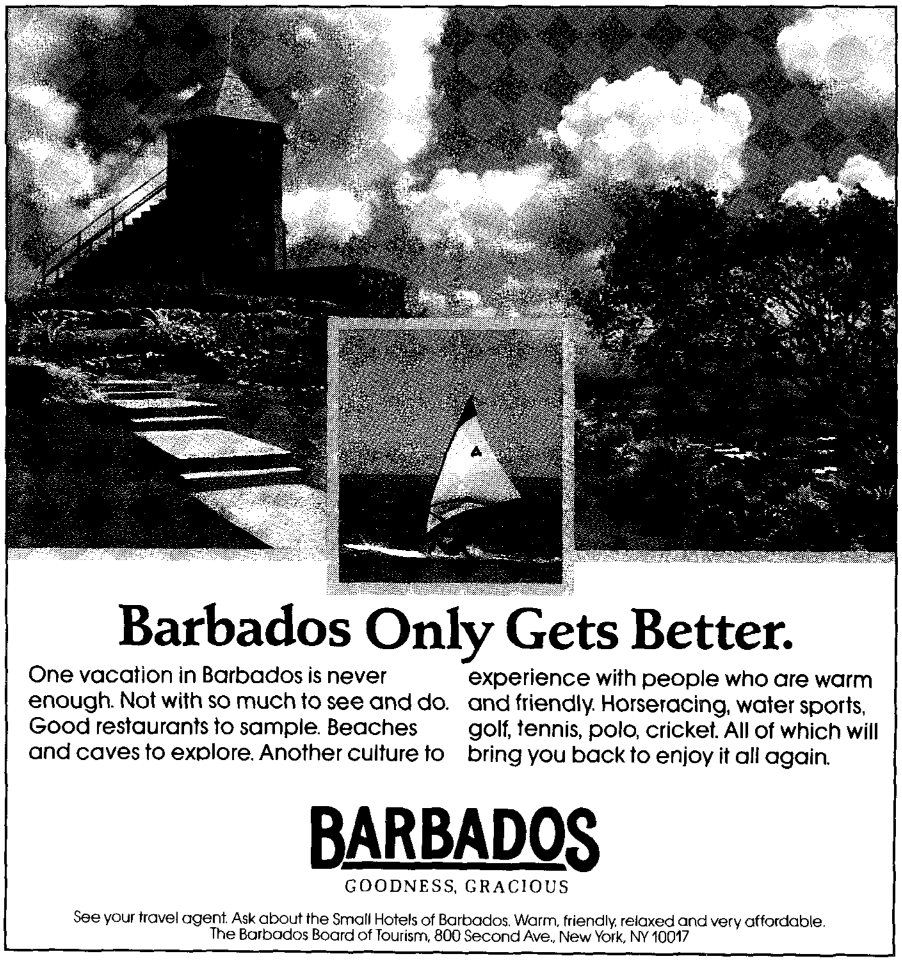

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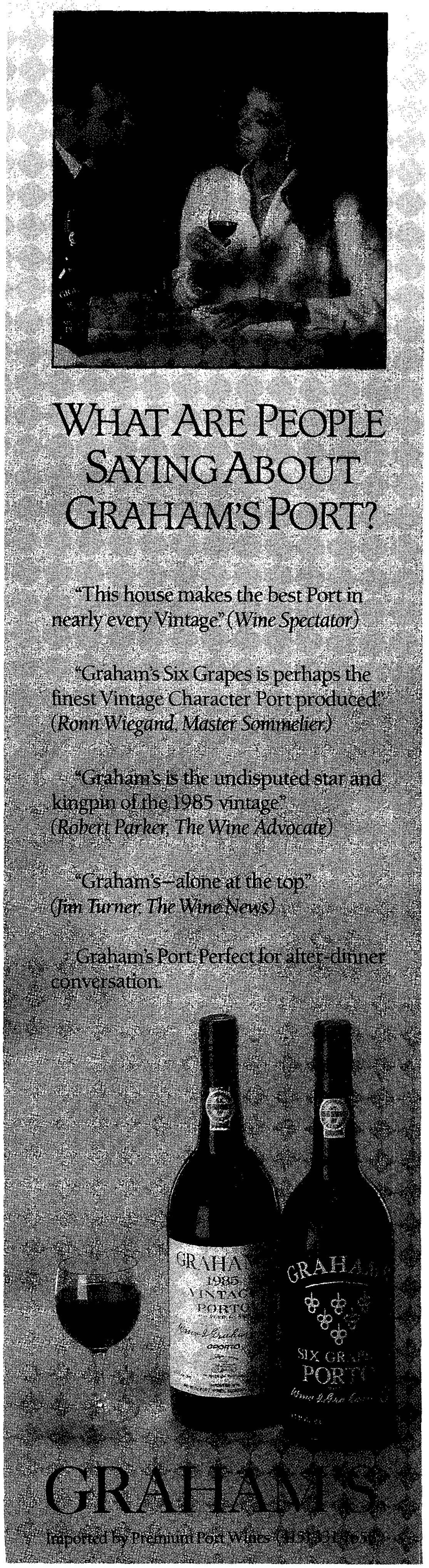

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huge, howling mob rose up, making a roar that, in the words of Maurepas Auguste, then an Army officer, "could have terrified the most courageous: a formless and mournful tumult, like that signalling the approach of a hurricane, raised by tens of thousands of people screaming to raise the dead and accompanied by a sinister clashing and smashing of all sorts of objects." This was the *bat tènèb*, the "tenebrous beating": the screaming crowd pounded machetes, knives, pots, and pans against the lampposts, smashing the street lights block upon block as they advanced, plunging the entire city into a deafening darkness.

General Antonio Kébreau, the Army chief of staff, unleashed his troops. The city had become "a jungle," he explained to journalists the next day. "You heard, gentlemen, those cries of savage beasts, those electric poles resonating, that infernal noise." From Fort Dimanche, soldiers directed heavy-machine-gun fire into the crowd; then, behind armored cars and tanks, they advanced into the slums, massacring the people in the streets and later moving from house to house to slaughter those who had taken refuge.

The next day, the soldiers brought in trucks and loaded up the bodies, and with them came the firemen, to hose down the blood-soaked streets. Since the soldiers dumped their truckloads into secret graves, no one knows how many died during the *nuit rouge;* estimates range from five hundred to several thousand. Whatever the number, the slums had been quieted.

On September 22nd, the mild-mannered country doctor was elected President for a six-year term, carrying into office with him a solidly Duvalierist legislature. Though Déjoie outpolled him in Port-au-Prince, Duvalier showed overwhelming support outside the capital; indeed, in some places the number of votes helpfully delivered by the officers well exceeded that of the local population. But though fraud was certainly widespread, there could be no question of Duvalier's popularity.

To the defeated candidates, Duvalier's election was merely another step in the *parenthèse*—merely the latest move in the political struggle that had racked the country for nine months. Déjoie insisted that he was the true winner (and his son was still making that claim thirty years later). From exile, Fignolé claimed that he remained Haiti's constitutional President (and he continued to say so until his death, in 1986). Both, along with Jumelle's supporters and the many still loyal to the exiled Magloire, vowed to continue the struggle. All expected that Duvalier would soon be overthrown, and wanted to be in a position to seize the opening when it came.

Within a few days of the election, bombs began exploding around Port-au-Prince, fires erupted in the countryside, ambushes were laid. In one incident, an Army post near the capital was attacked and several soldiers were murdered, most while they slept; the attackers were never identified but were widely believed to be pro-Déjoie renegades. When Déjoie supporters launched a commercial strike, however, soldiers and armed Duvalierist toughs forced open the doors of the shops and welcomed in the hungry crowds to pick the shelves clean.

It is tempting to speculate about what Duvalier would have become had he not been obliged to wage, from the moment he took office, "two years of permanent struggle. Against a conspiracy of all sectors. . . . plots, conspiracies, invasions," in the (admittedly self-serving) words of General Gérard Constant, a close Duvalier associate who eventually served as his chief of staff. "Conspiracy was permanent," Constant said in a published interview with Haitian writer Michel Soukar. "The Fignolists were on a war footing. . . . They were like the first Christians who were waiting for the return of the Messiah. . . . The subversion helped to give birth to Duvalier, and the ferocity of the regime. Power makes the man, and power reveals the man. But would there have been occasion to exercise his ferocity if everything that happened hadn't taken place?"

At the end of 1957, Duvalier found himself faced with two alternatives, Constant said: either "he would be *incapable of ruling*, and in three or six months he would fall," or he would succeed in "making his rule perennial. The rule of a single class." The choice was obvious. "It was decided, therefore, to oppose this terrorism with a terrorism of the State."

To retain power in the fragmented world of Haitian politics became Duvalier's obsession, and the steps he took to do so would dominate the country's politics for more than three decades.

After receiving the Presidential sash from General Kébreau, on October 22nd, Duvalier pledged to "guarantee the exercise of liberty to all Haitians" and "to reconcile the nation with itself." As for his "enemies," the mumbling country doctor said, "I have no enemies except those of the nation."

DURING the first years of his regime, Duvalier's consuming need to solidify his power combined with a series of plots, conspiracies, and invasions to produce a complicated repressive apparatus that Manigat has called "the Fascism of underdevelopment." In time, the various organs of the predatory state—the secret police, the Presidential Guard, the factionalized Army, and, above all, the Tontons Macoutes—reached into every cranny of the country, nourished by a vast system of informers. But the system was designed not to foster a totalitarian, class-destroying revolution but to insure, at all costs, the longevity of Duvalier's rule. As the President later said of his beloved Macoutes, they "have but one soul: Duvalier; know but one master: Duvalier; struggle but for one destiny: Duvalier in power."

The core of Duvalier's machinery of repression had taken shape during the campaign, when he assembled the group of bombmakers, saboteurs, agents provocateurs, dirty tricksters, and strong-arm men. These terrorists then put together a rank and file of young Duvalierist toughs, drawing on the virtually inexhaustible supply of manpower in the slums. A dominant member of the early core group was Clément Barbot, a slender black man given to severely elegant suits and dark glasses who became the head of Duvalier's secret police (he was said to hand out business cards identifying him as such) and later played a leading role in setting up the militia.

Soon after Duvalier's inauguration, while the country echoed with bombings and calls to revolt, a squad of heavily armed, hooded men burst into the home of a well-known pro-Déjoie journalist, manhandled her teen-age

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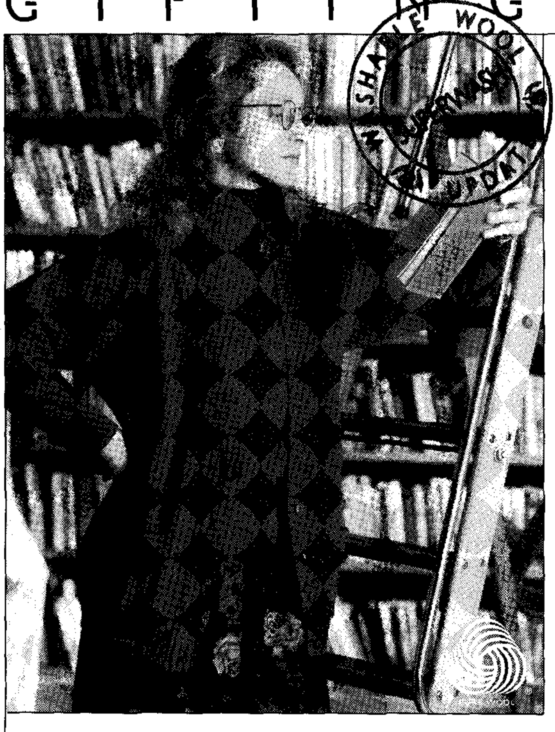

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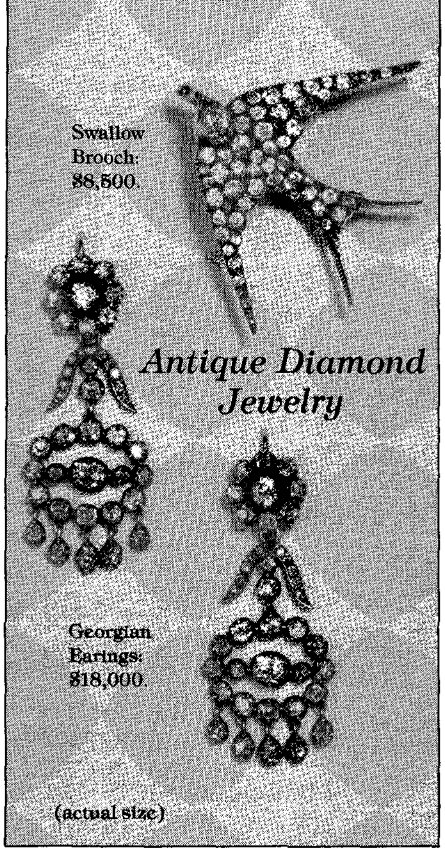

children, then carried her off; she was raped, savagely beaten, and left sprawled half-naked and near death on the roadside. Barbot and his group had assumed a new, more frightening shape—that of sinister *cagoulards*. In the coming nights, these "hooded ones" paid visits to other prominent members of the opposition; some were beaten, some were carried off to Fort Dimanche and other prisons, some disappeared entirely.

The Duvalier method quickly became clear: attack swiftly and on all fronts, always maintaining the initiative; move to crush, then co-opt, any independent power center; respect no boundaries in administering terror, liquidating not only adversaries but their families and friends, and in as spectacularly brutal a fashion as possible; and, above all, trust no one—and particularly not those who seem to be loyal allies. Independent power in itself was anathema, even if it might appear to be perfectly loyal at the moment; all independent power must be obliterated.

Jumelle had already gone underground, and Déjoie did the same, slipping out of the country and eventually making his way to Cuba, where, with the support of the newly installed Fidel Castro, he began training Haitian exiles to mount an invasion. Fignolé travelled from New York to Cuba and engaged in similar pursuits. In New York, General Magloire plotted and kept in touch with exile groups. In Washington, exiled Haitian politicians were soon remonstrating with desk officers in the State Department and the C.I.A., soliciting support for the liberation of the homeland. Spies were everywhere in the rapidly growing exile communities, as Haitians plotted and planned, against Duvalier and against one another. And in Santo Domingo the crafty old Dominican dictator Rafael Trujillo was wining and dining the Haitian chief of staff, his good friend General Kébreau, as if Kébreau, and not Duvalier, were the Haitian head of state.

In a touching ceremony soon after he took office, the President had bestowed on General Kébreau an unheard-of six-year term as Army chief. Barely five months later, Duvalier, whom many officers openly disdained as a figurehead, abruptly transferred most of Kébreau's principal allies out of Port-au-Prince. Having long held him in contempt, the officers were not

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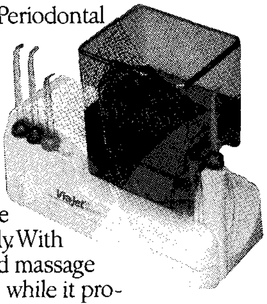

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prepared for his decisiveness or ruthlessness, or the skill with which he played on their lingering jealousies and rivalries. Once Duvalier had exiled Kébreau's men, he wasted no time in purging Kébreau himself. The first the powerful general heard of his fall was a thirteen-gun salute accompanying the appointment of his successor, whereupon he sought asylum in the Dominican Embassy.

Kébreau's successor lasted only nine months. Again and again, Duvalier moved to purge the upper ranks of the Army, at one point shooting a number of officers after a coup plot came to light, at others abruptly retiring or imprisoning the Old Guard, or sending officers into exile to various foreign embassies. He sniffed out plotters or simply removed figures he suspected might one day become plotters. Even those older men who had been his staunchest allies were mercilessly purged, for they commanded the one thing that could not be allowed to exist: independent power. All the while, Duvalier continued to advance much younger black officers rapidly through the ranks. He rewarded his favorites handsomely, promoting brutal, ambitious men like Claude Raymond, his godson, and Gracia Jacques, whom Duvalier had known since he was a child.

The goal was to factionalize, weaken, and thereby neutralize the military as an institution capable of any independent action: to "Duvalierize" it. And Duvalier's most important tool, here, as in other areas, was his genius for exploiting the jealousies and vanities of others, setting the already divided officers against one another, spreading suspicion and intrigue. He methodically emasculated the officer corps by reaching around the chain of command, telephoning minor provincial officers personally and without bothering to inform their superiors. Promotions were dependent on the whim of the President alone. He put Raymond in charge of the newly created Presidential Guard, an élite unit of several hundred men, every one of whom became well known to Duvalier, took orders directly from him, and lived and worked within the Palace grounds.

Finally, he moved the Army's main store of weapons into the basement of the Palace. "Last June, one visitor was shown how Haitian military logistics operate," Richard Eder, of the New York *Times*, later wrote. "He was sitting with Duvalier in his office when an aide came to tell the President that guerrillas had landed at Saltrou and the Army needed ammunition. Silently the President took a gold key from his pocket and took out a revolver. He got up, tiptoed to the door and cocked the revolver, opened the door and peered out. A secretary appeared and he gave her the gold key."

The crucial event both for the military and for the future of Duvalier's regime was *l'affaire Pasquet*, also known as "the Dade County Deputy Sheriffs' Invasion." It was the first and, in its way, the most serious of a succession of buffoonish attempts to overthrow Papa Doc—an eight-man invasion launched from Florida which, in its sheer comic-opera absurdity, almost succeeded. It was led by Captain Alix Pasquet, a well-known mulatto officer who had been close to Magloire. Two mulatto officers with similar pedigrees joined Pasquet, as did five Amer-

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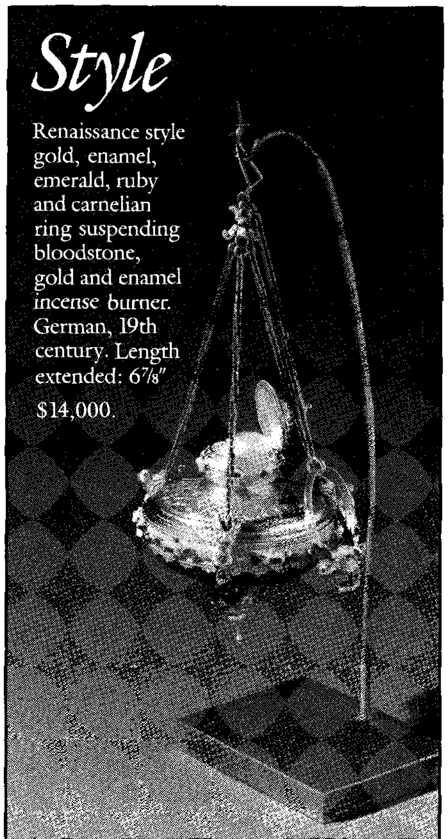

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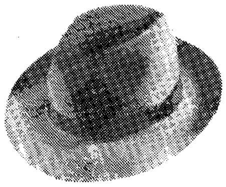

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Late on the night of July 28, 1958, during Duvalier's ninth month in power, the invaders disembarked from a motor launch north of Port-au-Prince and fought a short engagement with a military patrol, killing three soldiers. The three Haitian officers and five Americans piled into a commandeered "tap-tap" *camionnette*, drove into the capital, and, bluffing their way past the guards, managed to seize the Dessalines Barracks, adjacent to the Palace. Placing the troops under guard, they settled in and began to make telephone calls, informing various commanders that they had taken control and demanding their support, then calling Duvalier directly to tell him the game was up. As the dictator later recounted in his memoirs:

> Awakened by the firing and the cannon reports, I donned the uniform of a soldier . . . and called the commander of the barracks. Instead of the commander, a voice answered: "This is Alix Pasquet. There's no general here." Pasquet then arrogantly demanded that I give my name, title and rank. "President of the Republic and Supreme Chief of the Armed Forces," I answered. Whereupon the little maniac dared to order the Chief of State to put down his arms and present himself at the gate of the Dessalines Barracks with a white flag. . . .
>
> I hung up the telephone, picked up my rifle and my steel helmet. Surrounded by Duvalierist allies, male and female (the core of the future *militia*), loyal officers, the men of my secret police, I waited until dawn . . . to order [the assault].

Actually, according to other accounts, the President of the Republic panicked, packed his bags, and, in the tradition of tottering Haitian heads of state, made ready for a run to a foreign embassy. However, the position of the invaders, who might well have taken the Palace if they hadn't paused to telephone first, was becoming shakier each moment, and became hopeless when Duvalier learned that the invading force numbered only eight. (One of the rebel officers, unable to control his urge for a Haitian cigarette, had nonchalantly sent a captive soldier out to fetch some, and the man had been quickly interrogated.) And Duvalier already knew something the rebels did not—that the nation's cache of arms, which they thought they controlled, was in the Palace basement.

As dawn broke over Port-au-Prince, François Duvalier—a slight, owlish man with thick black spectacles, looking more than usually incongruous in

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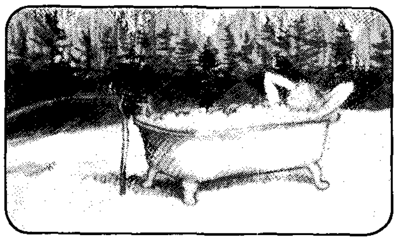

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his fatigues and steel helmet, with a .45 in his belt—marched out with Claude Raymond and Gracia Jacques and a number of other friends, and laid siege to the barracks. The Palace's emergency sirens wailed, rallying calls went out to loyal Duvalierists over the radio, and it wasn't long before Captain Pasquet and his accomplices in the barracks were surrounded by a mob of bloodthirsty partisans.

The rebels' calls to important commanders having met with no success—they were waiting to see which way the wind blew—the eight now had no allies and no options. When the gang of soldiers and Duvalierist irregulars charged the barracks behind a hail of bullets and grenades, the rebels had nowhere to go. Pasquet and four others, including three of the Americans, died in the barracks; their bodies were stripped and battered by the attackers. The remaining three were tracked down nearby; a soldier shot one American, and the crowd tore the two other men to pieces, paraded their remains triumphantly through the streets, and later carried them into the Palace to present to their President.

Duvalier, resplendent in his fatigues and helmet, and flanked by his gun-waving young officers and partisans, seemed a very different man; he had become, in the words of General Constant, "an implacable monster, unpitying in everything that concerned his power."

BY this time, the Duvalierist legislature had voted the President full emergency powers. Duvalier was ruling by decree: the country was under a state of siege, and a nighttime curfew had been imposed. The *cagoulards* were continuing their nocturnal visits, and the newspapers and radio stations they had not destroyed were muffled by government censorship. At moments of heightened stress, armed Duvalierists—tough-looking black men wearing dark glasses, with pistols bulging under their suit jackets—patrolled the streets checking identification papers. Now, after the Pasquet affair, Duvalier moved to create what might be called the single defining institution of his regime: the Tontons Macoutes.

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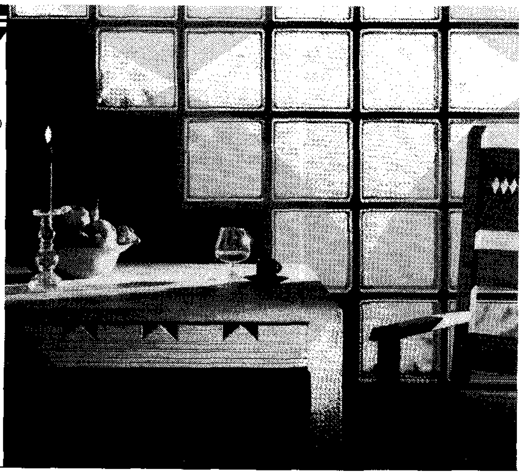

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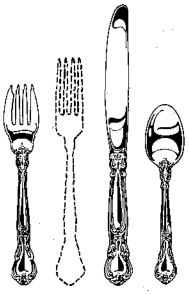
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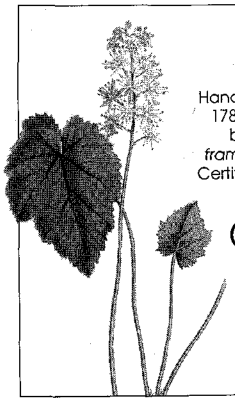
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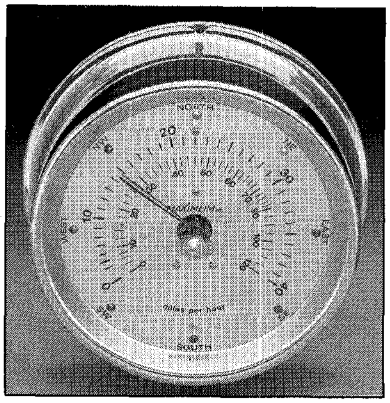
the organization itself was new, the Macoutes worked by infecting already existing structures of authority, thereby enabling the Duvalier partisans to multiply their power a hundredfold.

In the countryside, for example, the *chefs de section* very often became leading Tontons Macoutes. And the voodoo priests, usually the most powerful men in their villages or towns, who had mostly been key supporters of Duvalier during the campaign, as well as the *gros nègs* of a given community—the better-off peasants, who could hire labor and lend money to their fellows—often became leading Macoutes, too.

Duvalier had created his own mass movement, devised to repel invaders and to fight the *apatrides*, "the countryless ones" (Déjoie, Fignolé, and the other plotters had been deprived of their citizenship, and their property confiscated). Macoute Day, on which huge mobs of Macoutes, in uniforms of blue denim, with red neckerchiefs, would pour into the grounds of the Palace, listen to their leader's peroration, then swarm out into the capital, firing their weapons (and often killing a number of people), was July 29th, in remembrance of the Pasquet invasion.

While the most powerful Macoutes were often the *chefs de section*, voodoo priests, and *gros nègs*, the bulk of the force—its foot soldiers—came from the slums and the villages. They were illiterate blacks, poor and wholly unsentimental; Duvalier, in raising them up to be Macoutes, had given them overwhelming power, for the first time in their lives, and they wielded it without pity, especially when it came to those élites who had theretofore despised them.

The Macoutes' reason for being—indeed, their only hope of ensuring their own survival—was to keep Duvalier in power. They did this by growing and spreading; Macoutes emerged in every neighborhood and every institution, in every ministry of the government and every school, and as taxi-drivers, bartenders, and bus drivers. Though the most frightening Macoutes were the fierce men in blue uniforms and dark sunglasses who waved their guns about, abused people on the street, killed with impunity, and terrorized the capital during crises, there were many more who did not wear uniforms but nonetheless belonged to the militia, carried "the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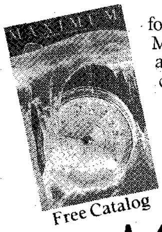
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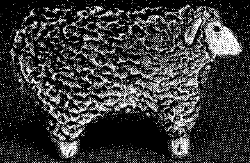
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card,” informed on their colleagues, and remained vigilant guardians of Duvalierism. No one knew how many there were (after Jean-Claude Duvalier fell, the newspapers’ estimates varied from fifteen thousand to three hundred thousand). In time, the Macoutes permeated everything in Haiti, including the Haitian mind.

For the Haitian child, “Tonton Macoute” has always been the dark side of Christmas: If you have been a good boy, Tonton Noël (Uncle Christmas) will come and reward you with wonderful gifts from his treasure-laden sack; if you have been a bad boy, Tonton Macoute (Uncle Knapsack) will come and grab you, throw you in *his* sack, which is huge and dark, and carry you off into the night. The figure of the frightening bogeyman carrying off naughty children is probably universal, but in Haiti, where secret societies ruled the night in the countryside, where in some areas people knew they could not travel after dark without a “safe conduct” granted by these unofficial, voodoo-linked authorities, and where stories of travellers vanishing in the darkness were common, it took on a deeper resonance. This was especially true for the peasants, and for the urban masses, most of whom were transplanted peasants or their children. For them, the Macoute was not just a brutal man with a gun; he was evil and all-powerful. As every Haitian knew, Papa Doc was the incarnation of Baron Samedi, the voodoo *loa* who trafficked with the dead. And the Macoutes were his creatures.

“You know what my very first memory is?” a Haitian friend asked me. “It was a Sunday, and my father had taken me to church. We walked out into the big market at Carrefour—he was holding my hand, I remember, and it was bright sunshine. And then suddenly, across the market, appeared Ti Bobo” —a huge, dreaded Macoute—“and people saw him, and heads turned. And suddenly, just like that, the people ran *like mice.* The whole crowd—everybody—just ran, in panic. Ti Bobo just stood there laughing.”

Ti Bobo passed into the realm of legend in 1967, when a soldier he had abused checked a machine gun out of the barracks armory, searched out Ti Bobo, and methodically cut him in half. Duvalier gave Ti Bobo a state funeral. Many other Macoutes have also attained legendary status, thanks to their creative achievements in brutality. (Several women are among them, the most prominent being Mme. Max Adolphe, a celebrated sadist and connoisseur of pornography, who was a leader of the Macoutes and a warden of the infamous Fort Dimanche, where she is said to have delighted in mutilating the genitals of her male prisoners.) Any Haitian can tell you Macoute stories. They are carved in his mind, like the memory of a unique force of nature.

The Macoutes were Papa Doc’s instruments; by virtue of him they were above the law. The overwhelming majority of them were not paid—officially, they were called National Security Volunteers—and depended for their living on extortion. As Laënnec Hurbon has written, they were “a mode of inscription of the President as the sole legitimate owner of the nation.” Hurbon quotes an expatriate Haitian worker: “If somebody touches a militiaman, it is Duvalier he touches.” The Macoutes *were*

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Duvalier; they need answer only to him.

A Macoute would take his food from the market without paying for it, ride free in buses and taxis, demand that peasants bring in his harvest, and press the wealthier residents of his neighborhood to make contributions to his upkeep. A Macoute's demand that somebody hand over his car, his land, even his house was often preceded by the suggestion that the owner seemed a bit disloyal to Duvalier. A refusal to give up what was desired would be interpreted as an act hostile to Duvalier, and a reluctant owner could be beaten, imprisoned, even killed on the spot; there was no appeal, no recourse to a higher authority. In many cases, wealthy Haitians were forced into exile, and stripped of their nationality and their property. Macoutes who infested the public administration not only drew several monthly checks, in the time-honored fashion of Haiti's public servants, but used their posts to acquire public property.

In time, the Macoutes became so insatiable, Hurbon writes, that "in some villages the development of Macoutism caused certain businessmen and small producers to reduce the volume of their businesses, to avoid working for the sole profit of the Macoutes." There was only one sure way of protecting oneself—by becoming a Macoute. Not necessarily a gun-toting militiaman but an informer, a member of the organization; for there were no part-time Macoutes. A good Duvalierist, as the ardent Duvalier Minister Luckner Cambronne put it, "stands ready to kill his children, or children to kill their parents." Through the pervasiveness and omnipotence of the Macoutes, Duvalier would proclaim himself "the lord and master of this land of Haiti."

DURING the regime's first three years, the Army was purged and cowed, the independent press was destroyed, and those opposition figures who had not been murdered were imprisoned, driven underground, or forced into exile. The leadership of the Haitian "counter-élite" that customarily fought for power was left to expend its energies in plotting invasions and coups.

Beginning with the Pasquet affair, a rhythm was established which would be further refined with each invasion: While militiamen and soldiers rushed

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to meet the invaders, sirens wailed in the capital, and a curfew was declared. Heavily armed Macoutes raced about the city, setting up roadblocks (where they demanded "tolls" of passing motorists), beating or imprisoning anyone who looked slightly "suspicious," murdering anyone who resisted. The embassies began to fill with Haitians seeking asylum. In Fort Dimanche, political prisoners were summarily executed. Families of the invaders, if they were unfortunate enough to have remained in Haiti, were tracked down and massacred. Villagers who had had contact with invaders were also massacred. Corpses were left lying on the street for days, and when the police or Macoutes finally picked them up they were not returned to the families.

During these crises, the capital was often blacked out, the nights were full of unexplained shooting, and rumors were the only source of news. Duvalier would disappear into the Palace for weeks at a time, and forbid his family to venture out—a restriction that was particularly hard on his three small daughters. "The Macoutes would come and wake me in the middle of the night and tell me *he* had sent for me," a beautiful mulatto woman who had been a dressmaker in Port-au-Prince told me. "They would take me to the Palace. I had no way to refuse. I would find these poor little girls waiting for me, tired and bored out of their minds. They hadn't been out of the Palace in weeks, and now their father, who adored them, had promised that they could have new dresses. It was dark outside, there was shooting, everyone was home scared out of his wits, and there I was in the Palace with these little girls, measuring them, showing them patterns and material, doing anything I could to amuse them. I felt sorry for them. I was called there many times, but I remember seeing *him* only once. He was up on a balcony, looking down at us. He looked and looked, then he smiled a little."

Within months of the Pasquet affair, the smiling Duvalier's Macoutes and soldiers tracked down Charles and Ducasse Jumelle, brothers of the former candidate, and murdered them while they slept. (For the benefit of the press, their bodies were dragged outside and posed with pistols in their hands.) Less than a year later, Clément Jumelle himself staggered into the Cuban Embassy, mortally ill of uremia, and died

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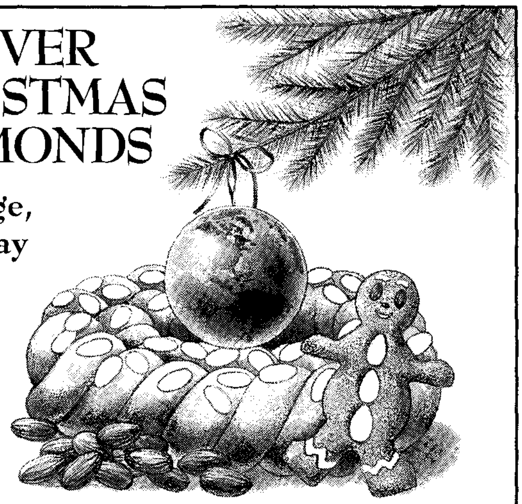

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there. His funeral procession provides a famous scene of those years: as the Jumelle cortège moved slowly toward Sacré Cœur, a car filled with machine-gun-toting Macoutes, siren wailing, cut in front of the hearse. The Macoutes dragged out the coffin and heaved it into the back of an accompanying pickup truck. Then they roared off, siren still wailing. Jumelle was given a secret burial, with Macoutes the only mourners, in his home town of Saint-Marc.

A little more than a year after Pasquet's coup attempt, a squad of thirty Cubans, led by an Algerian associate of Déjoie, landed on the southwestern tip of the island. The invaders were quickly contained by Haitian soldiers and by peasants. (The peasants were offered large rewards for the invaders' heads.) All but five of the Cubans were killed, as was the Algerian, and the survivors were paraded in the capital and eventually returned to Castro.

In this instance, the Haitian soldiers were being advised by the United States Marines, whom Duvalier had invited in to help retrain his Army. This action had surprised the Americans and shocked the Haitians, for they were well acquainted with Duvalier's proclaimed views on the American influence in Haiti's history. But the American mission not only helped Duvalier immobilize the Army but also allowed him to confront his opponents with what seemed strong American support for his regime.

From the beginning, Duvalier's relationship with the Americans was complicated and contradictory. It had been generally thought that the Embassy favored Déjoie, though Duvalier had enough prominent American supporters to let him suggest that the Americans were actually backing him. Yet the ex-Presidents Magloire and Fignolé did their plotting from bases in New York, and the Pasquet invasion had set off from Florida, which Duvalier did not let his supporters forget. Finally, Duvalier's invitation to the Marines put Americans squarely in the middle of his struggle with the Army, and his attempts to use them to train the militia launched a series of struggles that would end, in 1963, with the withdrawal of the Marine mission after four years.

But the major issue between the two countries was foreign aid. The prolonged political chaos had left Haiti's

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treasury empty; ninety per cent of its people remained illiterate; and, during the years since the occupation, its roads and bridges had fallen into a disastrous state of disrepair. These conditions worsened under Duvalier, whose regime by 1963 was spending more than half its budget on the Presidential Guard and the Macoutes, and siphoning off much of the rest in an enormous spree of corruption. Funds were pilfered directly through unbudgeted accounts attached to the Régie du Tabac, the government tobacco monopoly, which included taxes on cotton, sugar, and other products. Import licenses, franchises, and monopolies were sold to businessmen willing to pay substantial kickbacks.

Such measures, which would be vastly expanded under Papa Doc's son, were, in effect, ways to suck more money from the peasants and the urban poor, by both reducing their income from commodity exports and increasing the price they had to pay for staple imports. (The system became known as *pèzé-sucé*—"squeeze and suck"—after a popular frozen treat.) Though the bureaucrats were now in many cases drawn from the black "middle classes," the techniques through which they filled their pockets were the same as the ones that the élite, both mulatto and black, had used in Haiti since the war of independence.

In 1960, American aid represented about thirty per cent of the country's budget, the following year about half; Duvalier was demanding that the Americans greatly increase the amounts, and also that the money be offered without conditions, which he claimed violated Haiti's sovereignty. The Americans, wary of seeing their money flow into the hands of Macoutes or Duvalierist ministers, insisted on having some say in how the funds were spent.

The rise of Castro added to this diplomatic poker game a crucial new card, and Duvalier used it skillfully throughout his reign. Haiti lay fifty miles east of Cuba, next door was the Dominican Republic, and from there it was a short hop east to Puerto Rico. If these facts of geography were lost on American planners, the Cuban leader's several attempts to intervene in the Dominican Republic and the presence of Haitian exiles undergoing training at Cuban bases served to remind them.

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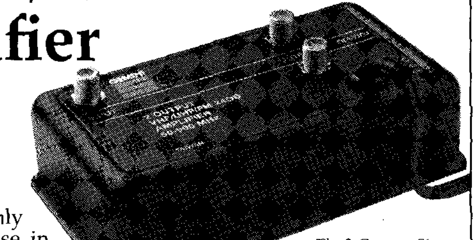

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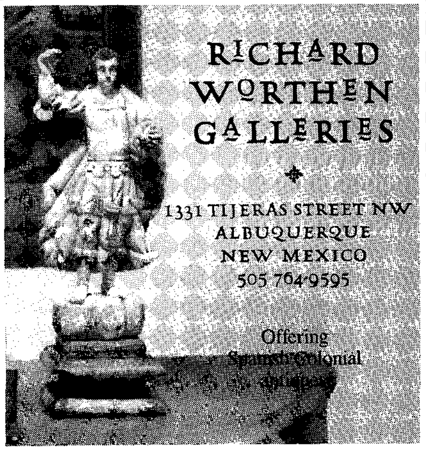

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were not satisfied, he responded with lightly veiled threats, the most famous being the "Appeal of Jacmel," a 1960 speech in which the dictator demanded a "massive injection of money" from the United States, and went on to muse about "the two great poles of attraction in the world today" between which small states like Haiti (as the Cuban experience showed) were forced to make a difficult choice. To underline his threat, Duvalier received trade missions from Poland and Czechoslovakia, and played an adroit cat-and-mouse game with Haitian Communists, whose presence he needed to make his threats credible. Duvalier allowed leftist students to agitate now and then, and, to disturb the already nervous Americans further, maintained in his government a number of Haitians with Communist backgrounds.

Against a United States Administration obsessed with Castro and his growing influence in Latin America, this sort of blackmail was a potent weapon. Sometimes it was less than subtle; in 1962, when the member nations of the Organization of American States met in Punta del Este, Uruguay, for the famous conference that excluded Cuba, the United States needed Haiti's vote for a two-thirds majority. "The foreign minister of Haiti . . . calmly remarked to [Secretary of State Dean] Rusk that he came from a poor country in desperate need of aid," and "obviously this need would affect his vote," Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., who was a delegate at the conference, wrote later. "We finally yielded to blackmail and agreed to resume our aid to the airport at Port au Prince."

WITHIN Haiti, Duvalier continued his attack on the opposition, the definition of which had now been expanded to include the labor unions, students, and the Catholic Church. His tactics remained the same. Recalcitrant labor leaders were beaten and imprisoned, and replaced with Macoutes. The drivers' union, which retained the power to paralyze the country and was thus by far the most important, was thoroughly Macoutized, the drivers serving as a useful source of intelligence for the regime. Students went on strike, and many were imprisoned.

Duvalier also moved against the country's priests, three-quarters of them foreigners (mostly French and Canadian), whom he saw—with some

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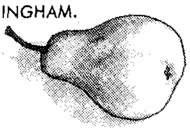

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reason—as representatives of the élite, allied with the students, in opposition to the regime. In 1959, to make it dramatically clear that men of the cloth enjoyed no special dispensation, Macoutes invaded the Port-au-Prince cathedral during Sunday Mass, beat scores of people senseless, including priests at the altar, then arrested them. He began summarily, sometimes brutally, expelling priests, including two archbishops of Port-au-Prince.

For the Vatican, it was too much. The papal nuncio was withdrawn, Duvalier excommunicated. No matter. Macoute priests took the places of many of those expelled. Macoutes also took control of Haiti's only university. Professional people began to flee the country in a great flood, making the diaspora—and many of the new countries of Africa as well—far richer in Haitian doctors, nurses, lawyers, economists, and other technicians than Haiti itself.

In April, 1961, Duvalier held an election for the legislature, as his constitution required. The regime's propaganda apparatus kicked into high gear, distributing to peasants who were trucked in from the provinces thousands of straw hats bearing the slogan "*Vive Papa Doc!*" Each ballot, as was customary, read at the top, "*République d'Haiti Dr. François Duvalier, Président de la République.*" When the results were in, to no one's surprise the all-Duvalierist slate had been handsomely returned to office. ("Army men with guns forced everyone emerging from church to go to the polls," *Commonweal* reported. "All were handed the ballot of just one candidate and informed that the . . . others had been jailed the night before.") But the President went a step further, announcing to his astonished fellow-citizens that in fact this had been a Presidential election as well, that the official-looking name at the top of every ballot actually meant that every vote cast had been a vote for Duvalier himself—and that he was pleased to accept the wish of all Haitians to return him to office for another six-year term (though the current one still had two years to run); the vote was 1,320,748 to zero.

It was a preposterous move, audacious and absurd. But it was brilliant as well, for it avoided the turmoil that inevitably accompanies the last year or two of a Haitian President's term, when he tries to extend his mandate

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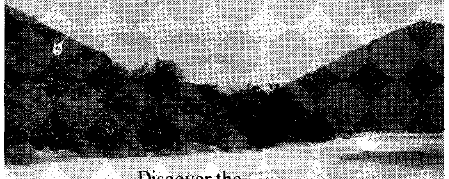

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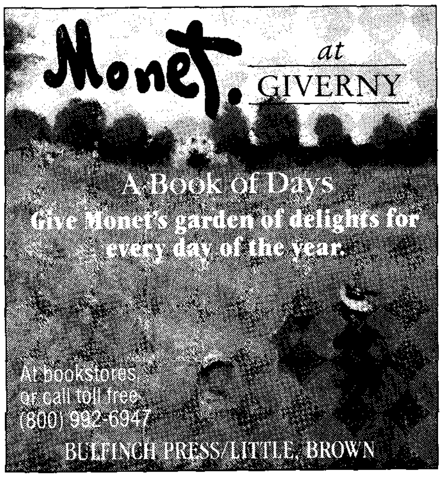

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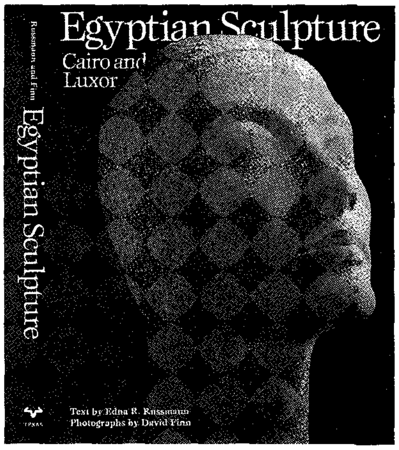
and the various powerful elements of the country fight to dislodge him. Now Duvalier had declared his intention of remaining, and claimed the support of the Haitian people for doing so—and he had done it, as usual, in a manner calculated to keep the opposition off balance.

Probably the height of Duvalier's terror came in the months before and after May, 1963, when he had been scheduled to give up power. April began with the discovery of another plot in the military, and soon the horribly beaten body of one officer was lying in the sun on the parade ground, providing a lesson to his friends. Duvalier's main opponent had become his own ruthless former secret-police chief, Clément Barbot, whom the dictator, sniffing disloyalty, had thrown into Fort Dimanche. Although Duvalier finally released him, and presented him with a new automobile to show there were no hard feelings, Barbot eventually went underground.

The climax of the terror came on April 26th, when a person or persons unknown (Barbot, it turned out) assassinated the two bodyguards and the driver of Jean-Claude Duvalier and one of his sisters as they were being dropped off at school. The operation was precise—one shot to each man—and the children were not harmed (the goal may have been to lure Duvalier to the scene, in order to assassinate him). But, in the Palace, Duvalier exploded in rage, and Port-au-Prince became a bloodbath. Macoutes and Presidential Guards swarmed over the city, shooting down anyone unfortunate enough to be driving a car similar to that driven by the attacker, and murdering ex-military officers, who were thought to be the only ones capable of such marksmanship. Hundreds of people were arrested and carried off to Fort Dimanche; few of them ever reappeared. Roadblocks sprang up everywhere, and in the chaos that had descended on Port-au-Prince anyone foolish enough to be found on the street invariably spent most of his time standing with his hands in the air and a machete poised above his neck, being searched by a Tonton Macoute.

Meanwhile, Duvalier had become convinced that the attacker could only have been the award-winning Army rifleman Lieutenant François Benoît—even though Benoît had by then been in asylum in the Dominican Embassy



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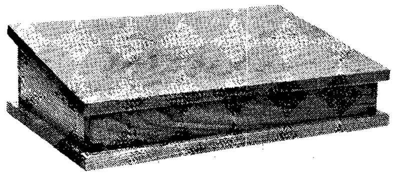

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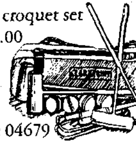

for days. A heavily armed gang of Macoutes and Presidential Guards stormed the officer's house and machine-gunned his parents, the servants, the family dogs, and a neighbor who happened to be chatting with the old couple. Then the gang set the house on fire; Benoît's infant son perished in his crib inside.

The Macoutes and Presidential Guards sought out Benoît's other relatives, and beat and imprisoned them. (They murdered, among others, a lawyer named Benoît Arthaud, whose only crime appeared to be his first name.) They invaded and searched the Dominican Embassy building, then moved to the Ambassador's residence, where those seeking asylum were sheltered, surrounded it, set up machine-gun positions, and prepared to invade.

In Santo Domingo, President Juan Bosch issued an ultimatum: Haiti would either order its forces out of the grounds of his Embassy or face the consequences. Dominican tanks moved to the border. American warships patrolled Haitian waters.

There ensued a lengthy diplomatic crisis in which virtually everyone believed that Duvalier was finally finished—that whether it took an American or a Dominican invasion, an exile assault across the border, or a successful operation by Barbot, the President would not last out the spring.

Duvalier broke relations with Bosch, and decided to declare a carnival. With corpses still littering the capital, he brought truckloads of peasants into the city, distributed free rum, arranged for floats and troupes of dancers. As Diederich and Burt report, when a mediating committee from the O.A.S. arrived, Duvalier appeared before them and the roaring crowd. "I am here to continue the tradition of Dessalines and of Toussaint Louverture," he told the crowd. "I am the personification of the Haitian fatherland. . . . No foreigner is going to tell me what to do. . . . Bullets and machine guns capable of daunting Duvalier do not exist. . . . *I am already an immaterial being.*"

A few days earlier, Dr. Jacques Fourcand, Duvalier's physician, who was also the pistol-toting head of the Haitian Red Cross, had given a famous peroration: If foreigners tried to overthrow Duvalier, he warned, "Blood will flow in Haiti like a river. The land will burn from the north to the south,

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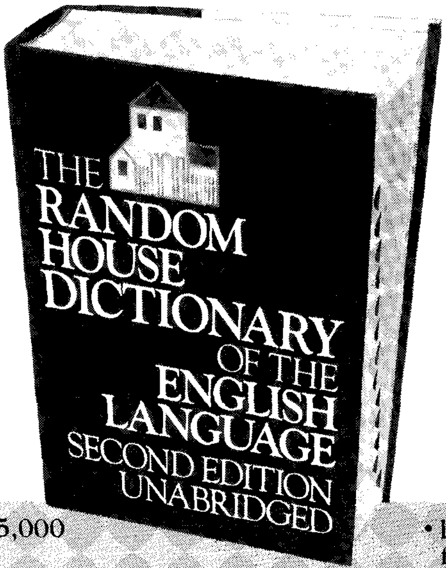

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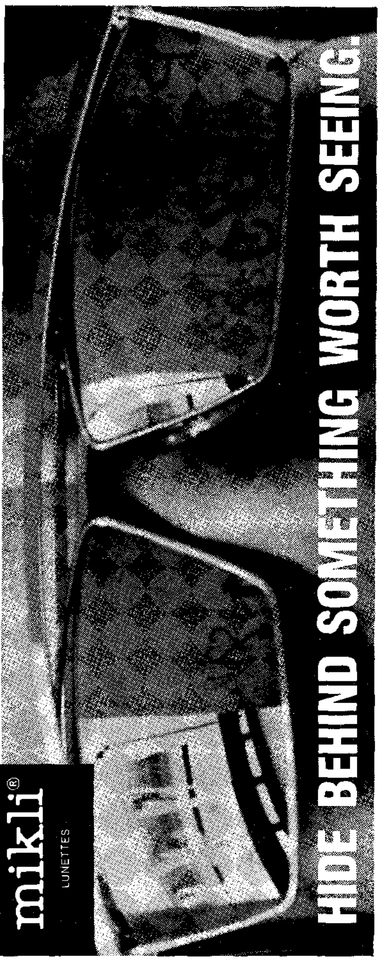

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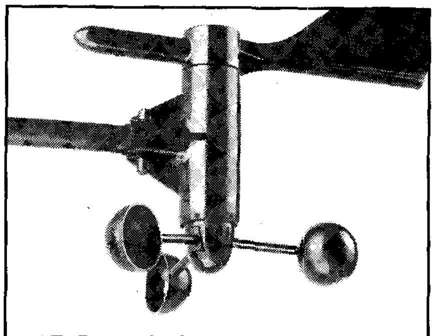
from the east to the west. There will be no sunrise and no sunset, just one great flame licking the sky. There will be a Himalaya of corpses, the dead will be buried under a mountain of ashes. It will be the greatest slaughter in history." As in the revolution, foreign whites were trying to retake the land the slaves had died to win, but Duvalier, *the son of the great Dessalines,* would slaughter those foreign invaders as had the father of independent Haiti before him.

The United States briefly "suspended" relations with Haiti and made plans for a provisional government. Disappearances continued in Port-au-Prince, as did the blackouts and roadblocks. But as the crisis dragged on, American diplomats began to wonder who among the eternally divided opposition could take over the country; while Bosch, unsure of the support of his own military (which, indeed, overthrew him shortly thereafter), slowly let the crisis cool. Most important, Bosch moved to stop a planned invasion by a pro-Déjoie and pro-Fignolé exile group that the Dominican generals, apparently unbeknownst to their President, had been sponsoring near the border. And Clément Barbot and his brother, who, after installing their families in embassies, had been conducting a prolonged campaign of bombings, assassinations, and ambushes (and had infuriated Duvalier by calling him on his office telephone to tell him he wouldn't last long), were finally trapped in a cane field outside the capital. A combined force of Presidential Guards and some of the Tontons Macoutes whom Barbot had once commanded set fire to the cane and shot the two as they tried to escape.

Once again, Duvalier had won. Soon a pro-government newspaper ran a curious montage on its front page: a picture of Jesus Christ with His hands placed on the shoulders of François Duvalier, above the caption "I have chosen him." An electric sign began to flash on and off over the often blacked-out capital, bearing the message "I Am the Haitian Flag, One and Indivisible. François Duvalier." Finally, the dictator—bowing, he said, to "popular demand"—declared himself President for life, and was pleased to see his selection confirmed by a plebiscite, in which Haitians were generously allowed to cast as many ballots as they wanted.



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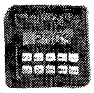

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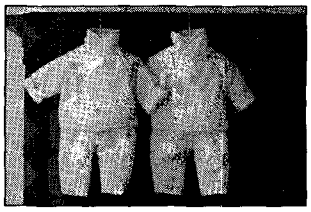

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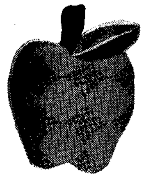
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The rhythm of plotting, invasion, and retribution continued. During the summer of 1964, thirteen members of the exile group Jeune Haiti—mostly young mulatto aristocrats—invaded near the southwestern city of Jérémie, hoping to incite an insurrection. Most were tracked down and murdered by Macoutes, but two were captured alive, sent to the capital, and, after weeks of torture, executed at the National Cemetery in a televised ceremony attended by crowds of children whom Duvalier had ordered brought from the schools. Meanwhile, Duvalier took action against the families of the invaders. Down Jérémie's lovely main street, with its stately galleried buildings, were marched naked the city's richest and most prominent mulatto families—the Sansaricqs, the Drouins, the Villedrouins. These cultivated, European-educated aristocrats, powers of the city for generations, were forced to endure the jeers of the crowd, then were herded along to the barracks, and from there to the airport to be massacred—a task gloatingly performed by Macoutes, who killed the infants and little children first, by dagger, to inflame their parents, and the women next, to inflame their husbands. And then the great houses of the families were thrown open to sack, and the people of Jérémie poured in and took everything.

None of the exile groups ever succeeded in provoking a general uprising. They met with a reluctance on the part of the peasants which resulted not only from their fear of Duvalier's bloody retribution but also from the great gulf that separated the mostly élite invaders and the suspicious peasantry.

Trouble also continued within the Army. Late one night during the summer of 1967, officers of the General Staff were called to the Palace and then driven to Fort Dimanche. There they found nineteen of their colleagues tied to stakes. The officers were issued rifles, and, under the hard gaze of Duvalier and his Macoutes, ordered to fire. Several days later, Duvalier gave another of his memorable speeches: "Duvalier is going to do something. He is going to take a roll call. . . . Major Harry Tassy, where are you? Come to your benefactor. . . . Absent. Lieutenant Joseph Laroche. . . . Absent." And so on, through the nineteen names. Then, after a pause and with a

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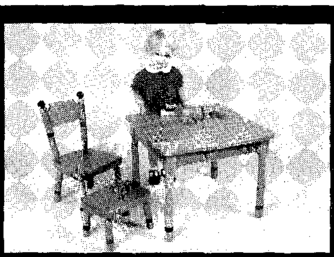

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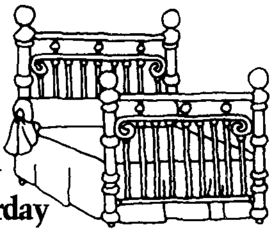

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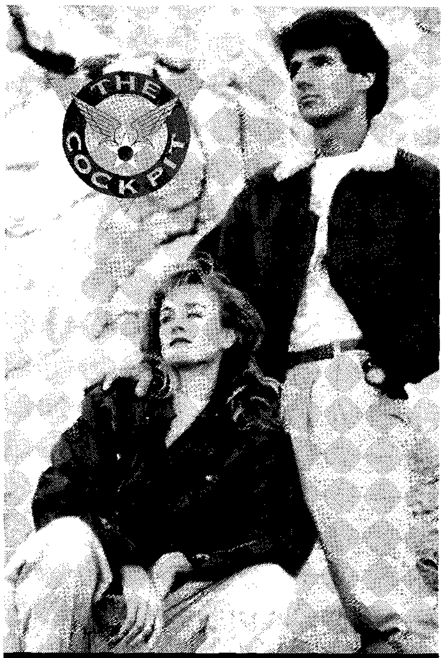
little laugh, "All of them have been shot."

The officers had apparently been plotting a coup, reportedly the brainchild of Colonel Max Dominique, who had married Duvalier's daughter Marie-Denise and was involved (he thought) in a struggle over the succession with Luc Albert Foucard, the brother of Duvalier's powerful secretary, who had married Nicole, another Duvalier daughter. In any case, Duvalier, presumably out of devotion to Marie-Denise, allowed his son-in-law to take part in the little nocturnal drama at Fort Dimanche on the side of the firing squad, not on that of its targets. After watching the Colonel shoot his former co-plotters, the dictator named him Ambassador to Spain.

Despite these distractions, by the late sixties Duvalier was firmly in place. The Army was divided and enfeebled, its upper ranks occupied by Duvalier loyalists. Those members of the counter-élite who survived remained in exile in New York, Miami, and Santo Domingo, where they went on squabbling and plotting, mostly against one another. Those who remained paid their specially calculated "taxes" to the regime. The bulk of the country's professionals also remained in exile, practicing in New York, Montreal, Miami, and Paris. Newspapers and other media that didn't slavishly support the regime had been suppressed. Macoutes had infiltrated all areas of the public administration, including the university and the remaining labor unions. In the legislature, the deputies competed in the fulsomeness of their praise for the *Président à vie*. A great many priests had been replaced with Macoutes. Several foreign embassies, including Great Britain's, had been reduced to consular level; the United States, which had been by far the largest supplier of foreign aid, had cut off all direct assistance in 1963.

In 1966, a period of consolidation began. The Vatican lifted the excommunication of Duvalier and presented him with one of his greatest victories: the Haitian head of state was granted power to approve the appointment of an indigenous hierarchy, the first ever in Haiti. By now, the traditional élite had learned that, despite Duvalier's lusty rhetoric of class conflict, he had little interest in upsetting Haiti's two-world system. Peasants were trucked in from the countryside to provide mass



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demonstrations of support, but the money continued to flow from the countryside to the city, and the traditional means of repression were merely absorbed into the Macoute network.

Duvalier smashed and domesticated the institutions by which the élite traditionally guarded its power, but he did not smash the élite itself (except those who threatened him); he merely opened it somewhat, making room for a new black élite, drawn from his cherished "middle class." (In 1957, Michel Soukar writes, "the country was dominated by 30 or so families, 25 years later the World Bank mentioned 200 millionaire families. The Duvalierist Revolution is characterized by this increase in the number of the privileged.") Though Duvalier drew many of his Macoutes from the poor quarters, he did nothing to bring money to those neighborhoods—or, indeed, to better the lot of the peasants he so often cited as the base of his support.

After a decade of Duvalier, the greater part of Haiti's business sector had actually come to appreciate "a regime under which strikes are not tolerated, wages do not rise and the social obligations of the labor code can be bypassed by private 'arrangements,'" as Leslie Manigat wrote in 1971. The business class gradually joined the Church in coming to "a rapprochement with the regime, in exchange for its own depoliticization." To the élite, as rumors grew of Papa Doc's declining health and of a growing succession struggle, the prospect of a stable, continuing "Duvalierist Revolution" began to look increasingly attractive.

In June of 1969, this sentiment was strengthened when Duvalier liquidated his sole remaining opponents—the Haitian Communists. In an early-morning raid on a safe house on the Avenue Martin Luther King, soldiers murdered almost the entire Central Committee, and increased the number of dead by executing several who had been brought to the scene from Duvalier's prisons. A month later, when Nelson Rockefeller, governor of New York, visited Haiti on a tour of Latin America, Duvalier told him to inform President Nixon how he, Duvalier, had proved his staunch anti-Communism. Then he and the Governor went out on the balcony, where the two men greeted a huge, enthusiastic crowd. A photograph of Papa Doc, white-haired and frail, leaning on

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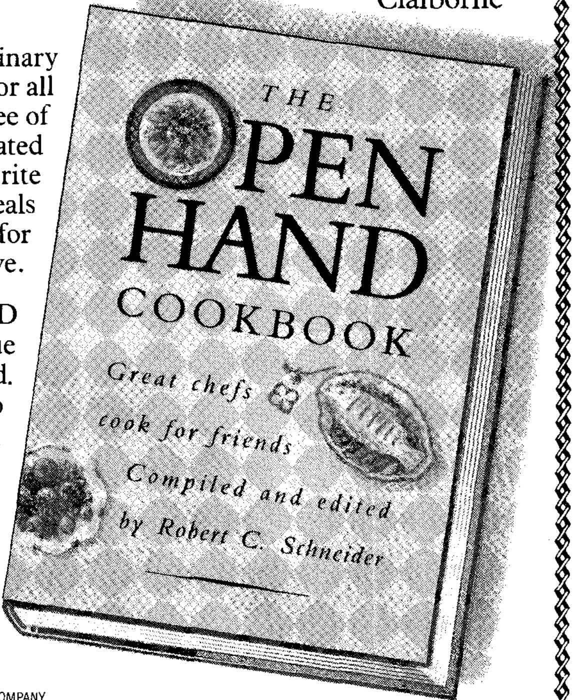
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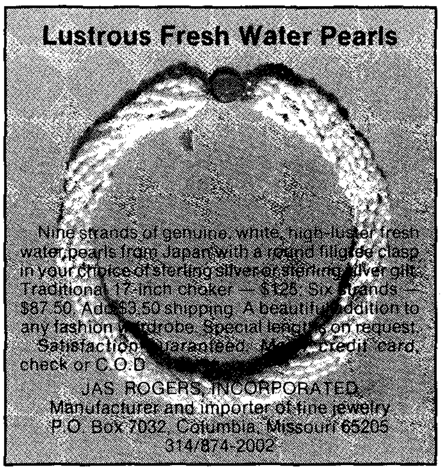

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Rockefeller as both men smiled and waved to the Haitian masses, was widely distributed; the rapprochement with the United States had begun.

Soon a new American Ambassador, a black man, arrived, and before long he was openly advocating the resumption of United States aid. Duvalier, who was suffering increasingly from diabetes and heart disease, crushed several absurd attempts to overthrow him, and purged a few Cabinet members. The gossip grew over the struggle for the succession.

IN January, 1971, Haitians were startled to learn that Jean-Claude Duvalier—the immensely fat, famously stupid nineteen-year-old son of the dictator, well known for his preoccupation with cars and girls, and referred to by his schoolmates as Tête-Panier (Basket-Head)—was to be their new ruler. "We all know," Papa Doc told his people, "that Caesar Augustus was nineteen when he took into his hands Rome's destinies, and that his reign remains 'the century of Augustus.' " More soberly, Jean-Claude wrote his father that he understood Papa Doc wanted to "avoid fratricidal fights, mortal for the future of the country [and] assure the perenniality of the revolution." After fourteen years of Duvalierist revolution, these were goals on which the Church, the élite, the Army, and the Americans could all agree.

The constitution was duly changed to lower the age of eligibility for the Presidency from forty to eighteen, and a referendum was held, so that Haitians could overwhelmingly affirm (2,391,916 to zero, according to the official tally) that Jean-Claude was their choice. Meanwhile, the American Ambassador had won his campaign for renewed American financial assistance: a new AID contingent was on its way.

On April 21st, François Duvalier died. The American Ambassador was called in, and the Duvalier family requested that United States naval forces guarantee the security of the coastline, to prevent rebel landings. Three days later, François Duvalier was buried in an immense ceremony, full of tolling church bells and marked by scenes of weeping and hysteria among ordinary Haitians. At one point during the funeral, a great wind suddenly rose up, and the crowd took cover in panic—it

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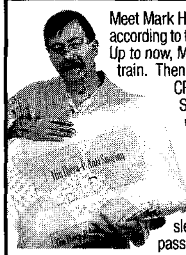

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was, many said, the soul of Duvalier leaving the great man's body.

At the Te Deum celebrating Jean-Claude's ascension, Papa Doc's hand-picked archbishop, François Wolff-Ligondé, told the expressionless young man, "Your authority is a participation in divine authority. . . . Chief of State, you are not a simple delegate of the community, Excellency, but its guide, in the pursuit of its highest goals. . . . The years we will live under your accession . . . will constitute a special period in the history of our country. Because, for the first time since our glorious Independence Day, Power is confided to Youth."

A few months before, Papa Doc had claimed the same intention: to "hand the government over to Youth." But he had had a simpler motive, the one that had been his goal all along. After fourteen years of steady attack, of constantly reshuffling Cabinets, purging all rivals, rooting out any who might be conceived as pretenders to the throne, he stood alone, supreme and unchallenged. His overarching ambition had been to depart the Palace only "to the salute of cannon," and this he had done. But he left no one who could claim the loyalty of his followers. Only a cipher, armed merely with his name and his blessing, could hope to succeed him. "In a way, it was the Old Man's last thumb in everyone's eye," one of Jean-Claude's former officials told me. "Because, you know, all of them—the generals, the priests, the élite—had thought of him as a joke. But he had smashed them, killed them, destroyed them all. And, finally, when only he stood there, and nobody dared challenge him, this was his way of rubbing their noses in it. Because what was Duvalier really saying in picking this fat stupid kid? 'No one can touch me, even in death. Watch: Even in dying, I will force you to take this . . . this *boy* as your ruler. *And you will accept him!*' "

A poster familiar to Haitians had reappeared around Port-au-Prince. "I HAVE CHOSEN HIM" was once more the caption, but this time it was a white-haired Papa Doc who stood in Jesus Christ's place, his frail hand placed on one immense shoulder of his son, Jean-Claude, the mountainous, brooding boy-king in a shiny suit.

—MARK DANNER

(This is the second part of a three-part article.)

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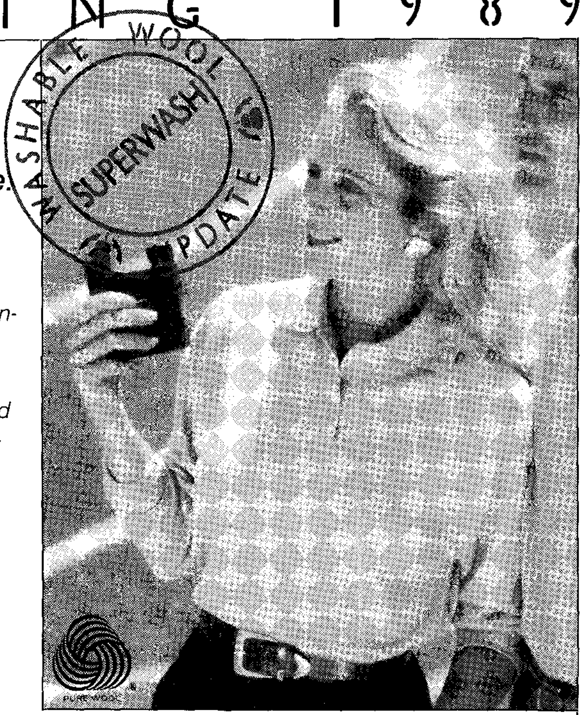

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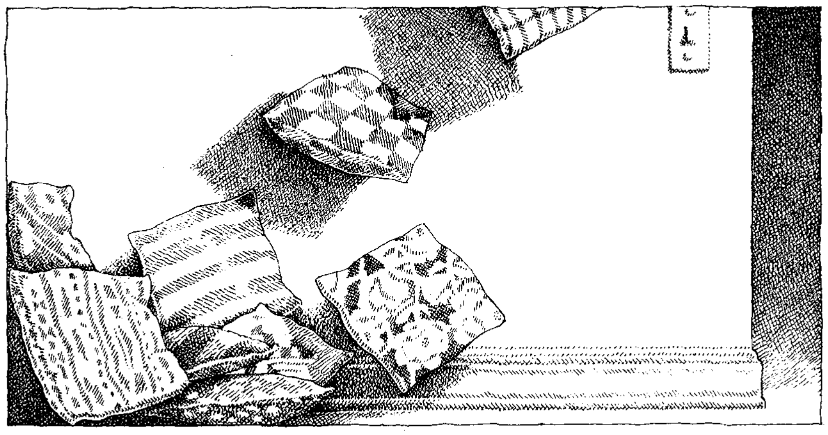
Sir Rex and Mr. Maugham

THE minute Rex Harrison snaps out the line "It's a fake," shortly after his entrance in Somerset Maugham's "The Circle," at the Ambassador, we know we are in the presence of greatness. The line is funny anyhow, under the circumstances, but Sir Rex, as Lord Porteous, brings down the house. The circumstances are these: Thirty years before the action begins, Lady Catherine Champion-Cheney ran off to Italy with Lord Porteous, leaving behind her husband and son; the couple have now returned to England for the first time, and are paying a visit to the son, Arnold, an M.P. of thirty-five, at his country house, where he lives with his wife, Elizabeth, and where his father, a completely recovered cuckold, has an attached cottage. Elizabeth has issued the invitation, to Arnold's dismay, because Lady Kitty, whom she pictures now as a little old lady in black, has always seemed to her a romantic heroine, and because she has herself fallen in love with a young man who wants her to run off with him to Malaysia. Arnold is a proper, stuffy soul, more interested in his Parliamentary career and in collecting antique furniture than he is in his wife. He has just bought a chair, and spends quite a lot of time fussing with it and stepping away and admiring it. Hence Lord Porteous's thunderclap announcement, and when Arnold tries to rebut it with a reference to Sheraton, someone murmurs something about "The School for Scandal," again reaping more laughter than the joke is worth. The reference is not in vain. Sir Rex almost convinces us that Maugham is the equal of Sheridan, or even of Congreve.

This is not a solo accomplishment of Harrison's; at (and on) his side are wonderful Glynis Johns, as Lady Kitty, no fragile figure but a buxom woman with dyed red hair, and splendid Stewart Granger, as the elder Champion-Cheney. What a triumvirate! All the major characters, with the exception of Elizabeth's importunate suitor, are rich and either titled or hyphenated. Lord Porteous is noisy, short-tempered, and plagued by ill-fitting false teeth; Lady Kitty's feelings are as surely camouflaged as is her hair, by a kind of chatty desperation; and Champion-Cheney, invariably merry and invariably mischievous, stirs up trouble and slyly gives his son the wrong advice about holding on to a wife who wants to bolt.

There can be no question that the occasion for this fine production, under Brian Murray's direction, is the return of Rex Harrison in the splendor of his knighthood. He is so at home in his role that we would think he was invented by Maugham if we didn't know that he was invented by Shaw. As for Maugham, his contributions are merely sound writing and sound characters (both very much of their period, which was 1921, when the play was first produced), stagecraft, feeling, wit, humor, and a reversal at the end which brings us close to tears (as all good comedy should). "It clears the air around it," said a companion of mine. Desmond Heeley's setting, the Champion-Cheney drawing room, as lighted by John Michael Deegan looks appropriately pretty and lavish, and Jane Greenwood's costumes live up to her high standard.

THROW PILLOWS



In his review for this magazine of a 1938 revival of "The Circle," Wolcott Gibbs wrote, "It seems to me that Somerset Maugham's comedy stands up much better than most such investigations of the emotional disturbances that beset the British upper classes. . . . It is still an intelligent man's guide to irony and adultery. . . . I think you ought to see 'The Circle' as an example of a sure and literate talent at work in the theatre, which has too few of them." In that production, by the way, the part of Elizabeth was played by Tallulah Bankhead. What a choice for an ingénue. —EDITH OLIVER

The Altogether

IF you go to see Tyne Daly, Jonathan Hadary, and Crista Moore in the revival of "Gypsy," at the St. James (and everyone probably should), don't—whatever you do—make the mistake of applauding when Miss Daly comes down the aisle. Trust Broadway: you'll have a chance to welcome Miss Daly after she mounts the steps and delivers her first onstage line. But if you clap too early you may drown out the sound of Rose calling, "Sing out, Louise! Smile, baby!" and the song on which the rest of the show is an elaborate comment.

A friend of mine who saw the original, 1959 production of "Gypsy" has suggested that when Ethel Merman came down the aisle bellowing, "Sing out, Louise!" she instantaneously invented the concept of Broadway camp. Whether this is true I can't say for sure, but, having seen Tyne Daly in the role of Mama Rose, I think I know what he's getting at. Merman was a parody of a woman: sexless and monstrous, a voice without a body. Daly, with her sweet toughness—and the same strong moral force she brought to her role as television's first non-pretty cop, in "Cagney & Lacey"—is anything but sexless. It's one of the pleasures of this production that you're constantly aware of seeing *winsomeness* being restored to the part of Rose, and by a woman who is so much a popular feminist heroine that she's above ideological reproach. You can just sort of sit back and appreciate the fact that Daly turns a pretty ankle.

The ability to project an aura of moral righteousness even while delivering a line like "There's eggroll, ain't there?" helps make Daly ideal for the Merman role, even though she's less accomplished as a vocalist than she is as an actress. For if "Gypsy" is an interesting show it's partly because of the conflict between text and subtext—which is that, while Mama Rose has all those great show-bizzy ambition-affirming numbers where Broadway dream and American dream seem to meet, what she represents in human terms is something quite awful: the parent whose overinvolvement with her children really amounts to a kind of self-involvement.

What a wild metaphor for that phenomenon: the image of a mother pushing a daughter out onto a burlesque stage! Yet who was responsible for it? Arthur Laurents, who wrote the book? Stephen Sondheim, the lyricist? Jule Styne, the composer? Jerome Robbins, who choreographed and staged the original show? Or Gypsy Rose Lee herself, on whose autobiography the musical is based? What's astounding about "Gypsy" if you haven't seen the show before (as I hadn't) is the extraordinary interdependence of all of its elements. People who saw the original production tend to say two things about "Gypsy": that it was one of the greatest musicals ever, and that no one who hadn't seen it onstage could understand why. If you press them, they may say that it had something to do with Robbins' staging. I'd always assumed that "staging" meant elegant shafts of light and whirling scaffolding elting into dance numbers in the darkness (the influence of Michael Bennett). But in this case "staging" means simply what is happening onstage. The reason that to know "Gypsy" only from a record album, or from having seen the movie as a child, isn't to know it at all is that the book and the songs are at cross-purposes, in the same way that the character of Rose is at cross-purposes with the show.

If you just hear a number like "Everything's Coming Up Roses," you can think it a generic Broadway hymn to hope and ambition: you have to see the horror on the faces of the characters listening to it sung. In "All I Need Is the Girl," you have to know who it is that the young man Tulsa is singing to or you'll think it a generic boy-gets-ingénue hoedown. The dismal dumbness of most contemporary musicals left me, I suppose, unprepared for the notion that "staging" could have something to do with words or ideas or feelings (however formulaic), just as the dismal vulgarity of most Broadway production values left me unprepared for the tastefulness of Mr. Laurents' current production. To me, nearly everything about it seemed charming and on target: the tininess of the theatre, the hokey old vaudeville scenery (Kenneth Foy) and costumes (Theoni Aldredge), the unself-consciousness of the child (Kristen Mahon) who plays Baby Louise (Christen Tassin, as Baby June, is a bit too knowingly obnoxious for my taste), the gloriously un-Broadway quality of the young people who play all the young people, and the way nobody—not Miss Daly, not Tracy Venner who plays the favored daughter, June), not Robert Lambert (as the aspiring young dancer, Tulsa)—is too beautiful to be true. Mr. Lambert combines an endearing fecklessness with some very unfeckless footwork, and the three strippers (one of whom, Barbara Erwin, doubles as a prissy secretary) put to shame the three women I saw perform the same number in "Jerome Robbins' Broadway," over at the Imperial. As Herbie, Rose's manager, consort, and would-be husband, Jonathan Hadary is so transformed I thought I'd never seen him onstage before. (I particularly admired the chivalry with which he wraps his harmony around Miss Daly's melody in duet, allowing the less experienced singer to set the tone and dynamic for a particular phrase.) But by far the most impressive transformation is the one effected within the show by Crista Moore, who in what is—up until the last twenty minutes or so—a comparatively thankless title role drives it as if it were the vehicle it's not. By dint of sheer intelligence and charisma, Miss Moore keeps our interest in the dutiful, neglected, self-effacing daughter Louise alive until, seamlessly and authoritatively, she steps into (and out of) her own.

—Mimi Kramer

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Through Every Passion Ranging

THIS summer, an attempt was made to mitigate the acoustical damage suffered by Carnegie Hall in its 1986 restoration. The stage ceiling was sprayed with "a special tinted cellulose acoustical product mixed with a water-based glue," in varying thicknesses; the decorative panels around the stage were filled with woollen felt, some of it half an inch and some a quarter of an inch thick; and vertical wooden fins were added to the back wall of the main floor, to disperse reflections. I have not yet noticed any startling improvement at orchestral concerts: the Cleveland Orchestra, which in October played in Carnegie and in Avery Fisher Hall, sounded livelier in the latter. The Orchestra of St. Luke's sounded good in Carnegie, but it has always sounded pretty good there, for the band gives attention to effective platform disposition, matched to the music of the evening. The music of the St. Luke's evening in question was bright, clear, and unconventionally scored: Copland's "Music for the Theatre," John Adams' "Fearful Symmetries" (essentially for his "Nixon in China" ensemble, with synthesizer and saxophones), Charles Wuorinen's Concerto for Amplified Cello, and "Rhapsody in Blue" in the original dance-band—not the symphony-orchestra—version.

The first piano recital I heard in the newly sprayed and felted hall was more disturbing: the Steinway seemed somehow muted—at any rate, where I was sitting, on the main floor toward the back, on the left. (A colleague still farther back had no complaint; the renovated hall evidently remains patchy.) The pianist was Shura Cherkassky, his program three sonatas—Weber's in E minor, Chopin's in B-flat minor, and Berg's—preceded by "The Harmonious Blacksmith" and followed by Stockhausen's Piano Piece IX and the Schulz-Evler "Blue Danube" arrangement. An attractive bill. But in the Handel the piano tone was swimmy, even though Mr. Cherkassky did not overpedal, much of the time did not touch the pedal at all. He is seventy-eight, a pupil of Hofmann (who was a pupil of Anton Rubinstein), and one of the last electrifying Romantic pianists. He drew an audience ready to crash in with its applause during the rest before the final chord of the Chopin sonata. At this recital, he was in an unflamboyant mood, concerned more with gentleness, grace, and chirpy, playful inflections. It sounds delightful, and, in many ways it was. But, by Cherkassky standards, low-voltage: the Chopin lacked intensity, the Berg passion. The Bartókian start of the Stockhausen—a dissonant chord struck a hundred and forty-two times, *fortissimo* diminishing to *pppp*, and then eighty-seven times again—can sound more exciting. What Mr. Cherkassky did achieve magically was Stockhausen's piano imitation of electronic skittering—flurries of high, tiny sparks, quick, pretty prickles. The piece is not exactly "contemporary music"—it was composed twenty-eight years ago—but it was good to hear a famous pianist playing music by a living composer. Perhaps Mr. Cherkassky should invite Milton Babbitt or Wuorinen to write something for his next recital, and add Carter's "Night Fantasies" to his repertory.

"Oh. This is a date."

AT least four remarkable cello concertos were heard in New York this year. I wrote in May about Boris Tishchenko's (1963), which was composed for Rostropovich. A few days earlier, the American Composers Orchestra, conducted by Paul Dunkel (replacing Gennady Rozhdestvensky), introduced Alfred Schnittke's (1985-86), in Carnegie; Karine Georgian was an eloquent soloist. This is one of that uneven composer's more stirring works: long (forty-two minutes), cast in a heroic mold, emotional rather in the manner of Shostakovich. It is a confrontational concerto, in which the soloist is a hero sometimes crushed by, sometimes able to lead, the brutal orchestra. The start is a questing monologue for the soloist, which the orchestra ruthlessly extinguishes. The second movement muses on chorale-like themes. The third is a "false" finale—a hearty, "optimistic" parade in which the soloist seems reluctant to take part. A true finale, using Russian church melodies, was added after Schnittke recovered from a near-fatal stroke. The cello climbs to and long sustains a high note, beneath which a pealing orchestra settles at last into harmony. But there is a coda: a very high, very sad soft lament from the soloist. The concerto was composed for Natalia Gutman, who has recorded it with the U.S.S.R. State Symphony and Mr. Rozhdestvensky, on an Ariola CD.

The Cleveland at its Fisher concert, conducted by Christoph von Dohnányi, played Peter Maxwell Davies's Cello Concerto, which was first heard in Glasgow in February. This is the second of the Strathclyde Concertos—a set of ten commissioned from Davies by the Scottish Arts Council and the Strathclyde Regional Council for the Scottish Chamber Orchestra. No. 3, a double concerto for trumpet and horn, is due in January; No. 1 (for oboe) and No. 2 have already been recorded, on a Unicorn-Kanchana CD. Coöperation of a composer with his interpreters, in mutual inspiration—such as Haydn's at Esterháza, Rossini's and Donizetti's with the Naples troupes they directed, Britten's with the English Opera Group—continues: Davies is the associate conductor of the Scottish Chamber Orchestra, and for it he has written, besides the concertos, "Into the Labyrinth," the Sinfonietta Accademica, and, this year, the Fourth Symphony. The cello soloist on the record is William Conway, the orchestra's principal cello; for the Cleveland it was his teacher Ralph Kirshbaum. Both of them are bold, passionate performers, but this is not a confrontational concerto. Soloist and orchestra join in felicity to explore musical ideas. The melodies, Stephen Pruslin tells us in his program note, "have their source in images of bird-flight": the cello line soars in effortless arcs, and in the finale "this soaring becomes the swooping and dipping of an aerial dance." There was another source for a shimmering episode in the central slow movement: "a shoal of mackerel which swam into the bay below Davies's Orkney clifftop house, creating a silvery iridescence of color and sound."

Wuorinen's cello concerto was first heard last year, as the score for Jean-Pierre Bonnefoux's ballet "Five," during the City Ballet's American Music Festival. In the State Theatre, cello and orchestra were not well balanced. In Carnegie, the balance was fine, but the music was spoiled by a strong, persistent hum from the loudspeakers carrying the cello's amplified voice. This is a five-movement score of energetic yet refined invention—exuberant, as all Wuorinen's music is, but also

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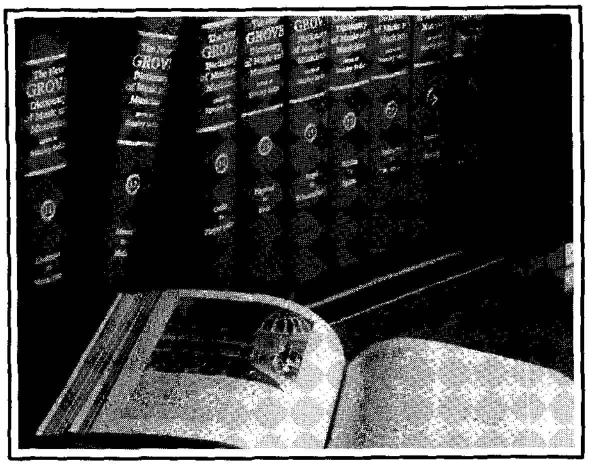

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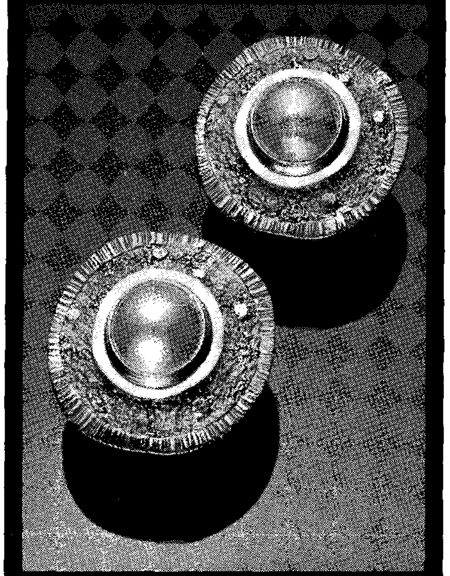

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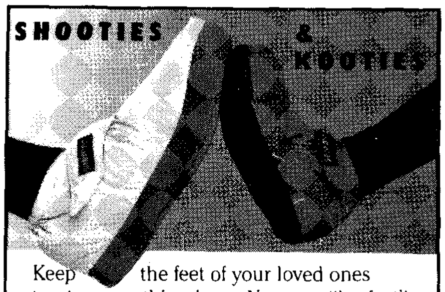
rather insistent in its timbres. Fred Sherry was the vigorous soloist, and the composer conducted.

THE Maryland Handel Festival, in its chronological progress through the oratorios, this year reached "Semele" (1744), Handel's setting of an opera libretto that Congreve had written nearly thirty years before, for John Eccles. A newly found letter in the Scottish Record Office—produced by Calhoun Winton at a session of the scholarly conference that accompanies the festival—suggests that Eccles had composed the opera by the end of 1705, earlier than was previously thought. At the festival, Act I of Eccles' "Semele" was given in concert form, and the whole opera would have been welcome, for what we heard confirmed Stoddard Lincoln's observation in New Grove that "had 'Semele' been produced, it might have laid the foundations for a national English opera." John Blow's "Venus and Adonis"—performed at Charles II's court, with Moll Davies as Venus and their daughter, Lady Mary Tudor, as Cupid, and later taken up at a Chelsea girls' school—and Purcell's "Dido and Aeneas," composed for the same school, were late-seventeenth-century small masterpieces to point the way. Congreve in his three-act drama, which has been called the best of all English librettos, wrote admirable verses in varied forms and metres. Eccles, the best of Purcell's successors, set them beautifully, understanding well how the manner of Italian *recitativo* could be transformed to provide telling English declamation. (The Congreve-Eccles "Judgment of Paris" is billed for March production by the Bronx Arts Ensemble.) In early-eighteenth-century London, however, Italian opera triumphed, and "Semele" remained unstaged until, in 1969, it was produced at Brooklyn College. (There had been an Oxford concert performance five years before.) Congreve in his last twenty years wrote no more, and Eccles in his last thirty years composed no more for the stage but retired to Hampton Wick for (so Hawkins tells us in his "History") "the convenience of angling, a recreation of which he was very fond." Through the centuries, other Englishmen strove to create a national opera. Works of high merit—by Arne, Stanford, Edward Loder, Vaughan Williams,



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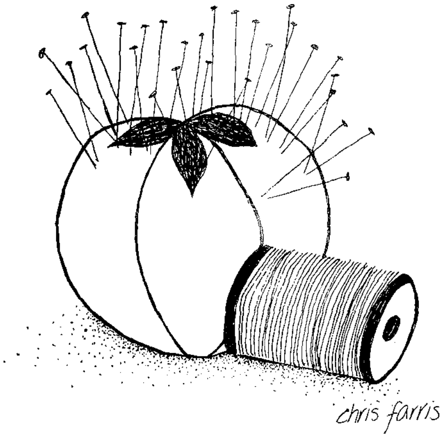
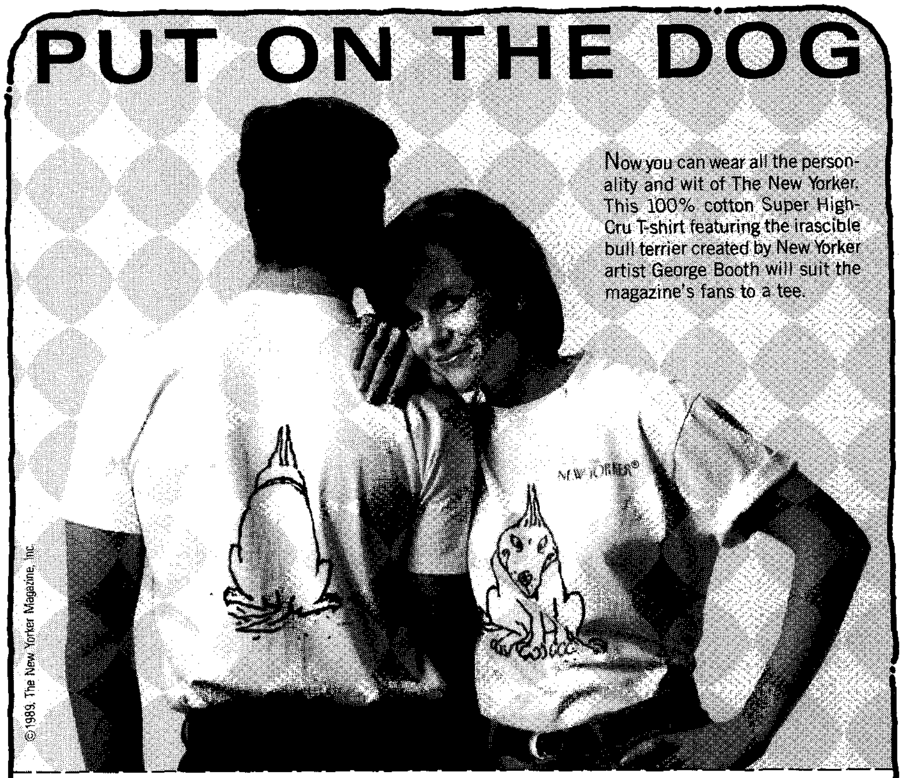
Gustav Holst—were composed. But only Arthur Sullivan (with "Trial by Jury," in 1875, and its successors) and Benjamin Britten (with "Peter Grimes," in 1945, and its successors) laid lasting foundations for national comedy and national tragedy.

Handel, had he wished, could have created English opera—"Acis and Galatea" is the proof of that—and more than once he was publicly urged to do so. Instead, from 1711 to 1742 he supplied London with some of the best Italian operas ever written and also, from "Deborah," in 1733, to "Jephtha," in 1752, created a new genre: English musical dramas played in the theatre without costumes, props, or scenery. The stage directions appear in the printed libretto: imagined scenes shift in the twinkling of a harpsichord cadence; a chorus can without change of costume be now Jews, now Philistines, then gnomic commentators on the characters and the action. "Esther" (a 1718 Racine transformation that Handel revived at the King's in 1732), "Deborah," "Athalia" (again, after Racine), "Saul," and "Samson" (after Milton) had Old Testament subject matter. "Semele," with its mythological plot, was something startlingly different (it may seem less so today, as Jehovah joins Jove in a pantheon of past beliefs), and it upset the 1744 Lenten audiences who came to Covent Garden for the oratorio and heard what Charles Jennens, the librettist of "Messiah," called "no Oratorio, but a baudy Opera." "Semele" was the only oratorio Handel never revived after the year of its first performance.

It is a musical drama much revived in our day, and usually in fully staged performances. It tells a human tale: of an irresistibly beautiful young woman who, infatuated by her rich and powerful lover, deserts family and duty for

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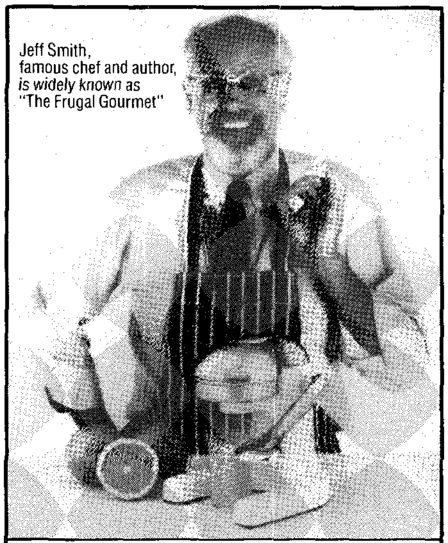
his embraces and then, ambitious, insists on being not just a mistress visited in his leisure hours but a full member of his exalted circle; and of a cruel, clever wife who destroys her rival by furthering that ambition. (Brigitte Bardot and Edwige Feuillère, with Jean Gabin as the husband, played the roles in Claude Autant-Lara's modern version, his 1958 film "En Cas de Malheur.") Congreve, drawing on Ovid, invested the basic situation with resonances of Greek myth: the love nest, the luxury apartment wherein Jove installs Semele, is on Mount Cithaeron, where Oedipus was exposed, where Actaeon and Pentheus met their fates, where the battle of Plataea was fought. Travellers who have made physical and visual contact with the real-life settings of operas—Troy, Troezen, Mycenae, the Rhine, Aldeburgh—tend to have their operatic responses clouded, if at the same time enriched, by associations beyond the works themselves. Yet one can "know" Greece without having been there. Neither Congreve nor Handel visited the country, but their "Semele"—as Winton Dean says in his great book on the Handel oratorios—"is one of the purest recreations of the Greek spirit in modern European art."

The Maryland performance was moving. Gillian Fisher was a clear, true heroine, whose tone shone as it rose, but she sang to her book, not to the audience, and in final cadences she tended to shoot up unstylishly to the upper octave. The others also carried books, and used them to varying degrees. Molly Donnelly, as Ino and as Juno, seemed almost free of hers; she was fluent and impressive. John Aler's Jove was admirably suave in "Where'er you walk." Drew Minter, Athamas in both the Eccles and the Handel, was a model of sensitive, imaginative declamation. Paul Traver, who conducted, set some of the tempi too slow, I thought, reading Handel's *andante* as *moderato* rather than "keep it moving." "Endless pleasure, endless love," the bright gavotte that ends Act I, was curiously staid; in episodes of the second-act 6/8 *allegro* air and chorus, "With fond desiring . . . How engaging," one could see—and hear—Mr. Traver beating six beats to a bar. But, though sometimes slow, he was never heavy.

The orchestra was Tafelmusik, from Toronto: a Baroque band that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seemed to have settled for laid-back competence rather than eager, arresting interpretation. In "Semele," only the Chamber Singers of the famous University of Maryland Chorus took part. The full chorus showed its splendor in a concert that included choruses from "Samson," "Israel in Egypt," "Esther," and "Messiah." The program began with the coronation anthem "Zadok the Priest," in which the emotive power of swelling, purely tuned choral tone proved overwhelming. At this concert, Mr. Traver was a Handel conductor second to none. Robert Petillo, in an "Esther" recitative and air, confirmed his reputation as one of our most eloquent Handelian tenors.

AT the Morgan Library, there is a rich Gilbert and Sullivan show, including an array of the autograph scores of all the famous operas. The library, which holds the largest G. & S. archive in existence, has "Trial by Jury," "H.M.S. Pinafore," and "The Pirates of Penzance." "Patience" and "The Gondoliers" have been borrowed from the British Library, "Princess Ida" has been borrowed from the Bodleian, "The Mikado" from the Royal Academy of Music, "The Yeomen" from the Royal College of Music, and so on. There are promptbooks, working copies, and libretto drafts; posters, programs, photographs, and costume designs in plenty. There is Sullivan without Gilbert ("Ivanhoe," the Symphony, "The Lost Chord," "Onward, Christian Soldiers") and Gilbert without Sullivan, including his versions of "Norma," "Elisir," and "Robert le Diable," and the newly discovered score of "Our Island Home," which would have been the first G. & S. collaboration had Sullivan accepted German Reed's invitation to set it. (In the event, German Reed composed the piece himself.) Oscar Wilde writes to order tickets for the first night of "Patience." An attempt at state censorship of the arts is neatly bypassed in a notice from the Royal Court Theatre, where "The Happy Land," by Gilbert and Gilbert A'Beckett, was playing in 1873: "Miss LITTON begs to inform the Public that the Lord Chamberlain has FORBIDDEN Messrs. Fisher, Hill and Righton to make up their faces in imitation of Messrs. Gladstone, Lowe and Ayrton." —ANDREW PORTER

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The Lamborghini Countach is noisy, uncomfortable, and hot; but it has gull-wing doors and looks like a spaceship, and there are those who must have it.

[He mentions certain publishers.]

A Lamborghini went through for ninety-five thousand dollars the last time I was here. No sale. The owner wanted more. The owner-dealer stands by the auctioneer and can refuse a sale. A Rolls-Royce convertible goes through. Someone bids a hundred thousand dollars. No sale. A hundred thousand is not enough. I'm a scout here. A consultant. Officially, a designated buyer. Most times, I buy nothing. I represent Hype. A New Jersey dealer named Hype. Dealers from all over come to the Manheim Exotic Auction. It happens five or six times a year. They come from New York, Maryland, Connecticut, Delaware, Ohio, Virginia. They come in chartered planes and take limos from Lancaster Airport. They may be wearing leather jackets, but that only masks their money. They have places in the Bahamas. The last time I came to the Exotic, driving through here on the back roads I counted twenty-three buggies.

[This is the front-porch country of the Pennsylvania Dutch. The country, too, of the Mennonites. A sign outside a high school says "Welcome, German Exchange Students." Frame houses lie in tight rows in the otherwise open landscape. The exotics, side by side, are lined up like the houses. The Manheim Exotic Auction—just down Route 72 from Ristenbatt's vacuum-cleaner service, Dutchland Motor Company, and the Smoke Haus Tavern—is in a fenced space as open as an airfield.]

Rabbit convertibles are the low end of the exotic scale. You will see a few Rabbit convertibles here, but probably you won't see anything as modest as a BMW 325. It is known as an entry-level car. What you'll mainly see is the top end of each line. The Ferrari Testarossa and Ferrari F-40 are super-exotics. I don't think there's an F-40 in this country. For us, the Testarossa is the ultimate exotic. Very habitable. The fastest car you can buy off a show-room floor at this time. It'll go a hundred and seventy-eight miles an hour. It has more room than a Countach. It's not as hot, not as uncomfortable, easier to get in and out. You have to be an athlete to get into a Countach.

[He is my friend Rinard. Friend since high school. He carries the dealer's plastic card, knows more about this topic than most dealers do. He walks the exotic line.]

White Lotus Esprit Turbo. Known as the paint scraper. Looks like one. Styled by Giugiaro. You can have it new for fifty-five thousand dollars. The question is: Can any four-cylinder be worth that much money?

Avanti. Basically a Studebaker with a big Chevrolet V-8 engine in it. What color would I call that? Rust. However, you don't say "rust" around a car lot. You don't use that word.

Porsche 928 S4. This is the ultimate exotic. Quiet. Incredibly smooth.

[It has the headlights of a flounder. In repose, lying back, they look up at the sky.]

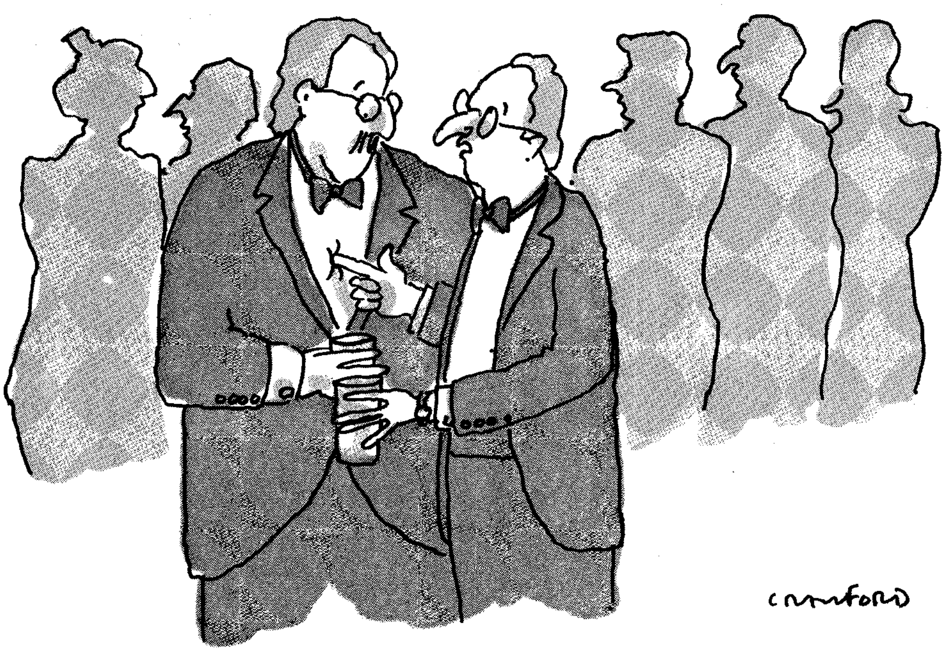
It's the most civilized and most expensive of Porsches. Costs sixty-five thousand new. A hundred and fifty-five miles per hour. Before the Testarossa, it was the fastest you could buy.

E-Type Jaguar, with that great big 4.2 litre V-12 engine. Generally voted the most beautiful car ever designed.

[In front view, a cross between a cat and a chipmunk.]

Porsche 911 twin-turbo slant-nose.

AMERICA'S MOST UNDERREPORTED WHITE-COLLAR CRIME:



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A sports-car enthusiast's sports car. You pay twenty thousand dollars more for the slant-nose.

Maserati Biturbo. Extremely fast in a straight line. What does that mean? It means you may lower your opinion when you turn the wheel.

Ferrari 308. This is your basic exotic. Ninety-some per cent of Ferraris are red, don't ask me why.

BMW 325. Call me a liar, there's one here—an entry-level car. I can put you in this for thirteen thousand dollars. It's a mere bag of shells.

Toyota Supra. Things are getting worse. Well, you can sneak a couple of Supras in here. It's a nice car, but you're carrying around thirty-five hundred pounds.

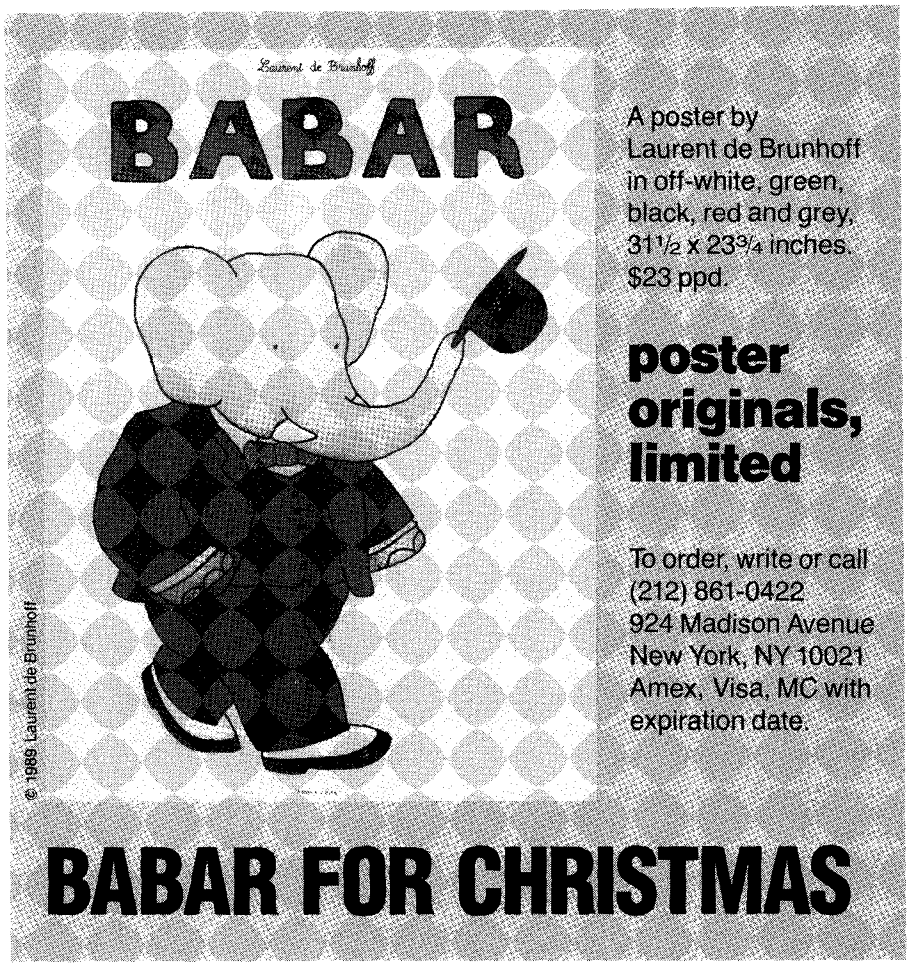
That Rabbit convertible, with the orphan tire, is high in the miles; this Audi 5000, without turbo, is a little weak in the knees.

Cadillac Allanté. Two years old, costs fifty-seven thousand new. This is Cadillac's answer to all the other cars around here, and it's not a very good answer. It's underpowered. Two seats. Detroit iron. Nice, but compare it with a Jaguar XJS, which is quieter, smoother, handles better, is faster, and costs twenty thousand dollars less. Allanté, with its *accent aigu*, is a word that means nothing in any known language, like Exxon and Häagen-Dazs.

[Rinard stations himself in midstream as cars begin to flow toward the auction shed. Those that attract his attention he follows in. They could be sheep. They could be tobacco leaves. Above each auctioneer are six lights. Green: Sound. Yellow: Listen. Red: Caution. Blue: Title Attached. Orange: No air. Magenta: Diesel. Old auctioneer in ten-gallon hat. Young auctioneer in white shirt, dark tie, dark-blue suit. Handkerchief in his left hand over the mike. In his right hand, a length of rubber hose. "Heydabababababeedabeedabeedabodabupbupbedupup thirty-one five, thirty-one five, bupupabupup, thirty-one five." Whap with the rubber. "Sir, you bought a car." Sir has bought a Jaguar XJ6.]

The Lotus is coming up. Ninety-two hundred miles. It cost fifty-five thousand new.

["Beedabodabupbupbedupup, thirty-three five." Auctioneer turns head for signal from owner. "No sale." Avanti, thirty-six thousand miles, fifteen five,



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no sale. Jaguar XJ6, lovely hemlock green, fifteen five, no sale. Mercedes SEL. Fifty-two thousand once, fifty-two thousand twice. Whap. No sale. Mercedes 560 SEC. Fifty-six thousand three hundred dollars. No sale.]

In the Exotic, half the cars are not sold. The guy who wants the car has got to be here. Dealers crowd around the cars they want. The biggest crowd today will collect around the Porsche 928 S4.

[With the flounder eyes. The dealers swarm like fans around a goalpost. They open doors. Look under the hood. "Bedupbedupup. Fifty-two five. No sale." Cadillac Allanté, under nine thousand miles, twenty-eight thousand dollars bid. Sold. Rolls-Royce, three years old, thirty-four thousand miles. Cost a hundred and ten thousand dollars new. Bedupup. Whap. Fifty-four thousand five hundred dollars. "Buddy, you bought a car."]

That's what I call depreciation.

[Maserati Biturbo on the block. Buzzer sounds. "Bupupabeedup. Roll the car." Each car has three minutes before the crowd. Its fate is resolved after it is gone.]

Here is that E-Type Jaguar. It's the ultimate exotic.

[Not today. No sale.]

This is an '81 DeLorean. Relax, I know where to get you parts. Stainless steel—the DeLorean basic color. You can have any color you want as long as it's stainless. It has a basic Peugeot engine, not outstanding but very good. It has an X-frame—very expensive. It's supposed to give you better handling. You'd need to bid fifteen thousand dollars.

[As the crowd paws it over, the doors of the DeLorean rise like the wings of a raptor.]

You can see why he went bankrupt. It's a nice car, but where's the market? How many Johnny Carsons are there in the world?

[—JOHN MCPHEE]

•

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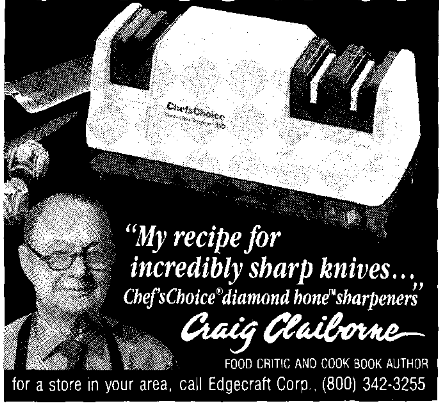

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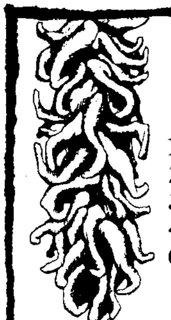

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JAZZ

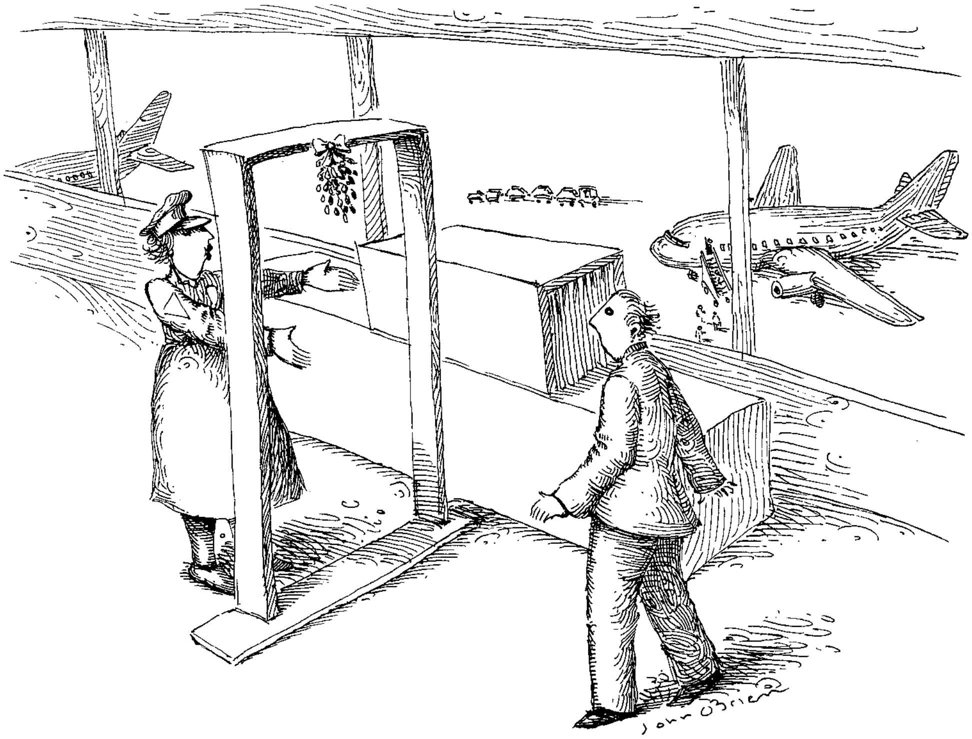
Miles

PARADOX holds Miles Davis together. He is a black jazz musician who has earned close to half a million dollars a year. He puts down the white people who have made him rich and famous. Although he is a trumpet player of the second rank, he is widely revered by musicians, critics, and audiences. He is a highly intelligent man who talks like a drill sergeant. There is a Miles Davis mystique (the glittering sports cars, the outré dress, the seclusiveness, the hoarse voice, the outrageous pronouncements, the ignoring of audiences), but there is nothing mysterious about him. In his most lyrical moments, he gets a lost-child sound on his horn, this driving, contrary, heedless thoroughly mature man.

Davis has led a bedevilled life. He was born in 1926 in Alton, Illinois, and raised in East St. Louis. He has an older sister, Dorothy, and a younger brother, Vernon. His father was a dentist who eventually retired to a two-hundred-acre farm he owned, in Millstadt, Illinois. His mother was beautiful and stylish and idle. He got on well with his father, but found his mother, whom he loved, possessive, peevish, and heavy-handed. He took up the trumpet at ten, and by the time he was in high school he had been given his second trumpet and had met his first idol, Clark Terry. He worked in a local band led by Eddie Randle, then, at eighteen, he suddenly accelerated. He had the first of two children by a woman whom he never married; he graduated from high school; he worked for two weeks in Billy Eckstine's legendary bebop band, with Charlie Parker, Dizzy Gillespie, and Art Blakey; he moved to New York and enrolled in Juilliard; and he began hanging out with Parker and Gillespie and Fats Navarro. A year later, his attractive aura already working, he was on one of the earliest and most famous bebop records ("Billie's Bounce," "Now's the Time"), with Parker, Gillespie, and Max Roach. And he appeared on Fifty-second Street with Parker and Coleman Hawkins. His style, though still hesitant, began to emerge.

In the late forties, inspired by Claude Thornhill's big band, he organized the nonet (among the players Lee Konitz, Gerry Mulligan, Kai Winding, John Lewis, Max Roach) that made the celebrated Capitol album "Birth of the Cool." The recording was another Davis paradox. The nonet's laid-back quality and calm, intricate, deep-red arrangements made it the most adventurous small band since the Ellington small bands and some of the Woody Herman Woodchopper sides of 1946, yet it helped launch the pale, conservative Goody Two-shoes music known as West Coast jazz. (The typical small bebop bands of the time were not ensemble groups, like the nonet. They used leaping, tongue-tying unison opening-and-closing collective passages, but the often long solos that came between carried the musical weight.) Davis also began taking drugs. He describes what happened in his new autobiography, "Miles" (Simon & Schuster): "I lost my sense of discipline, lost my sense of control over my life, and started to drift. It wasn't like I didn't know what was happening to me. I did, but I didn't care anymore. I had such confidence in myself that even when I was losing control I really felt I had everything under control. But your mind can play tricks on you. I guess when I started to hang like I did, it surprised a lot of people who thought I had it all together. It also surprised me." (The book, done with a poet and teacher named Quincy Troupe, is petulant, outspoken, defensive, honeyed, error-filled, and impressionistic—and loaded to the gunwales with four-letter words. Davis uses them more as hammer blows than for their literal meanings, and they soon become a dull barrage, which, for whatever reasons, gradually abates as the book goes along.)

Davis takes pains to point out that he was not alone in his addiction. Many of the best young musicians of the late forties—black and white—became heroin addicts, and he rather churlishly names them. Here, in the late fifties, is Billie Holiday, one of the most famous victims of this devastating plague: "She was looking real bad by this time, worn out, worn down, and haggard around the face and all. Thin. Mouth sagging at both corners. She was scratching a lot." (There are other eloquent patches in the book, but it is difficult to tell whether they are Davis's or Troupe's doing. Listen to this description of the church music Davis heard early in his life: "We'd be walking on these dark country roads at night and all of a sudden this music would seem to come out of nowhere, out of them spooky-looking trees that everybody said ghosts lived in. Anyway, we'd be on the side of the road—



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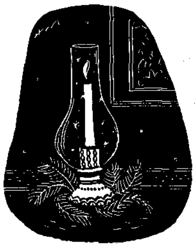
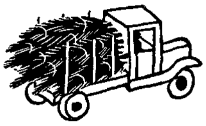
whoever I was with, one of my uncles or my cousin James—and I remember somebody would be playing a guitar the way B. B. King plays. And I remember a man and a woman singing and talking about getting *down!* Shit, that music was something, especially that woman singing. But I think that kind of stuff stayed with me, you know what I mean? That *kind* of sound in music, that blues, church, back-road funk kind of thing, that southern, midwestern, rural sound and rhythm.") Davis began stealing and even pimping to support his heroin habit. He was busted on the West Coast. He was busted again when he went home, ostensibly to give up drugs. He quit heroin in 1953, backslid, and quit for good in 1954.

Almost immediately, his professional life turned around. He led two classic recording sessions in 1954. The first consisted simply of two blues, the medium-tempo "Walkin' " and the faster "Blue 'n' Boogie." Each took up one side of a ten-inch LP (so much uninterrupted recording space was still revolutionary to jazz musicians), and both were played by Davis, Lucky Thompson, J. J. Johnson, Horace Silver, Percy Heath, and Kenny Clarke. Davis's mature style—annunciatory, clipped, vibratoless, singing—dominated both numbers and both recordings. The second recording had three originals and one standard tune, and on hand were Thelonious Monk, Milt Jackson, Heath, and Clarke. (Davis, along with Charles Mingus and Duke Ellington, has always chosen musicians who can both obey and enrich his sometimes abstruse musical designs.) Davis was in a paradoxical mood. Although he loved Monk's playing, he made him lay out behind his solos on three of the numbers. Both recordings were hailed as bellwethers; actually, they marked an enlightened reshaping of the straight-ahead, uncluttered swing of Red Norvo and Count Basie and the trumpeter Joe Thomas. Davis and his men set aside the eccentricities and excesses of bebop (in whose house most of them had been raised) while retaining its broadened harmonic base. A year later, Davis appeared at the second Newport Jazz Festival with a pickup group consisting of Gerry Mulligan, Zoot Sims, Monk, Heath, and Connie Kay—all musicians he had worked with. He played three numbers—open-horn versions of "Hackensack" and "Now's the Time," and a muted, inner-ear " 'Round Midnight." His from-the-mountaintop, time-stopping open-horn solos made it clear (their emotion still rings in the ear) that Davis, who had been struggling for much of the time since he came East, had arrived. (It is easy to wonder what might have happened to Davis's career if the brilliant trumpeter Clifford Brown had not been killed in an automobile accident a year later.) Columbia Records agreed, and before the year was out had signed him to a contract he says was worth three hundred thousand dollars a year. (He stayed with Columbia until 1985, when he went to Warner Brothers Records.) Davis's comments in "Miles" on the Columbia signing are far from the it's-not-my-fault defensiveness of the artist who has had a windfall: "And yes, going with Columbia did mean more money, but what's wrong with getting paid for what you do and getting paid well? I never saw nothing in poverty and hard times and the blues. I never wanted that for myself. I saw what it really was when I was strung out on heroin, and I didn't want to see it again. As long as I could get what I needed from the white world on my own terms, without selling myself out to all of those people who would love to exploit me, then I was going to go for what I know is real."



Davis had entered his great period. He assembled the first of two working (often long-winded) bands that, for sheer, note-tumbling momentum, are frequently numbered among the best of small jazz groups. It included, at various times, John Coltrane, Cannonball Adderley, Red Garland, Bill Evans, Paul Chambers, and Philly Joe Jones. Davis, like Mingus, began experimenting with different kinds of improvisation, and he made the album "Kind of Blue," in which he gave his players modal sketches to work their variations on, and set them loose, one take per number. The results are cool, subtle, edgeless music. Davis was also busy in the Columbia studios making three statuesque concerto albums—"Miles Ahead," "Porgy and Bess," and

“Sketches of Spain”—in which, accompanied by a big band playing Gil Evans’ autumnal arrangements, he was the only soloist. (Would that Louis Armstrong had had such cosseting when he was at his height, in 1933!) Davis’s second famous small working band arrived in the sixties and had Wayne Shorter, Herbie Hancock, Ron Carter, and Tony Williams. Its repertory moved between mooning, muted ballads and furious up-tempo numbers, in which Davis, always a middle-register player, ventured into the upper regions and used unaccustomed avalanches of notes.



Davis’s life since the early sixties has been hill-and-dale. He has been married to and divorced from the dancer Frances Taylor and the actress Cicely Tyson. He has been plagued by medical problems, among them hip operations, a stroke, two broken ankles, pneumonia, and diabetes. From 1975 to 1980, he dropped out. He gave up playing altogether and retired to his house, on West Seventy-seventh Street. Here, brutally, is what he did: “I just took a lot of cocaine (about $500 a day at one point) and fucked all the women I could get into my house. I was also addicted to pills, like Percodan and Seconal, and I was drinking a lot, Heinekens and cognac. . . . I didn’t go out too often and when I did it was mostly to after-hours places up in Harlem where I just kept on getting high and living from day to day. . . . The house was filthy and real dark and gloomy, like a dungeon.” George Butler, of Columbia Records, got Davis back on the track, and he began coming out again in 1981. Since then, he says, he has given up drugs and drinking. He has also given up his house, and now divides his time between Malibu and an apartment on Central Park South.

A final Davis paradox: although he has tinkered endlessly with his music (various types of improvising, odd time signatures, synthesizers, an electric trumpet), his playing, which resides at the still center of all these experiments, has changed little. He has never been much of a technician, and he has been clever enough to keep his style within his abilities. When he came East in the forties, he ignored his limitations, and his solos were sometimes a string of embarrassing clams. He ignored them again when he had the Shorter-Williams band and began shooting wildly into the upper register, with nerve-racking results. Many people have influenced Davis—Louis Armstrong, Clark Terry, Shorty Baker, Fats Navarro, Ahmad Jamal, Bobby Hackett, Gil Evans, Lester Young, Charlie Parker, and Dizzy Gillespie. Perhaps the heaviest hand on his playing was that of an early teacher who told him never to play with a vibrato, that he’d have plenty of time for a vibrato when he grew old and could no longer control his lip. His no-vibrato attack sometimes gives his playing an abrupt, telegraphic air, but he softens this by using a lot of rests and long notes. He also softens his attack with his tone. It is full, but it is not a brass tone, a trumpet tone. It is human sound compressed into trumpet sound. His solos in the Gil Evans “Sketches of Spain” album have a unique pleading, sorrowing quality. There have been many other players who have got a human sound—Johnny Hodges, Ben Webster, Red Allen, Pee Wee Russell—but their tonal qualities have never superseded the basic sound of their instruments. Davis has succeeded in making almost visible the emotions—longing, sadness, pity—that move just beneath his complex surface. But his eerie, buttonholing sound is not as common on his recent, synthesizer-controlled recordings, where electronics and odd time signatures dominate the surroundings, and cause him to sound removed and disjointed. The great Davis still resides in his recordings of thirty years ago, efforts that he—obsessed, as he is, by change—no longer even listens to.

Davis has become a business. On his newest Warner Brothers Records release, “Amandla,” he lists his production coördinators, his tour manager, his business manager, and his personal manager. The cover of the album is a semi-abstract self-portrait. (Like such earlier worthies as Pee Wee Russell and George Wettling, Davis has taken up painting.) Beneath Davis’s head are the bell of a trumpet and a globe, with the African continent thereon. Davis’s eyes, looking into the middle distance, are cold and furious, as if he were tallying the various imponderables that have kept him from becoming the genius he believes himself to be.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

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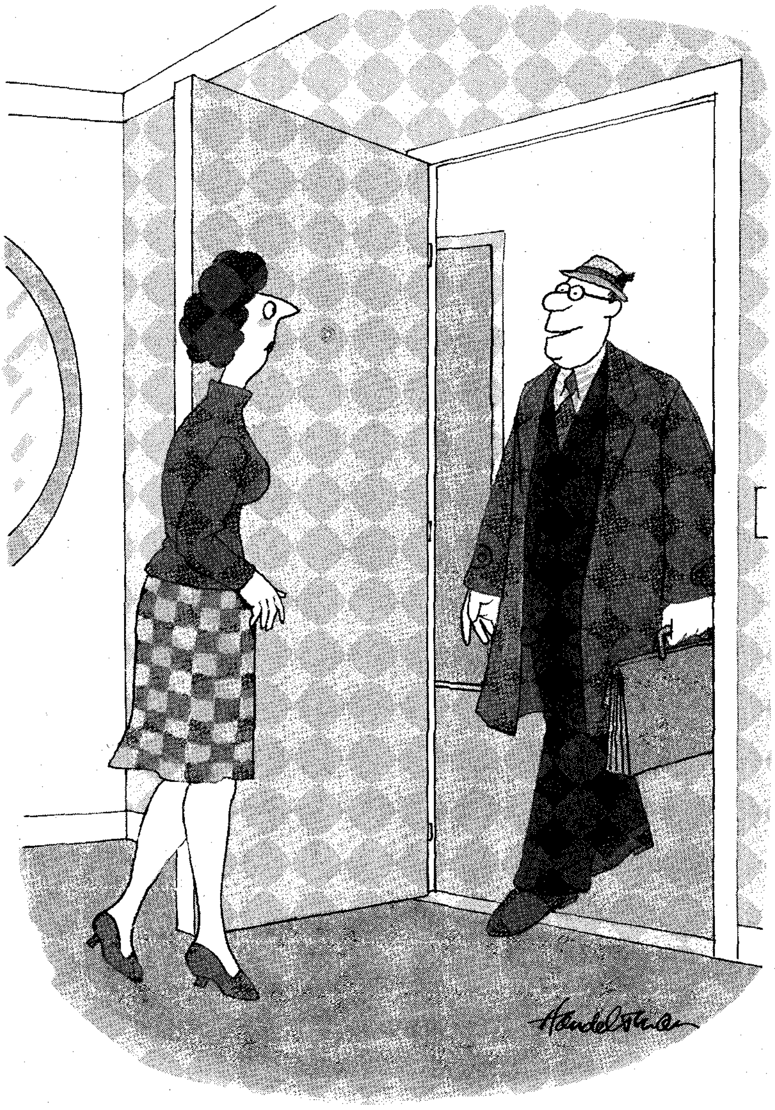
"'TIS the gift to be simple, 'tis the gift to be free" is the first line of the Shaker song "Simple Gifts," and we found ourself humming those words as we trudged up and down the streets, dodging handfuls of potpourri, in search of presents for this last Christmas of the eighties which might be simple, if not absolutely free. Those who would like to hear "Simple Gifts" themselves on Christmas morning can order from the Shaker Workshops (P.O. Box 1028, Concord, Massachusetts 01742) a music box that plays nine bars of the tune and then repeats. The movement is made in Switzerland, and it is housed in a satiny oil-finished solid-cherry oval box that measures just over four and a half inches long and three wide, and thus should fit neatly into almost anybody's hand. The price is $30. Any enterprising soul who would like to make a music box for a loved one may order the movement separately. The price is $9.50, which includes a winding key, mounting screws, and instructions.

Empty oval boxes, made with the traditional Shaker fingerlap, which prevents warping, are available in cherry, and in sizes various enough to hold a wide assortment of small packages. The boxes range in price from $24 to $58—the latter for a box about thirteen inches long, nine inches wide, and five inches deep. A nesting set of six boxes is $240, and might be welcomed by anyone whose New Year's resolution is to bring order to ten years' worth of chaos by sorting through the memorabilia—twine, campaign buttons, five-dollar movie-ticket stubs, ninety-cent subway tokens, crystals—now stuffed in the kitchen drawer. A button box (so called because the prototype bears the inscription "Sisters' Collar Buttons") is $24.50. For those to whom the term "do it yourself" still applies to activities in the vicinity of the stovetop, one might order "The Shaker Cookbook: Recipes & Lore from the Valley of God's Pleasure." (The authors are Caroline Piercy and Arthur Tolve; the book is illustrated by Kathy Jakobsen and Patricia J. Forgac, and put out by Gabriel's Horn Publishing, for $12.20.) On the page facing the recipe for Christmas bread pudding, the authors note that the Shaker millennial laws of the eighteen-forties warn that on Christmas Day one should "leave all grudges . . . eternally behind." Other recipes are for pease porridge (hot), Eldress Clymena's blue-flower omelette, and taffy ("Pull candy out to a length that can be managed without strands falling"). Among the nuggets of Shaker lore included is the fact that the Shakers may have invented the wooden clothespin.

Whether invented by the Shakers or not, the clothespin shows up as the head of a long-jawed toy dog in the exhibit at the Cooper-Hewitt Museum called "The Intimate World of Alexander Calder," which is on view through this season. "If you can substitute an old piece of junk and make it serve as well as something more costly, you win," said Mr. Calder, who once turned a broken goblet into a dinner bell, and a cake mold into a lamp. The catalogue—written by Daniel Marchesseau (the show was first put on in Paris) and translated from the French with charming literalness by Eleanor Levieux and Barbara Shuey—is on sale in the museum's gift shop; $85 cloth, $65 paper. It is a record of all the works in the show, among them wire brooches—feathers, fish, initials, and portraits—made for friends, and includes photographs of Calder and his circle. The gift shop also carries a Dover paperback called "Animal Sketching," by Calder, with over twenty-five illustrations demonstrating how to draw just birds; it's $2.50. Nearby are baskets full of objects suitable for hiding inside a Shaker box or a Christmas stocking. For those who cannot wield a drawing pencil but like to keep busy,



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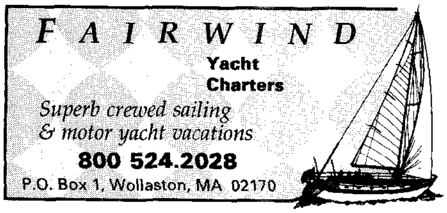
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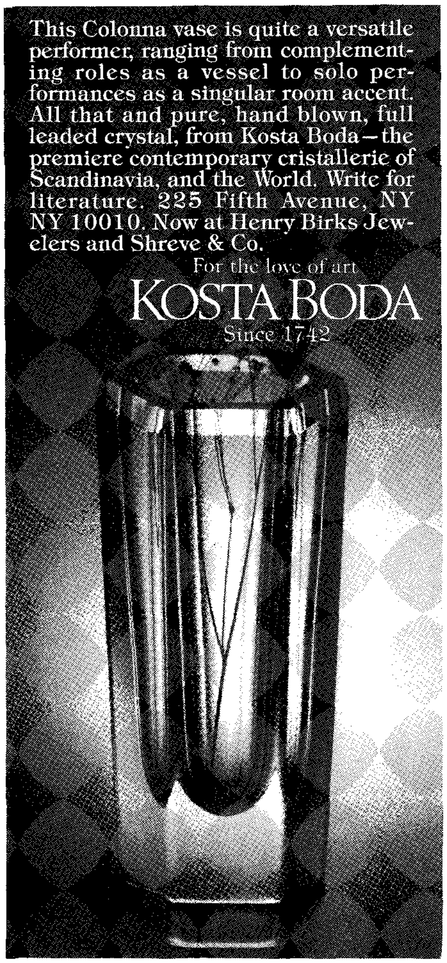
the shop can supply handsome painted juggling balls from China. The last few years, the surfaces of many things have been marbleized, and that is the treatment these have got. The pattern incorporates vermillion, evergreen, and emperor's yellow; the balls are $1.50 each, and at least four are recommended. For grownup Claras or their covetous brothers, the shop has two painted wooden nutcrackers; one is a fourteen-inch prince, and the other is Drosselmeyer's soldier—a strapping sixteen inches. The prices are $35 and $50, respectively, and either will make short work of even the most recalcitrant hazelnuts. Appealing tin brooches in the shapes of the more romantic insects—marmalade-hued butterflies, violet darning needles, and ladybugs—are fifty cents each.

Tender Buttons (143 East 62nd Street) has what may well be the largest collection of engaging buttons in New York, and any of them might be suitably presented in a button box. The button menagerie here includes bats, sea horses, starfish, pigs, and flying geese. The prices range from $2.50 to $6, and a line of one species running down a placket might serve to pinpoint the recipient's alter ego in the animal kingdom. Buttons in the form of enamelled butterflies, made in France at the turn of the last century, are $45 each. A set of three Bakelite fish fabricated in this country during the Eisenhower years costs $55. For fans of Sarah Bernhardt, Tender Buttons offers forty-two different buttons that were stamped, at the height of her fame, with her likeness on coin silver or brass or horn. The smallest—a quarter inch—suggests how her face might have looked from the top gallery; the largest—an inch and a half across—is probably the view from the dress circle. The prices range from $2 to $40 apiece. Grimacing antique gods from China gesticulate in committees of seven porcelain buttons; the backs are silver and the backgrounds ivory, and prices are from $125 to $275 per set, depending on age and rarity.

Nimble-fingered sorts who would like to sew a gift of buttons onto a man's or a woman's plain white shirt before presenting it can find such a garment at the Gap, a new outlet of which is on Broadway at 86th Street, above an underground Gristede's supermarket. At the Gap, since the management has decided to eschew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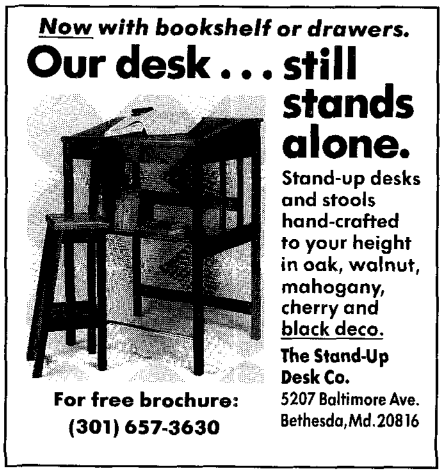
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feverish stage design and the cash outlay needed to turn a storefront into an Adirondack lodge or Balmoral, a white shirt is a white shirt, rather than a dim extra, and the price is $32 for one with no frippery. For those who still like a sliver of icing on their cake, the Gap can provide women's blouses in this year's popular upholstery shade: white steeped in Earl Grey. Here the color is called parchment, and a fine version of a shirt run up in this material has a collar of lace that looks like elaborate rickracking; $36.

Over on the East Side, where the Gristede's supermarkets are aboveground, the Italian firm of Nara Camice, at 1128 Madison Avenue (84th), also sells shirts and blouses—as it does in over fifty other outlets, from Agrigento to Venezia. Here, in hundred-per-cent cotton, are more than two dozen styles for women, all of which go all out and make the shirts at the Gap look austere. They include a white blouse with an openwork collar of Etruscan vine leaves, one with a square Pilgrim collar that has antinomian inserts of floral lace, and one sporting a sailor collar with an overlay collar scalloped like a parlormaid's apron. Prices range from $85 to $120. Many of the men's shirts bring to mind those usually worn by gondoliers, but there is also a restrained ivory dress shirt, with French cuffs, for $98.

Katagiri (224 East 59th Street), a store that has sold Japanese products in New York since 1907, maintains an exotic equivalent of the atmosphere of the old-fashioned general store. Here one can buy a special green tea with brown rice in it—*genmai-cha*—from Yokohama ($3.29 for twenty teabags), dried persimmon leaves ($11.50 for 4.58 ounces, in a box decorated by a wistful watercolor of the persimmon bush in full bloom), and rush slippers with deep-blue plush thongs ($14.50 per pair). Paper billfolds for dollars or yen, decorated with underside views of parasol workings, are $7.50 (the pattern is silver, blue, red, and gold), and pads of origami paper are $1.40.

Friends of those with piscine interests might consider paying a visit to American Aquarium, at 810 Lexington Avenue (63rd). On the day we stopped by, we noticed a number of mothers idling behind strollers while their offspring gazed ecstatically into the lowest tier of tanks. For novices, the store has an easy-to-care-for starter set: twin vivid-orange fantail goldfish. They cost $7 a pair, and their larger, speckled cousins, calico orandas, start at $7.98 each. Pale kissing fish are $5 per couple, and shimmering silver angels are $7.98. Electric-blue African cichlids, which are the color of gas flames turned up high, cost from $5 to $60. And from the Amazon comes a fish called—here, at least—a Jack Dempsey; it has sequin scales, weighs a good three-quarters of a pound, and costs $34.98. Quick-swimming white-cloud tetras are $1.29, and Dantesque black ghosts, which move by propelling themselves with their fins along the tank bottom, are from $13.98 to $17.95. Any of these fish, and especially the tetras, will put on a continuous June Taylor show, but someone who prefers soloists might be pleased to have a single cobalt-blue betta, from China. The price of one in its own three-inch bowl is $5.96. A modest aquarium setup is $19.95—a price that includes a ten-gallon tank with gravel, air pump, filter, and tubing. Larger establishments start at $60. Someone who since falling under the influence of Hilary Knight has wanted a turtle for his or her very own might make do with either a leopard tortoise ($149.95) or an elongated tortoise ($199.95). The tortoises eat vegetables, and do no harm if they're let loose in the apartment. For Hobbesians, American Aquarium sells Uncle Milton's Giant Ant Farm. The box reads, "See the live ants sow, reap, harvest, and store their own food. Watch them dig tunnels, build bridges, move mountains." The farms are $29.95; an ant-stock certificate is part of the package, and may be redeemed after Christmas.

ABOVE water and up the street, Peipers+Kojen, at 1023 Lexington Avenue (74th), has on hand some novel iridescent glass pens in various anemone hues. After a dip in an inkwell, the pens glide smoothly over any kind of paper, and they might be given to anyone who has ever uttered the words "transparent prose." The pens were hand-blown by Didier Noré, a French glass artist, who followed a traditional 1779 English design. A pen is $85, and $10 buys a bottle of no-nonsense blue or black Pelikan-Tinte 4001 ink, made in Hannover, West Germany. (The bottles have a pen rest.) Philippa Merriman, an English silversmith, has designed a sterling-silver fountain pen that is as thin as a straw, and she has cleverly shaped the non-writing end so that it serves as a letter opener. Such a pen might be given to good effect to anyone to whom one wants to drive home the point that writing and receiving letters are interrelated pleasures; the price is $135. And to grace the wrists Peipers+Kojen has a bowlful of Italian bracelets made of briarwood and acrylic. The prices range from $25 to $45, and the acrylic has been through a process that has turned it tiger's-eye gold and twig brown. If worn in pairs, the bracelets seem to circle and snake up the arm, and the wearer looks like Daphne turning into a laurel tree.

Since the clothes designed in France by Agnes de Fleurieu for Agnes B., at 1063 Madison Avenue (81st) and 116-118 Prince Street (Greene), wear well and rarely deviate from the timeless French ingénue style, they are dangerously close to becoming classics, which no one need buy again, except as a lark or as a replacement. Therefore, Mme. de Fleurieu always introduces something subtly new, and this year it's silk mousseline. Giverny-like fields of silk dotted with cow lilies have been made up into gathered sheer skirts that are meant to float bewitchingly below the wearer's knees. The price is $340. At the same price is a leopard-print version, in which the fabric has been dyed two shades of blue rather than the usual black and yellow, as if the animal had walked through a dye vat. An equally sheer Anaïs Nin-like skirt of peach mousseline is printed with ghostly images that turn out on close inspection to be white paisleys; also $340. On sheer midnight-blue polka-dot scarves, the white dots undergo mitosis, changing from a few large ones at one end to many small ones at the other; the price is $46. For winter outerwear, the effect of plaid wool scarves has been softened: the yarn is mohair, and the tartan is in the pastels of never-never land. The scarves are three feet long and one foot wide, and are woven in Great Britain; $40.

Ties and shawls, throws, scarves, and cummerbunds are everywhere; only the stole seems to have had its day. The predominant motifs at Bottega Veneta, at 635 Madison Avenue (59th), which sells leather goods as well, are pearls and butterflies. Here neckties made of azure silk are printed with the outline of a butterfly in tur-

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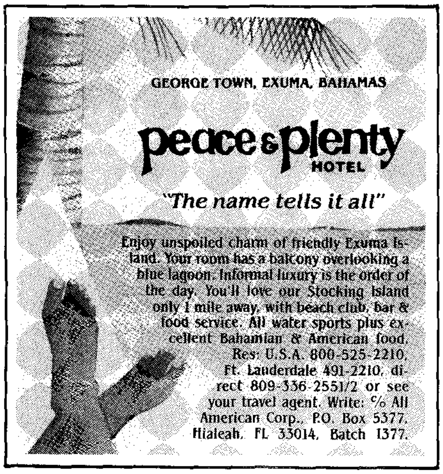
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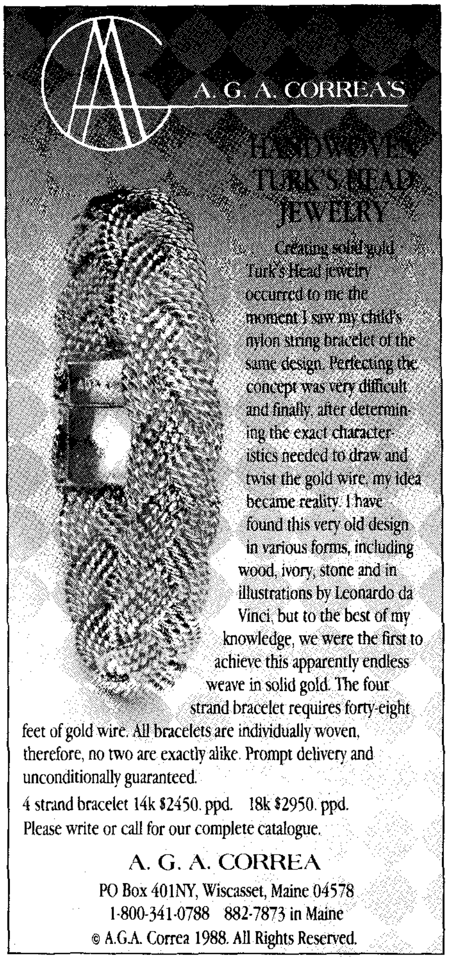
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quoise in a pattern so discreet that it takes more than a moment for the mind to organize the wavery interlocking lines into outspread lepidopteran wings. Other ties are pale pink, with the wings sketched in lime. These and the blue ties are $85, and so are bow ties made of the same lustrous silk. Black bow ties, for box appearances at the Fenice, are also $85. Black satin cummerbunds are $150. More butterflies flock on silk-and-wool cocoon shawls fifty-four inches square. A winner is Canaletto green with flutterings of blue and mulberry; a runner-up is the color of Kir, and the wings are green and goldfinch yellow. The shawls cost $280, and either might be thrown over a piano or given to a woman who complains of drafts. Almost seven hundred years ago, the Patriarch of Venice banned the wearing of pearls worth more than two hundred ducats, and Bottega Veneta complies with this regulation by translating pearls into prints on oblong scarves of silk georgette. Shades include gray on aqua, and grappa on ivory. The scarves measure two and a half feet by six, and the price is $300.

Across town at 2159 Broadway (76th) is the Body Shop, a store that has all the sparkle of a cosmetics salon, except that the concept is not "the new you" but, rather, "the new us." The products are for men and women, and in the weeks we have been acquainted with this particular Body Shop outlet (there are four others around town) the display in the front window has changed from a large poster courtesy of the group Survival International for the Rights of Threatened Tribal Peoples to the Body Shop's own posters advertising Dewberry perfume. The packaging at the Body Shop is for the most part biodegradable; none of the shop's concoctions are tested on animals. Judicious picking and choosing here will yield gifts for anyone who is about equally interested in salve for the skin and balm for the conscience. The Body Shop subsidizes fifty boys in Tirumangalam Boys Town, in southern India, who make ribbed wooden rollers with which the footsore in other lands can massage their own feet. This enterprise is part of the Body Shop's "Trade Not Aid" policy. (Another policy is that customers can bring back their empty Body Shop jars and bottles to be recycled.) A five-and-a-half-inch roller is $10.20; a nine-inch one is $13.50. Loofah mitts are $3.35 (including instructions that remind the bather to "always massage towards the heart"); seven ounces of rice-bran body scrub is $11.25; and 1.7 ounces of hawthorn hand cream is $5.15. For those in outposts more remote than either Dubai or the Arctic Circle (where there are already Body Shops), a mail-order catalogue is available (45 Horsehill Road, Cedar Knoll, New Jersey 07927; telephone 800 541-2535).

SNOWBOUND New World settlers greeted catalogues as visions of the promised land, and for us today, plowing through the drifts of mail that pile outside the door, it is easy to order, as those settlers did, stock enough to take care of every name on the Christmas list. While their order forms included harness bells, corsets, hoes, and horsehair, ours might list wind chimes, pointelle silk long johns, and bulb planters. Thos. Moser, cabinetmakers (415 Cumberland Avenue, Portland, Maine 04101; telephone 207 774-3791), is one of a slew of enterprises that in their catalogue literature this year make reference to the start of a new millennium, just over a decade hence, mentioning that their products will last well into the next century. Since for most people the year 2000 has a faraway, otherworldly quality, this imparts to these objects a transcendent aura, as if the chair, blanket, or pompom hat had gone on ahead of us, as a pioneer in the acreage of time beyond that hairpin turn. "Our designs, rooted in the America of the last century, are attempts at fusing the past to the future," Moser states. Like the Shaker Workshops, Moser deals primarily in furniture, and for filing away yesterday, today, and tomorrow Moser can supply a paper organizer that measures six inches by nine by twenty-four and has two long and four vertical pigeonholes. It's made of solid cherry, and might easily hold a season's worth of catalogues, if not the concomitant bills. The price is $350. A lectern desk, for a man or woman who likes to remain upright while at work, might also serve as a station on which to give impromptu speeches on either the ozone or the price of tea. The top is slanted, and the front edge is forty-one inches from the floor. The desk is thirty-two inches wide and twenty-two deep, and it has a lockable drawer; $1,400. Moser's pieces are as simple as Shaker

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designs but have a smoother look, reminiscent of the Wiener Werkstätte.

An alternative—or an addition—to paper organizers for alleviating a friend's storage problems might be a barn from John Libby (Houses & Barns by John Libby, Upper Pleasant Street, P.O. Box 258, Freeport, Maine 04032; telephone 207 865-4169). What is called a Lutes barn is twenty-four feet wide and thirty-six feet long. It has a cupola shaped like a summer-house, which lets in extra daylight, and the barn itself has over sixteen hundred feet of storage or living space, on two floors. In the catalogue, it is painted a soft Winslow Homer blue, the windows are six-over-six sash lights, and the front door is fastened by two long iron hinges. The price is between $50 and $93 a square foot, depending on finish work and on location. The labor, but not the site, is included, and the barn can be raised by John Libby's crew in about a month's time. For those who want an old barn, the company will find one, dismantle it, and reassemble it elsewhere.

Handy persons who insist on doing their own renovations could hardly find better cronies—or mentors—than the staff at Constantine (2050 Eastchester Road, Bronx, New York 10461). Not only does Constantine's catalogue list twenty different router bits but it can also supply, for $39.95, a handyman's pocket calculator, which accepts figures in inches, feet, yards, or metres and, besides the usual math, does squares and cubes. A carpenter we know explained that it would be helpful if you had, say, a six-room apartment and were thinking of putting a maple floor down in three of the rooms, because you could take the linear-foot dimension of the lumber and apply it to the total square footage without recourse to figuring on the back of an envelope. Instructions are included. A rosewood-and-brass-handled try square, which, according to our friend, has a nice heft in the hand and is useful for kitchen cabinetry, has a machined-steel blade that is six, nine, or twelve inches long; $11.95 for the nine-inch one.

Freeport, Maine—Down East from the Bronx—is more familiarly known as the home of L. L. Bean. Those who favor a more ephemeral—and less site-specific—form of housing than the Lutes barn might be pleased to receive, for journeys into the nineties, Bean's

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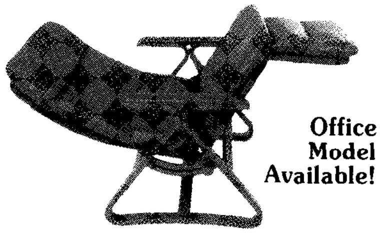

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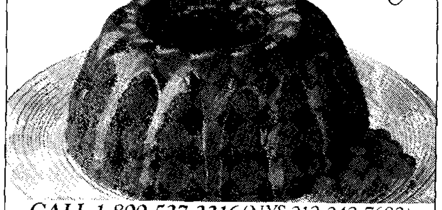

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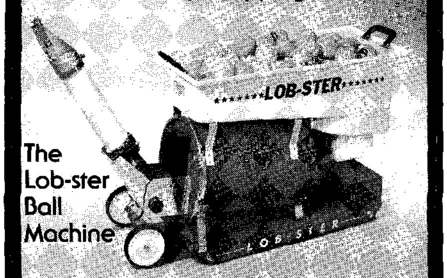

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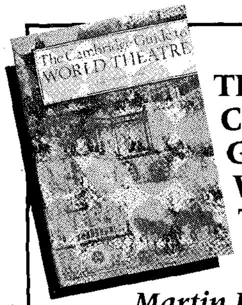

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two-person expedition dome tent. Cinch-down straps allow the traveller to adjust the tension during stormy weather; the sky-blue floor and Brunelleschi-like side panels are abrasion-resistant coated nylon; and the mesh window keeps out pesky no-see-ums. The price is $159. The tent weighs eight pounds, and the height calls for stooping, since it is just fifty-four inches. Dome tents for six persons (who if they're under six feet tall can stand up inside) measure eleven feet two inches at the widest point; $197.50 (L. L. Bean, Freeport, Maine 04033; telephone 800 221-4221).

Eddie Bauer, the mail-order company based in Seattle, is the husky Western brother of L. L. Bean; Bauer's models are usually on horseback or bushwhacking rather than birding or "doing chores around camp." Equally suited, however, to rides along the Hudson and rides across the Badlands is a red-and-blue wool plaid jacket with double welt pockets trimmed in lamb leather. Side vents at the hem allow enough give so that nothing interferes with getting a leg up. The price is $115. Parkas with fur-trimmed hoods have parachuted back into the pantheon of asked-for outdoor gear this year. Here the Aleutian parka, which is for men but whose small sizes will fit women, has a sturdy shell of cotton twill that resists water and stains, whether from hot-dog mustard or Sitka mud, and the interior is prime goose down quilted inside a nylon lining. The hood has a rim of ice-resistant coyote fur, which is detachable for cleaning. There are pockets galore—for less strenuous outings, the front patch pockets will hold enough stale bread to feed at least two square yards of pigeons—and the price is $335. The parka is either tan, lined with spruce, or, for those who have a mind of winter, white, lined with navy. And, for those who always complain that it's their face that's freezing, Bauer can offer a full goose-down mask. The back is stretch-knit, the eyeholes are large, the nose is hooked, to allow breathing, and in it the wearer is instantly transformed into a Phantom of the Opera, albeit with a complexion of what Bauer calls "western sage." The price is $30. Boiled wool—boiling tightens the weave and gives wool a dense nap—is traditionally the stuff of Tyrolean outfits, but women who like the material but don't accept

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Heidi as a role model might be pleased by Bauer's boiled-wool over-the-hip blazer. It drapes like a sweater and closes with brass-tone buttons. The choice of colors is lingonberry or Alpine blue, and the price is $175 (Eddie Bauer, P.O. Box 3700, Seattle, Washington 98124; telephone 800 426-8020).

Patagonia, the clothing company that has done pioneering work in Capilene fleece and Synchilla fabrics in order to make mountain climbers more comfortable, now donates ten per cent of its pre-tax profits to "preserving and restoring the natural environment"—a policy that, like that of the Body Shop, demonstrates the company's winning combination of good intentions and well-honed accounting sense. This year, Patagonia (1609 West Babcock Street, P.O. Box 8900, Bozeman, Montana 59715; telephone 800 638-6464) has also devoted itself to upgrading its clothes for women, and especially pleasing are French-inspired sailor jerseys of heavy cotton striped in slightly unusual color combinations, for those who like such a look but don't want to appear too insistently nautical. The stripes are blue-black/cobalt, sage/eggplant, and violet/hunter green. The price is $45, and it would be impossible to improve on Patagonia's own catalogue description: "This shirt looks and feels right in most places frequented by humans." Patagonia continues to make superior fine-wale-corduroy shirts for men. The fabric is bird's-wing soft, and the colors (purple, ivy, sapphire, and oxblood) are so brilliant they might be illuminated by an ultraviolet bulb; $45.

Back East, Garnet Hill (262 Main Street, Franconia, New Hampshire 03580; telephone 800 622-6216) is high in the running for this year's most pleasing catalogue cover art—a photograph of maple and beech leaves lacy with snow. Garnet Hill has no truck with synthetic fibres of any kind, and offers instead a cold-winter posy of woollen winter hats for women. Flags noting the country of origin mark most products in the catalogue, and the maple leaf rests next to a cloche—in red, black, or winter white—that looks like an upside-down tulip. The price is $19, and a hood, also from Canada, that the wearer pulls over her head like a dickey is $15, in the same colors. Matching gloves are $10. The company has its own boiled-wool selection:

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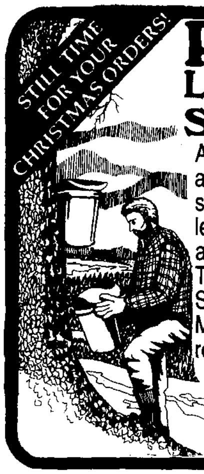
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hut clogs from West Germany. The felt fabric is indigenous to the Black Forest region, and twentieth-century magic has treated the soles with latex. The clogs have birch-bark coloring and are lined and trimmed in apple red; $26.

In its catalogue, Saffran (1053 Grand Avenue, St. Paul, Minnesota 55105; telephone 612 292-8285), a mail-order house that imports Swedish clothing for women, has photographs of models against the background of Gamla Stan, the pretty, old section of Stockholm. Saffran has long had its particular palette: plum, sea foam, coffee, dove blue, copper, and wine. Teal and golden brown have been introduced this year. A fine-ribbed cotton-blend pullover with dropped shoulders and a mock turtleneck is $76, in coffee, and it might be paired with a cropped ribbed vest in plum; $54. Horizontally striped cornflower-and-deep-blue leggings for which Pippi Longstocking would give her eyeteeth are $48. Floppy wool berets, in coffee or blue, have wide headbands knitted in intarsia crenellations of amethyst/plum/copper or sea foam/moss/blue-green. They look like Disney toadstools and cost $34.

Numerous women we know would be glad this Christmas to receive the simple gift of enough pairs of black opaque tights to get them through an average week. Those who would like to oblige without braving the snake pit of the average department store's stocking counter can order such tights, and others, from J. Crew (1 Ivy Crescent, Lynchburg, Virginia 24506; telephone 800 562-0258). The price is $9 for English nylon ribbed tights, and $10 a pair for the opaque; this splurge may be amortized, since the tights stand up to repeated wearings and, we were told on the phone, "if they run sooner than you think they should you can send them back." Those who like their sweatshirts gussied up might be pleased to find a quilted sweatshirt, in Popsicle orange, under the tree. The price is $34, and matching drawstring pants are $42. J. Crew is a company to which those who like their clothes to look broken in but have no leisure time to do the job themselves can turn for aid. A homey roll-neck sweater that might have been made by a fellow's former sweetheart strikes a Huck Finn note. The wrists and bottom also roll nicely, and the color possibilities include a charcoal hybrid called flannel heather and an antique garnet; $48. It's been a while since we've seen a tab-collar shirt, but J. Crew has one, in blue chambray, and it might be of use to a man who is following the current fashion of wearing a buttoned-up shirt with a jacket but no tie, and who feels the need for a little something to grip him at the neck. The price is $36. Felt fedoras with low crowns and leather bands, in black or olive, are $28, and may be worn by either sex. Ribbon-yarn cardigans for women are $68; the buttons are mother-of-pearl, and among the colors are honey and leaf. The arboreal theme can be extended by wearing the sweater, in leaf, with a pair of fir-green suède gloves on which fringe hangs from the wrists like pine needles. These are $64. Alice-in-Wonderland headbands in navy, black, or brown silk grosgrain are $18. A crimson worsted wool sweater with a Jacquard pattern of small white fleur-de-lis is sized for small, medium, large, or extra-large men but would look good, too, on the recipient's wife or sister or girlfriend. The price is $56.

THERE is hardly anyone whose standard of living might not be improved by receiving a Swiss Army knife. There are some forty models of the original Victorinox, which is still made in the Alps, under the supervision of the third generation of the Elsener family. Their ancestors, Charles and Victoria Elsener, in 1891 received a commission from the Swiss Army to create a pocketknife with a sturdy blade. Today, Swiss soldiers uphold their kingdom with the Elseners' Soldier, a four-bladed knife. It's $22. The Picknicker, with three additional tools—a toothpick, a tweezer for removing splinters, and a corkscrew—and a large blade that can be used for slicing baguettes, is $27.50. The Adventurer is the same price, and it might be ordered for those who often find themselves in regions beyond the well-stocked hamper. It substitutes a Phillips screwdriver and a can key for the corkscrew. The Angler has sixteen features, among them a fish scaler, a ruler for deciding what to throw back, and a hook disengager; $42. Those who want every feature will get the SwissChamp, a knife with twenty-nine blades, among them a magnifying glass for starting fires, and a chisel. The price of that is $79.50. You can get a catalogue by writing to the Swiss Armory (2838 Juniper Street, San Diego, California 92104; telephone 619 696-9841). We note, in passing, that, according to superstition, one must give a penny along with a knife or the friendship will be severed.

120
R.Davidson

Any of the above implements would be adequate for deadheading flowers—a garden chore that has become part of the decade's vocabulary as the vogue for cultivating one's own patch of ground, whether it's a few acres in Water Mill or a window box on Broome Street, has gained in popularity. There are catalogues for bringing the garden inside, and catalogues full of supplies for budding Jekylls and Olmsteds intent on outdoor vistas. For the former purpose, one might order from Rose & Gerard (55 Sunnyside, Mill Valley, California 94941; telephone 415 383-4050) the last roses of summer sweetly arranged in a six-inch-diameter wreath. The roses have been dried at their peak, and look almost alive. They are secured to twinelike stems and green cloth leaves; $46. For outdoor gardeners, pigskin garden gloves in which to cut down boughs of holly and swaths of pine are $15.50 for women (sizes 6, 7, 8) and a dollar more for men (sizes 8, 9, 10). And, for those who have not already received enough of it, Rose & Gerard can supply a six-ounce box of potpourri. The mixture consists of dried orange peel, bougainvillea petals, rosebuds, cloves, juniper berries, and coriander, garnished with dried tulips and cinnamon sticks. All this is $14. Rose & Gerard, under the wing of its parent company, Smith & Hawken, is another firm that makes copy out of its

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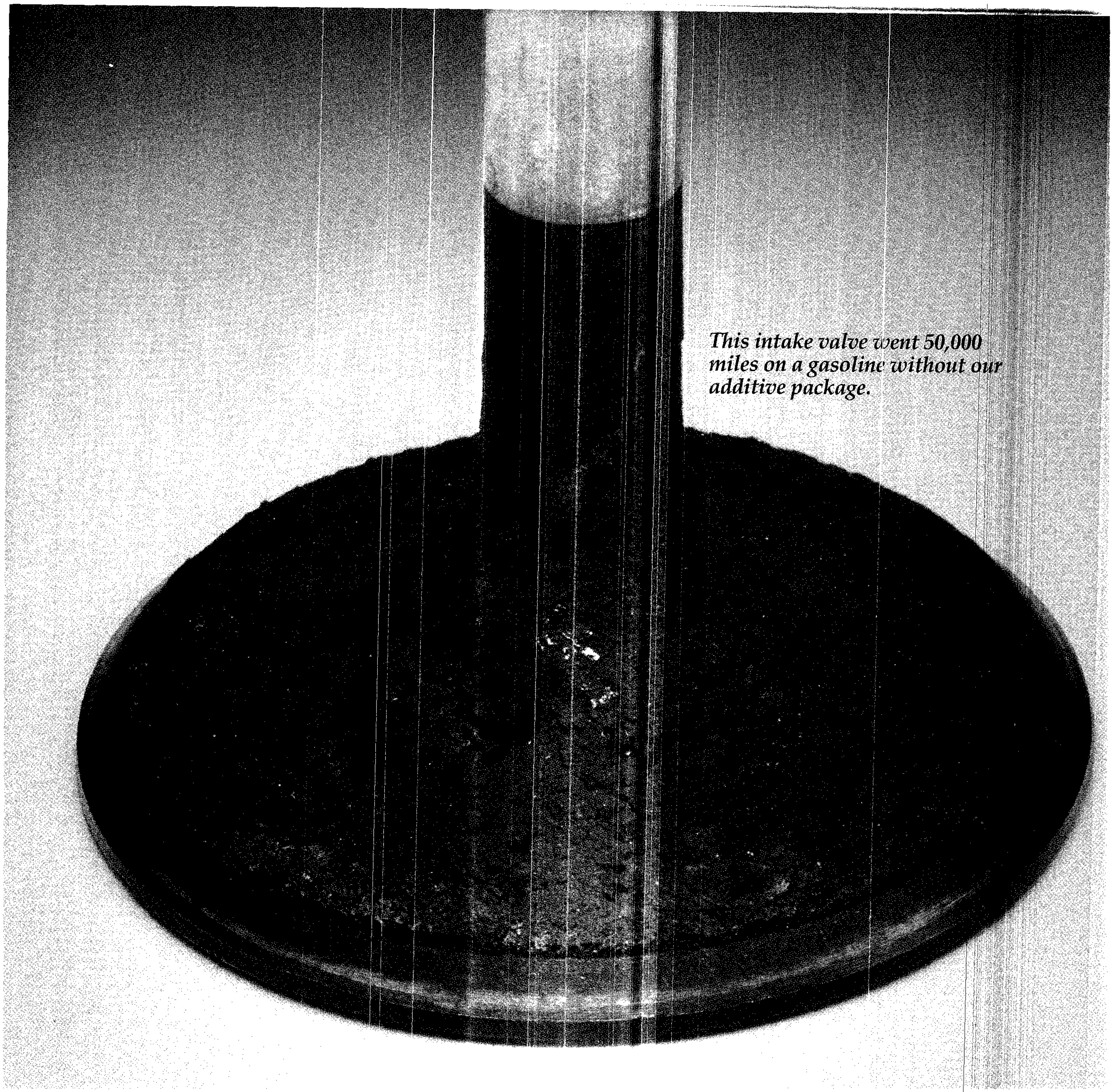

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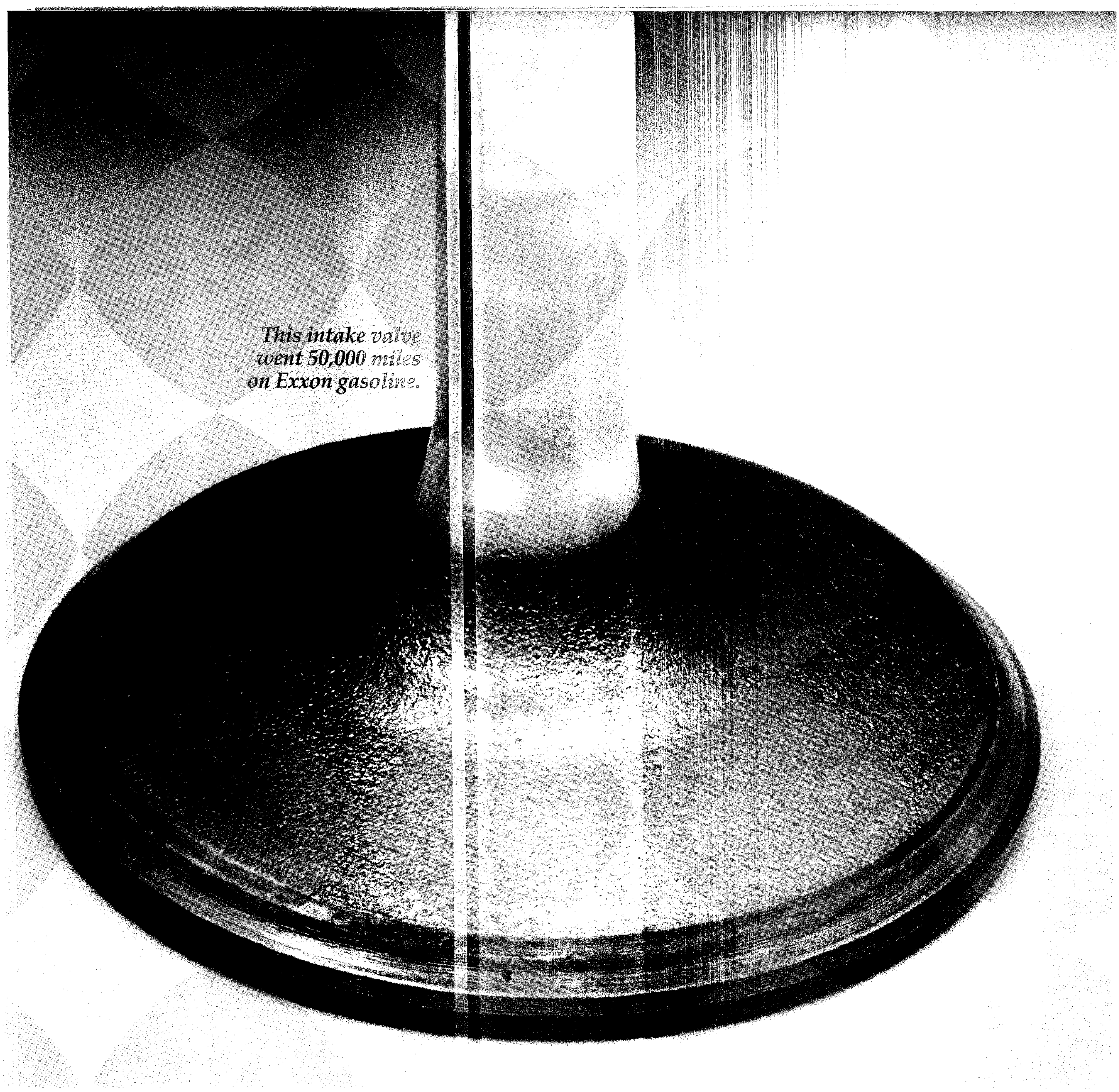

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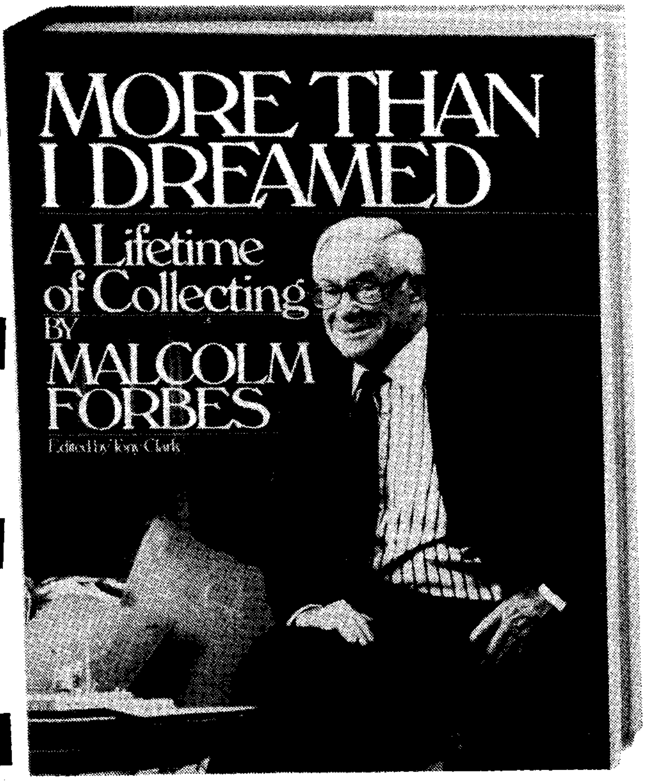

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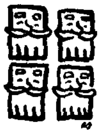
Gardener's Eden (P.O. Box 7307, San Francisco, California 94120; telephone 415 421-4242) sends out a catalogue free of liner notes. Those who have recently brought blossoming geraniums in out of the cold might be pleased to receive large terra-cotta pots, glazed pine green, to put them in. These have been hand-molded in Gascony by a pottery that still quarries its own clay. A pot fourteen inches in diameter is $80; urn-shaped pots, which measure nine inches across and might house striplings, are $35. A brass watering can with an S-shaped spout holds forty-two ounces and takes up slightly less room than an ordinary-sized can. The price is $19.50. A Welsh sundial on which the pointer is a swan that has stretched out its neck in preparation for flight is $65. The dial is solid bronze, with Roman numerals, and is set for our latitudes.

For those who like their birds on the wing, indulgent friends might supply a tall windowpane feeder, from Duncraft (Penacook, New Hampshire 03303; telephone 603 224-0200), a company that specializes in bird feeders and birdseed. The Cardinal Classic is five and a half inches tall—a height that allows the grosbeak to visit. Made of clear plastic, it can be hung from any window, and holds a quart of seed. It's $19.95. Big suet baskets, made of wire that has been coated with plastic, are $9.95. Birders who would like their avian visitors to stay awhile might make room in the back yard for Duncraft's aluminum purple-martin high rise. Each apartment has thirty-six square inches of floor space, Euro-style green-and-white enamel finish work, and window guards to protect fledglings. There are twelve units, and the house comes with its own fourteen-foot pole and a rope and a pulley for raising and lowering. The price is $175. Scouting parties of purple martins arrive here from Florida in April, and houses need to be in place by then, in an open area of the garden.

The powers that be at White Flower Farm (Litchfield, Connecticut 06759; telephone 800 888-7756) inform gardeners of their responsibilities every season of the year; catalogues issued by the firm's scribe, Amos Pettingill, are not addressed to "or current resident," for if a gardener moves from one bit of green sod to another he wants to know. This year, for indoor gardeners, the company is offering, in addition to the usual amaryllis, freesia, narcissus, and hyacinth bulbs for forcing, the possibility of a potted two-year-old moth-orchid plant, which comes in both white and pink. The white flowers do look like moths, and the pink ones resemble clusters of cherry blossoms. The price is $30 per plant, Federal Express postpaid, or $55 for one of each color. Also, about now White Flower Farm has begun to ship out twelve-to-fifteen-inch-tall topiary rosemary trees in green plastic pots. These are $23 for the standard ball on a slender stem and $30 for a shaggy conical one. For $42, the ball-shaped tree comes potted in terra-cotta. Clippings can be used to season the stewpot, and a grouping of the trees on a sideboard would look like a small-scale Forest of Arden, and please anyone who lacks a park view.



The main business of the Sierra Club is "to protect the wild places of the earth," and here *all* the proceeds of products ordered from the catalogue (P.O. Box 77043, San Francisco, California 94107; telephone 800 678-5507) go to support that effort. Silk-screened T-shirts that remark on the imperilled status of the Asian elephant (black background) and the green sea turtle (royal blue), respectively, are $13. A travel alarm clock that tells the time in nineteen international cities and twenty-four time zones measures only two and a half inches by three, and costs $33. "The Sierra Club Home Planet Postcard Collection" (by Kevin W. Kelley, for the Association of Space Explorers; $8.95) contains twenty-two cards, which can be torn out and mailed. The images are all shots of the earth seen from space. A red sea turns out to be the linear dunes of the Namibian desert; the curve of the Indian Ocean near Madagascar might be a spine drawn by Titian; the earth rising over the moon looks exactly like the moon rising over the earth.

Susan Baker's corner of the galaxy is North Truro, Cape Cod, a tiny town that, because it is near the tip of that distinctive land mass, can easily be

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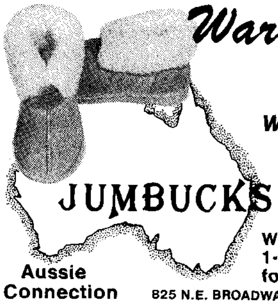

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pinpointed on any aerial view of the hemisphere. Two years ago, we reported that Ms. Baker could supply a children's T-shirt on which the words "My Mom Has an Attitude Problem" captioned a drawing of a warlockian child with a pointing finger. This year, we can report that, in response to demand, the shirt is available in adult sizes as well. The design is black on blue; $12. For those whose circumstances have become more complex, there's a T-shirt printed with the visage of a growling dog and the warning "Too Mean to Marry," for the same price, plus a dollar for postage (The Susan Baker Memorial Museum, Rt. 6A, Box 163, North Truro, Massachusetts 02652; telephone 508 487-2557).

THE catalogue issued by the English designer Paul Smith features photographs of brooding gentlemen and a cat named Whitechapel caught off guard in private moments at mysterious London addresses; as the manager of Mr. Smith's new shop, at 108 Fifth Avenue (16th), explained to us, "It's more about Paul's image than anything else." We can report that Mr. Smith has for sale not only T-shirts but handkerchiefs, toothbrushes, raincoats, balls of colorful rubber bands, and woven silk ties printed with the image of Botticelli's Venus. The latter are $70, and the principal colors are lavender and sapphire. Other neckties, for the same price, feature mauve Degas dancers. Mr. Smith designs for men, but his clothes are often bought and worn by women. Rain slickers of nylon the color of cherry Kool-Aid are $130. Polished-cotton shirts, for the same price, shine with the hues of semiprecious stones. The price of a set of ingenious waistcoat buttons from Fornasetti, Milan, is $150. In black Edwardian letters on gold-plated porcelain the buttons say "Love," "Pride," "Luck," "Success," and "Money," and the words are accompanied by emblems—the moon, a crown, a ring, the sun, and the ace of diamonds, respectively. Fornasetti has also designed a set of operatic cufflinks. One is printed with three-quarters of an inch of score from "I Pagliacci," and the other with a measure from "La Bohème." A set is $75. More music appears on a handkerchief: the first page of a Bach manuscript score. Another handkerchief has been silk-screened with a charming eighteenth-century depiction of the constellations. The handkerchiefs are $20 apiece. Paul Smith's toothbrushes are also distinctive: green with red bristles, orange with blue ones, and black with yellow—just to give you an idea. These are $3.50 each, and toothpaste carrying the Smith label is $4.50 a tube. ("Everyone asks what color the toothpaste is," a helpful clerk said. "But it's white.") Coronation mugs that could hold two brushes and a toothpaste tube are $75; many of them commemorate the late George VI and the present Queen Mother. As for the balls of rubber bands, which sit next to the cash register, they are a community project. The management asks that one take a loose rubber band from a basket, add it to one of the Christmas-ornament-size rubber-band balls already there, and then make a financial contribution, no matter how small, to the AIDS action group ACT UP. A Spaulding-size ball (consisting of rubber bands put on by other donors) may be taken home for a donation of $50.

At Paul Smith, Lou Reed is heard over the speakers; the Rolling Stones, turned down sotto voce, are at his neighbor Emporio Armani, at 110 Fifth Avenue (16th). The Emporio line is Giorgio Armani's somewhat lower-priced collection, which until last year was housed in a garret—at the very top of the stairs of his Madison Avenue shop. In March, he sent it off to live downtown. As is appropriate for a satellite Armani enterprise, the décor suggests both a private club and a spaceship. Mr. Armani continues to design collars that seem to grow organically out of the blouses themselves. A silk blouse has a Peter Pan collar that suggests the possibility of flight rather than hot milk with Nana in the nursery. The price, not exactly earthbound, is $225, and the shades are cranberry, cappuccino, and cream. Armani has not neglected the anorak, and his version—in a quilted opal India print with pheasant-feather rajah paisley—is the prettiest around. It has slash pockets that button shut, and a price tag of $580. To wear with it there is a Copenhagen-blue flannel shawl crocheted in a pattern of eyelet openwork and finished with extravagantly long fringe. It's $90. Equally lacy bodysuits, in black, white, or Uranus purple, are $120. Operating on the theory that the medium is the message, Armani has designed a knee-

A *prima facie* case for Quaker aid to Nicaraguan children

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length fake-fur coat with a shawl collar. The plush is dyed tangerine, and on the silk lining is a picture of a frightened-looking leopard and the legend "Thank you, Emporio Armani, for saving our skins." The price is $895. The clothes for men here include a supple chocolate-leather vest with a high collar, horn buttons, three pockets, and armholes deep enough to allow the wearer to throw it over a heavy sweater; $500. Jewels include a four-inch-long pavé-rhinestone dog with a golden collar; $275. And a rack near the back of the store holds suède flats for both women and men, including a pair on which the vamps curve up into a pair of ant feelers; $140.

Three blocks down, Kate's Paperie, at 8 West 13th Street, has a selection of handmade papers and envelopes from the Continent, which would be welcomed by members of the pen-and-pencil resistance movement who feel that both threats and love letters lose something when they're sent by fax. Ten heavy cream-colored sheets, with ten matching envelopes, made by Richard de Bas are $40, nestled in a pouch of handmade paper into which leaves and other woodland elements have been integrated. The Paperie can also supply fifty velvety cream-colored sheets and envelopes of handmade, laid, and watermarked paper from the Italian papermaker Fabriano. The set is held in place by cypress ribbons inside a box that might double as a laptop writing desk. The price is $150. An accordion file covered with marbleized paper has twenty-six pockets, which are marked "A" through "Z." It's $35. Also alphabetical are traditional French sealing-wax stamps shaped like Lilliputian pestles. These are $15 per individual letter. Sealing-wax sticks in paintbox colors, including gold and silver, come in a box from J. Herbin, Paris ($30 for ten sticks), or singly ($3.50).

AT 22 Greenwich Avenue (10th), next door to the Peacock Café, is Lo: New York, where Lotte Gaberle, known as Lo, shows and sells hand-crocheted garments distinguished by exquisite workmanship and cinquecento colors. They are made according to her designs by artisans working in a converted schoolhouse in the English village of Kings Lynn, near Magdalene. Lately, she has added an inventive line of jackets to her repertoire of dresses, which themselves run the

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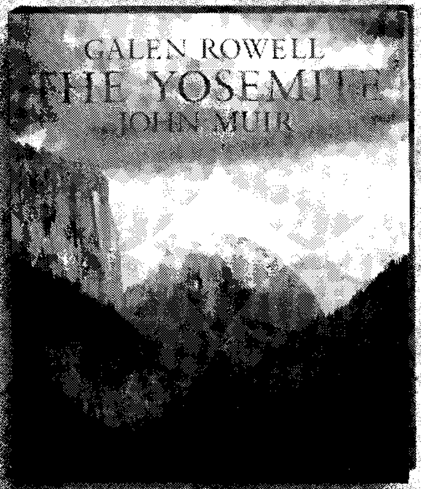

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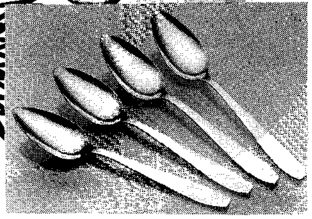

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gamut from mermaid, through chatelaine, to mother of the bride. Among the jackets are the geranium-and-black striped Wasp, which cinches at the waist; Wednesday's Child, with leg-of-mutton sleeves; the Bourgeois, which has a Pierrot collar; the Echelmann, which dips like a fish tail behind; and the Eisenberg, which has a buttoned-up schoolgirl bodice and a peplum. All but the first two were named after the customers who either inspired them or were the first to wear them. The fibres are silk, mohair, cashmere, flax, and metallic yarn, separately or in combination. All the jackets are hand-dyed on the premises (like the dresses, they're white when they arrive from England), and morning-glory blue, oyster, Hebrides purple, salmon pink, and Pierrot turquoise are just a few of the results. Prices start at $200. Isabel Archer collars, in white, are $100.

Perimeter, a bookstore at 146 Sullivan Street (West Houston), caters to readers interested in architecture, and has, from Edition Lidiarte, Berlin, a series of posters printed with engravings of notable buildings. Among the titles is "Chiese di Roma" ($15), which depicts several dozen churches, including San Giacomo degli Spagnuoli, in the Piazza Navona, and San Giovanni in Laterano, in the Piazza di Porta San Giovanni. Those who side with the modernists rather than the Prince of Wales on the matter of architectural innovation might like a cylinder containing a poster called "Réalisations et Projets" ($24), which serves as a visual record of the career of Le Corbusier, and they might also be heartened to see that even this most productive man made many more plans than he was ever able to carry out. Perimeter also has, from A.D.A. Edita, in Tokyo, some reproductions of colored drawings of architectural plans by Frank Lloyd Wright. They cost $23.50, and they include the Imperial Hotel, in Tokyo, and the Play Resort and Sports Club he did for Huntington Hartford.

A straw hat like a Bemelmans circus tent, its pointed yellow leather crown ending in a flag of multicolored fringe, is to be had at Craft Caravan, at 63 Greene Street (Spring), a barn of a store stocked with imports from Africa. The hat is one of a group of Fulani herders' hats, which throw a wide circle of shadow, and cost from $18 to $60. Among the caps are delicate embroidered ones, from Zanzibar; crocheted ones, dyed pastille hues, from the Ivory Coast; and black ones appliquéd with cotton hands, lemons, and fish in primary colors, from Benin. Prices range from $16 to $80. Handwoven cotton flared shirts with narrow indigo and Congo-green stripes are from $25 to $50, and Ford Wheeler, one of the owners of the store, says that some women have taken to wearing them as short dresses. Round trays woven of reeds gathered from local rivers have been painted to look like sunflowers; they evoke majolica and cost $24. Craft Caravan has a quantity of necklaces strung with the European glass beads that have been shipped to Africa, mainly from Venice and the Netherlands and Eastern Europe, since Roman times. Strands of mottled-jade pea-size Venetian beads are $16; and a heavy necklace of thick, rainbow-colored teardrop beads from Czechoslovakia is $65. Here, too, are long strands of carnelian and quartz beads unearthed during archeological excavations in Mali. These, and some glass ones with a silvery patina, may be two thousand years old, although Mr. Wheeler won't swear to it. The prices range from $50 to $300.

Contemporary Porcelain, back over at 105 Sullivan Street (Spring), sells work that is being done by artists here and now, including a series of drinking vessels—called beakers—by Sooz Glazebrook, a young ceramicist from New Zealand who lives in Fort Greene. The beakers are six inches high and flare, like vases, and they are glazed with gleaming patterns. Ms. Glazebrook has also done a series of landscape beakers, called Endless 95. The number refers to the highway, and the design is a dark road that circles the beakers on a vivid-green or sunset ground, punctuated by colored rectangles that indicate billboards. Though sleek, the beakers have an atavistic domestic quality; they're sold singly for $45, and a pair is $85. The glazes are lead-free. Ms. Glazebrook also makes earrings. Her signature shape is a hand-molded tiny ceramic top, and a typical earring has three such tops, each one stippled with a separate harlequin hue: gold, sienna,

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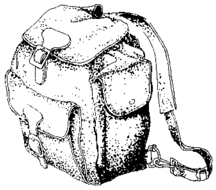

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rose, or blue. The earrings are an inch long—the tops are strung on silver wire—and the price is $45 a pair.

At Millefleurs, on the fifth floor at 13-17 Laight Street, you can turn the spirit of gift-giving on its head and, for $65, have the recipient wrapped up, instead, by making an appointment for an herbal/mineral body wrap based on a formula from Baden-Baden. "One of life's most magnificent qualities is the quality of *rest*, and it's something we don't know enough about in this city," we were told by Doreen Hynd, who, with her daughters Rachel and Ghretta, runs Millefleurs. The wrap mainly consists of huge white towels that have been soaked in a warm solution containing more than a hundred mineral and herb extracts, and the experience, Mrs. Hynd told us, detoxifies the body and relieves stress. It lasts an hour, and afterward (for an additional charge), if the donor so chooses, the face is smoothed with rose tonic and dusted with silk powder; a few drops of jasmine-and-tangerine oil are rubbed onto the temples; and a "sea freshener" is stroked onto the brow. This last, according to Mrs. Hynd, "takes off the city dust."

THE CHILDREN'S CLOSET

THIS year, after the candles are blown out at birthday parties, parents with whom we are acquainted have taken a moment off from the great cloth-diaper debate to talk up the practical advantages of ordering children's clothes from catalogues. Convenience is a factor, but it seems, too, that there is something curiously heartening—restful, even—about leafing through hundreds of pages of pictures of smiling, well-behaved children, all of whom are apparently pliable enough to pose for the camera, and who are so good-natured that they will consent to having their clothes changed umpteen times in the course of a single day. Here, then, piled in a red wagon, is a sampling.

Both for children barely on their feet and for those who have broken into a run, Biobottoms (P.O. Box 6009, Petaluma, California 94953; telephone 707 778-7945) can provide a wardrobe of one-piece playsuits. Very small fry might be kept warm without fuss in a hooded velours suit with attached feet. It has two zippers, one up the front and one that goes up the inside of one leg

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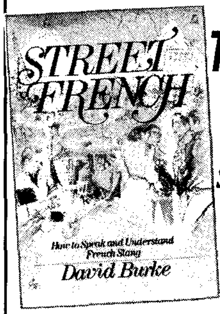

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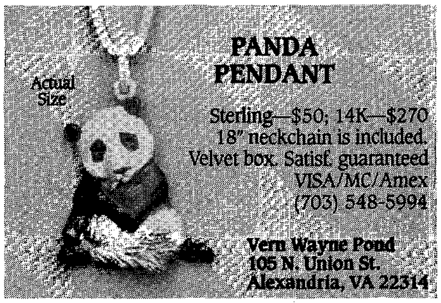

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and down the other. The color is blue, red, or purple, and the price is $26 (sizes 6, 12, 18, and 24 months). Standup comics might like to do so in a second one-piece playsuit that has loose velours pants but turns into a rib-knit-cotton long-sleeved T-shirt as it ascends. The lower part is jade green, and the upper is horizontally striped in white and green. The pants cinch at the ankles with a bit of striping and give the ensemble a funny, clownlike look, which is enhanced by a cap of striped cotton. The suit is $32 (12, 18, and 24 months, 3T and 4T), and the cap is $5; the outfit is also available in Cat-in-the-Hat red. A third suit, in jersey knit, has been tie-dyed with the swirling pattern of one of O'Keeffe's evening stars; $30, in similar sizes. The word "Biobottoms," by the way, refers to a pair of absorbent lamb's-wool romper pants with Velcro-like fastenings which enclose a cloth diaper and hold it in place without pins. Biobottoms come in three styles: plain cream wool, cream wool on which the bindings are edged with rainbow stitching, and high-cut rainbow-trimmed models for the chubby- or pipe-stem-legged. The prices are $16 and $16.50, depending on size. (The sizes run A to E, and are geared to the child's weight.) For children whose parents have not completely sworn off plastic or paper diapers, the company has recently introduced "Cottonbottoms," which have a lining of watertight polyester. These come in yellow, sky blue, and cream; the price is $13, and the sizes are the same as for the Biobottoms plus one more, larger one. A white turtleneck on which the turned-down part of the collar is a scalloped ruffle trimmed with pink embroidery is $14 (sizes 3 to 12), and it might be worn under a pink batik jumper that has been imprinted with dancing hearts; $39.50 (sizes 4 to 12/14). Larky white knit bloomers, gathered at the knee and edged with Venice lace, are $20 (sizes 2/3 to 12/14).

Hanna Andersson (1010 N.W. Flanders Street, Portland, Oregon 97209; telephone 800 222-0544) sizes her happy-colored clothes, modelled in her catalogue by preternaturally sunny children, according to the child's height in centimetres, but graciously provides an inch-equivalency chart to aid the unconverted. To keep new clothes, or at least temporarily clean ones, from looking like Rorschach

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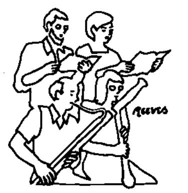

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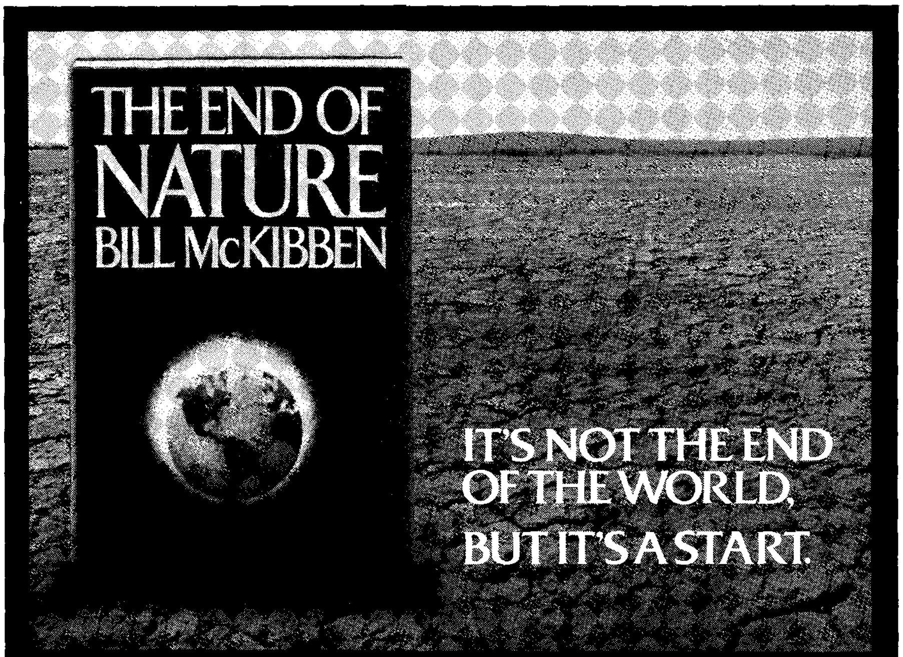
tests, she can provide a cotton bib, treated with a plastic coating, and decorated with colorful, easy-on-the-eye geometric shapes, that is extra long and extra wide; the price is $8, and one size fits all. Bibbed overalls made of a Danish fabric that is supposed to look rumpled—woven cotton sewn to an inner layer of brushed flannel—are available in either a turquoise or a ruby plaid or a pink or a mint solid. The straps have big buttons, to help those who like to dress themselves; the back is elastic; and the price is $27. Matching Little League-style jackets with either ruby or turquoise waist and cuff accents are $32. They snap up the front. Hanna is also strong on horizontal-striped school chemise dresses of cotton knit. The threads are dyed in France and are woven together in Sweden, and the result is especially good in black licorice with Baltic-blue stripes and in a carnival combination of candy-apple-red and purple stripes. These dresses are $32 or $35, depending on the child's height. Children who object to raincoats nevertheless often fall for rainpants; here taxicab-yellow ones with stirrups—useful for fording water-main breaks—are $16. Less glamorous matching slickers, accompanied by sou'wester hats, are $22. And, for those who refuse to put on their boots when it's barely raining, Hanna offers wooden clogs as a compromise (sizes 7 to 2A). The colors of the uppers are natural, red, and navy; the soles are non-skid; and the price is $19.

Folklorists tired of newfangled knit and futuristic fleece can order overalls bearing the venerable label OshKosh B'Gosh from Olsen's Mill Direct (P.O. Box 2266, Oshkosh, Wisconsin 54903; telephone 800 537-4979). Indigo denim overalls with the cloverleaf snaps and adjustable-buckle shoulder straps are $19.95 for newborns; the price goes up a dollar for children who wear anything from a size 4 to a size 7, and sizes 8 to 14 are $26.95. Hardy engineer-striped overalls—red, navy, or kelly green on white—are priced at a little less, and all the overalls bear labels reading "THE GENUINE ARTICLE." Striped Lionel-express engineer caps are $4.95; one size fits everybody.

Wisconsin is also the mailing address for Lands' End (1 Lands' End Lane, Dodgeville, Wisconsin 53595; telephone 800 356-4444), suppliers of practical clothes to the full-grown, and



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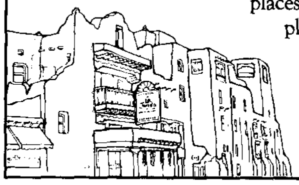
Some of the contents of this book appeared originally in *The New Yorker*.



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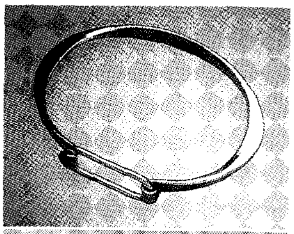

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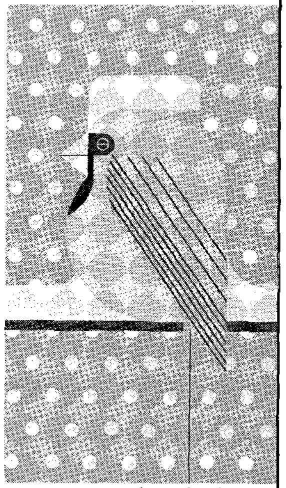

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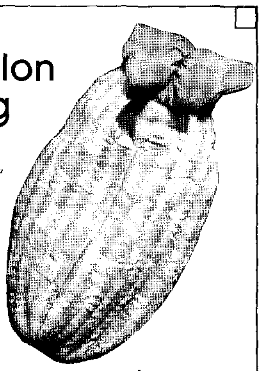

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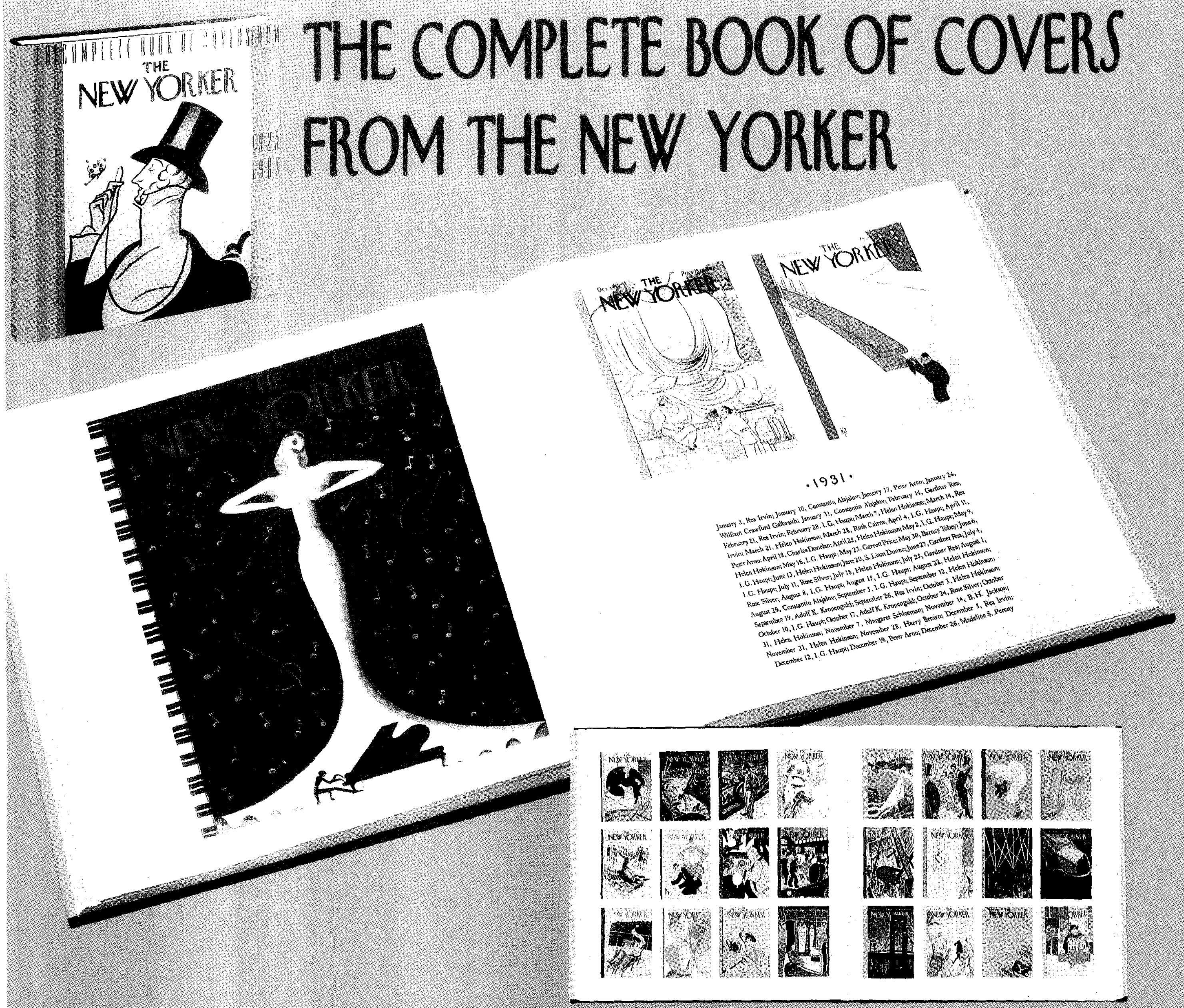
the company devotes a few pages of its encyclopedic catalogue to the sartorial needs of the under-twelve set. A praiseworthy Shaker-knit cotton sweater that will stand up to hard wear has a sturdy double-thick neck that won't sag, and the colors are azure, school-bus yellow, stop-sign red, kelly green, white, and hot pink. The price is $24 for sizes 4 to 7. Rugby shirts that are worn, undoubtedly in larger sizes, by the United States rugby team have primarily red, lapis, or navy stripes, and tearproof twill collars. The price is $34 (sizes 8 to 16). And, for smallish girls, white polo shirts have—give or take a couple—twenty-one pastel hot-air balloons circling the borders of their short sleeves. The collar and the cuffs are piped in rose. The price is $12 (sizes 4 to 6x).

Perfect exemplars of dancing-school behavior can be found in the Talbots Kids catalogue (175 Beal Street, Hingham, Massachusetts 02043; telephone 800 KIDS-123). The steps mastered include chatting, flirting, exchanging presents, and stringing popcorn while sitting on the Aubusson. For the boy, a wide-striped cotton-knit club necktie is $10, in after-bedtime navy and white. Worsted wool trousers are $38 (sizes 4 to 7) and $44 (8 to 12). A lined navy wool blazer that can go everywhere—although, unfortunately for its new owner, not without him—is $78 (sizes 4 to 7). For Brodie girls, a red tartan taffeta dress by Sara Campbell has a military double row of black velvet buttons, a black velvet collar, and a big tartan bow at the waist; $88 (sizes 7 to 14). A second Sara, a Miss Kent, has designed a Kate Greenaway frock of dark-emerald rayon velvet capped with a collar of white netted gull's-wing lace. There are three taffeta accents: a back bow sash, covered back buttons, and bows at the elbows. The price tag reads $96 (sizes 7 to 14). A third dress, by Kesa, for flower-girl-age sisters, has a hand-smocked bodice and a white collar with an exclamation-point satin bow. The fabric is holly-red cotton strewn with vinca leaves and early purple crocus; $75 (sizes 4 to 6x). Talbots can also provide a tailgate's worth of hand-knit cotton-and-ramie Fair Isle sweaters for outings. One is hunter green with a tiered design of tan-and-red zigzags topped by a band of red corkscrews; another is fern with apple-red and coal-black and snow-white intarsia details and a chrysanthemum yoke. The prices are $54 and $52, respectively, and while Talbots says the former is for boys and the latter for girls, each would look fine on either.

Garnet Hill is able to supply its photographer with children who can look soulful even when they're standing around in their underwear. "Nutcracker" Suite cotton tights, by Creation Stummer of Austria, have suspenders buttoned to the smallest sizes. The tights are meant to be worn by either boys or girls, for warmth, and the colors are white, pink, and navy. The prices are $12, $17, and $19 per pair, depending on the size. Hooded robes of cotton terry-cloth velours sent over to Garnet Hill from Common Sense Designs, of Maine, are also pink and blue. They belt *and* button, and the prices are $34 (sizes 2 to 10) and $42 (12 and 14). A monogram—three initials—is $7. Boiled-wool slippers with crêpe soles guard against cold feet. The uppers have green dragon faces, with gimlet eyes at the ankles, and red felt teeth edge the soles. The price is $23 (sizes 9 to 3). Children who prefer reindeer can have white ones on either a red wool cardigan with silver buttons for $44 (sizes 1/2 to 8/10) or a navy pullover for $42 (in the same sizes). The price of an extra-warm wool melton duffel coat, which closes with toggles on the side, thus double-lapping the front, is $86 (sizes 2 to 8). The color is Christmas red. A Hans Brinker earflap cap, for skateboarders, is $22, and a big black wool melton tam-o'-shanter piped in red is $24. What Garnet Hill romantically calls "old-fashioned black woolen leggings"—for children whose parents have forgotten how horrible those things were, especially when they got wet—are $38 (sizes 4 to 10).

Les Petits (P.O. Box 33901, 3200 South 76th Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19142; telephone 800 333-2002) sells clothes made in France, for children up to the age of fourteen. Crisp blouses include a white cotton one with Bayeux-pink and lavender flowers embroidered on the collar ($25; sizes 3 to 12); and the collar and cuffs of a second are trimmed with Provençal braid ($22; sizes 6 to 12). Any of them would look good under a deco-



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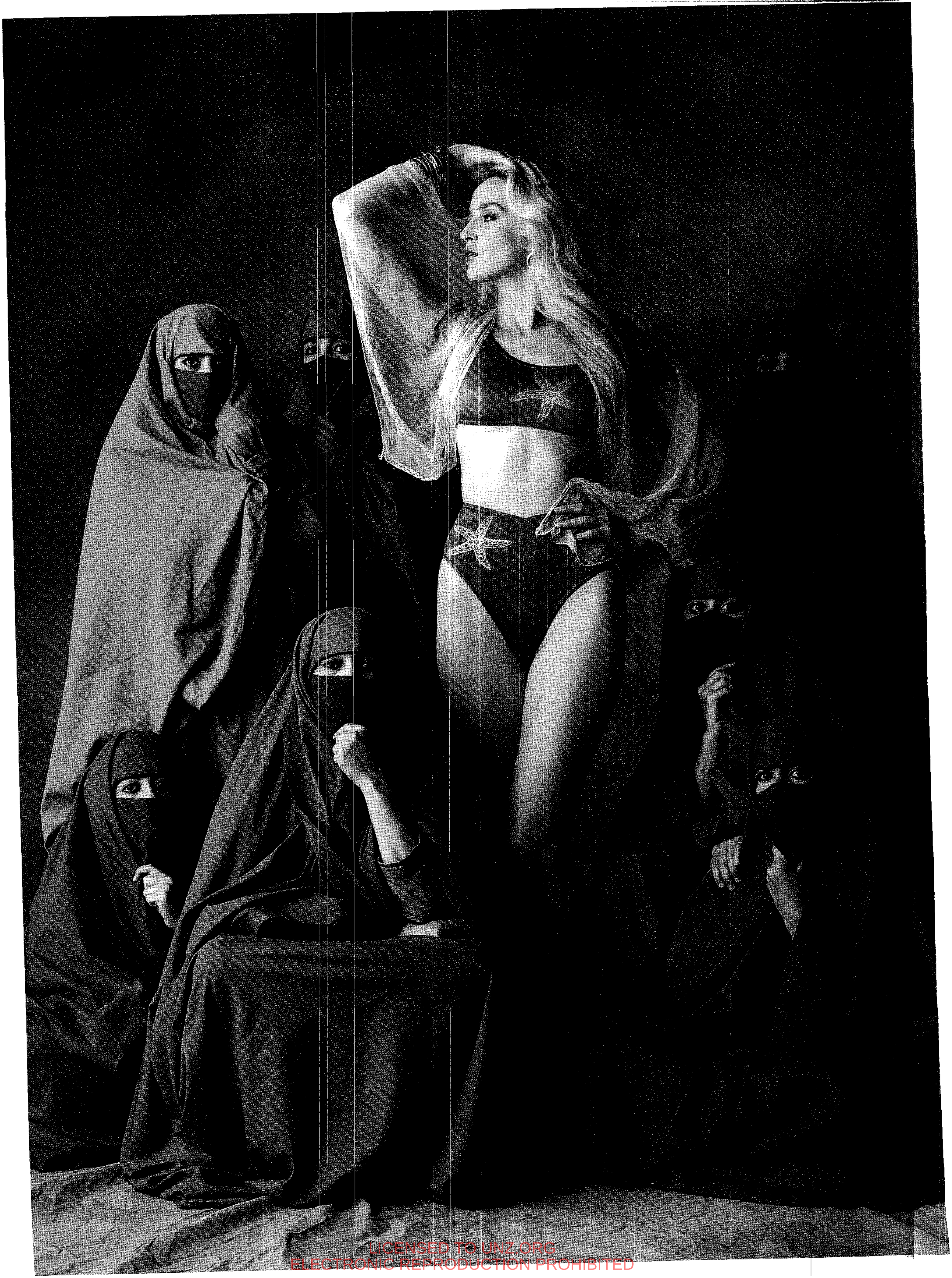

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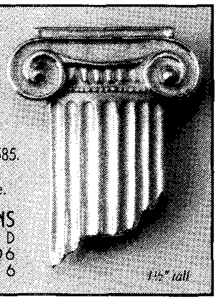

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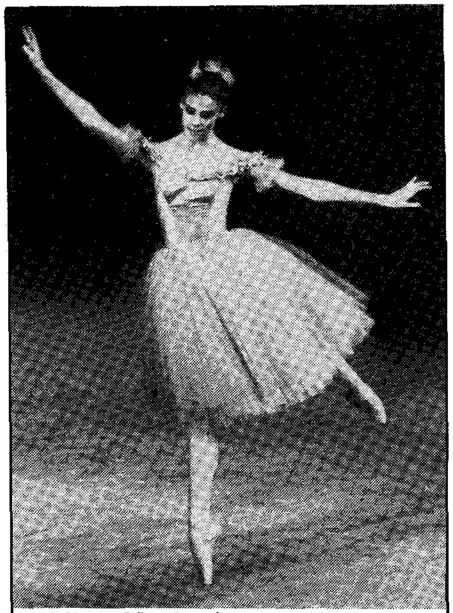
rous navy *écolière* jumper consisting of a pleated skirt and a crossed bib. The price of the jumper is $45 (sizes 4, 6, and 8) or $48 (10 and 12). Les Petits's interpretation of the overall is distinctly formal: the material is lilac or rose flannel; there are back buttons; and a demure ruffle, which goes all the way around, accents the Empire waist. The price is $32 (sizes 3, 4, and 6). For boys, gray flannel bermudas are $28 (sizes 3 to 7), and long-sleeved polo shirts in devil-may-care white are $15 (sizes 2 to 8). But here, too, are some just-guys solid-color flannel shirts; $16 each (sizes 4 to 14). Les Petits is less exacting and more whimsical in its exertions on behalf of those young enough to evade social obligations. A snow parka for someone from six months to two years old has a pink cotton/polyester outer shell, a flannel lining, a peplum, and a white Easter-bunny-tail pom-pom on top of the peaked hood; $53. Tiny, four-inch-long gloves that stretch, and can fit even eight-year-old hands, come in either red or blue, but the tips of the fingers are the colors of magic beans; $11.

White Flower Farm is not particularly noted for whimsy, but this season, to help inspire an interest in gardening during the muddy years, the nursery is selling a children's T-shirt printed with the image of Babar dressed up in the suit he picked out with the Old Lady's help; this suit, as the nursery reminds those who may have forgotten, was "a becoming shade of green." With the suit, Babar is wearing his pink shirt, his yellow crown, and his red bow tie. Along with the T-shirt (sizes 6 to 16) comes a set of seeds put together by Renée Shepherd expressly for children. The packages include Spooky Pumpkins, Sunflowers, Radishes, and Blue Lake Beans; the seeds are large enough to handle, and should sprout easily when they're planted next spring. The price for the seeds and the shirt is $24.

And, for those who, no matter what, like to do a little shopping around: Shoofly, at 506 Amsterdam Avenue (85th), has some berets for toddlers which are trimmed on the *top*—after all, that's the part of the hat that most people will see. The price is $18. The berets are Marvel-comics yellow, chartreuse, turquoise, fuchsia, and orange, and the messages spelled out on the crowns, in contrasting felt, include ZAP! POW! and ⊕.



School of American Ballet student performance: Merrill Ashley. Copyright: Martha Swope, 1967.

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A Hook Somewhere

HARUKI MURAKAMI'S "A Wild Sheep Chase" (translated from the Japanese by Alfred Birnbaum; Kodansha; $18.95) lingers in the mind with the special glow that attends an improbable success. Its lustres are the brighter for their unlikelihood. The book's pointedly nondescript hero (who eventually announces, "I've made no name for myself, have no social credibility, no sex appeal, no talent") is a twenty-nine-year-old businessman who is sent, under mysterious threats and inducements, to the snowy reaches of the northernmost of Japan's main islands, Hokkaido, in search of what may be a mutant sheep. He fails to find it. This comes as no surprise to the reader, who has already watched him lose by turns an old girlfriend (she is hit by a truck), a wife (she leaves him for a guitar-playing friend of his), and a new girlfriend (she simply disappears). In short, this shaggy-dog-story-about-a-sheep is a tale of severed connections—and, as such, traverses somewhat overfamiliar ground. Nonetheless, the unfamiliar manages, at each new bend in the tale, to assert itself: the reader, no less than the book's never-named hero, is repeatedly hoodwinked. "A Wild Sheep Chase" is a book flush with satisfying revelations.

Our hero's life is upended from the moment when a cryptic stranger—a forbiddingly dour man in an impeccable black suit—makes two demands: that the hero's small public-relations firm stop distributing a promotional bulletin it had issued on behalf of a life-insurance company; and that an interview be arranged with whoever was responsible for supplying the bulletin with a photograph of some grazing sheep. We soon learn that the man in the black suit—who, also, remains nameless—works for a figure known only as the Boss. The man in the black suit makes it clear that, when crossed, the Boss can display an untempered severity. What he wants done gets done. And what he wants in this instance is to locate one of the sheep in the photograph—an irregular creature, belonging to no recognizable breed, with a star-shaped pattern on its fleece. Before long, our hero has entered an underworld in two senses: he has not only descended into a demimonde of blackmail and thuggery but taken an Alice-style tumble into a Wonderland of loopy transposals and incongruities, in which a solicitous chauffeur offers to provide him with God's telephone number, and a man in sheep's costume raises no reflection in a mirror. His only certainty, in a life gone topsy-turvy, is that there must be "a hook somewhere"—that he is being conned.

With the figures of the Boss and his minions Murakami appears to be making sport of the popular perception of his country as a power network at once monolithic and impenetrable: here we encounter, in a heightened form, that hierarchical, minutely cogged society which we in the West, with a mixture of awe and disparagement, have dubbed Japan, Inc. The Boss could well have sprung out of the dark, beery daydreams of an American businessman who was having trouble gaining access to Japanese markets: he is a wheeler-dealer without scruples, a man with an unslakable urge for self-aggrandizement. He lives in imposing isolation, within a sort of fortress, and it turns out that, in his anonymity and utter lack of accountability, he may be the most powerful man on earth:

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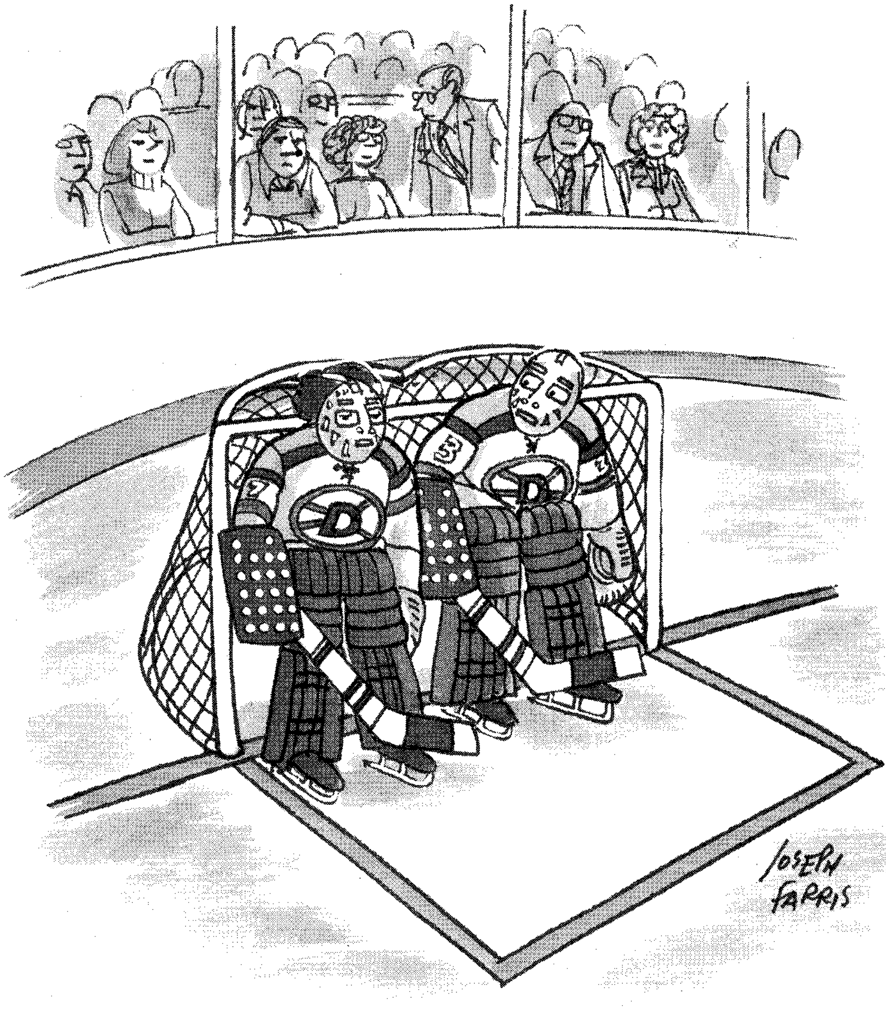

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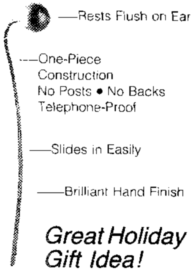

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minuscule slice of what really goes on ever hits the wires. All the other news is set aside for the Boss.

We later discover, though, that the Boss is a mere pawn, an impotent stand-in. And with the unfolding of this mystery it grows apparent that business success—the "Inc." in Japan, Inc.—is but the physical embodiment of spiritual ends beyond the reach of human agency. In its literary methods, the book quietly exchanges the hard-packed ground of naturalism for the boggy, fog-wrapped terrain of the surreal. Bit by bit, the peculiar evolves into the unreckonable. What initially looks like feminine intuition becomes irrefutable demonstrations of E.S.P.; a nonsensical dream about a talking cow reveals itself as a harbinger of danger; the dead begin to speak. And while it would be a spoiling shame to spell out the novel's final, far-flung illuminations, it seems permissible to say, by way of confirming the bitter envisionings of our hypothetical American businessman, that Murakami advances firm evidence of a link between the Boss and Genghis Khan.

IT is not only the hero, the Boss, and the Boss's black-suited henchman who lack names. Almost no one and nothing afloat on the waterways of this fluid narrative is anchored to a solid label. Neither the hero's business partner nor his wife nor his two girlfriends are named; his home town is merely "the town." Characters are distinguished by their functions (the chauffeur, the secretary, the proprietor) or by nicknames (the Rat, J, the Sheep Professor). The hero's cat has attained a tottery old age without having been given a name, and a scene in which he is belatedly christened Kipper is presented as an occasion of moment. Murakami's withholding of personal and place names deracinates his characters, making them less Japanese and more universal. It also serves to highlight the shift in tone that arises when, in Hokkaido, the countryside emerges in painstaking detail. Abruptly, place names and dates come streaming forth, courtesy of a book of local history. The little northern town the hero has arrived in—which I take to be fictitious—feels far more substantial and lived-in than the Tokyo he left behind. Still, names do have their proven uses—having been around since before the arrival of Eve—and whatever artistic

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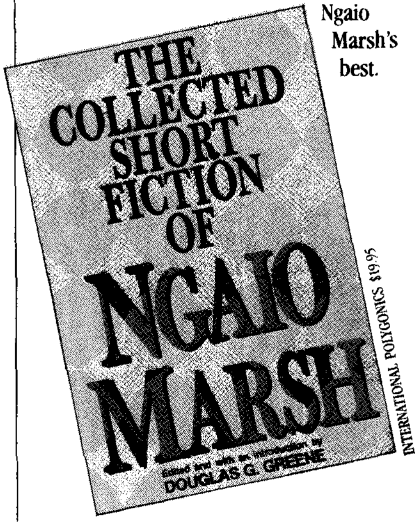
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benefits Murakami derives from their deletion are probably not worth the reader's consequent hesitancies and confusions. At a number of points in this otherwise limpid translation, I came upon a "he" or "she" that misled me.

Food provides Murakami with the material for another little game. If our hero is coyly reluctant to name names, he is scrupulously exhaustive about what he and others eat and drink: cheese crackers, Campbell's soup, omelettes, spaghetti, shrimp au gratin, sandwiches, Caesar salad, Salisbury steak, foie de baudroie à crème fraîche, rôti de veau avec garni persil, cheesecake, hazelnut ice cream with Cointreau, fancy cocktails, Cutty Sark. No one ever seems to sit down to a Japanese meal.

Murakami's handling of names and food is emblematic of his over-all portrait of his homeland. The hero's parents are, significantly, never mentioned—not even when he volunteers a brief summary of his youth and upbringing. The ancestral past feels not repudiated so much as expunged. Murakami budgets few of his resources to the depiction of traditional dress, scenes, customs, diversions. The result is an acute contrast to the spate of recent books—fiction and nonfiction—in which we have seen a broad range of Western authors, sharing the raptness of vision that comes with initial exposure to the exotic, take exquisite pains to reproduce sushi bars, kimono shops, tea ceremonies, moss gardens, painted screens, temple gongs, sumo matches, tatami mats. It is as though Murakami had happily left such things to the foreigners.

Not that he has no eye for a vibrant detail. His mind has a bright analogical bent, and time and again his similes are triumphs of rightness and good humor: "The elevator shook like a large dog with lung disease," or "The pilots and stewardesses, strutting back and forth in the lobby with heads held high, seemed quaintly planar, like little girls' cardboard cutouts," or "I was about to speak when the maître d'hôtel advanced on our table. He showed me the wine label, all smiles as if showing me a photo of his only son." But most such little felicities are inspired by imported practices or modern machinery. On those rare occasions when he trains his eye upon his native landscape, he's apt to treat it with an antic irreverence: "On one edge, the meadow adjoined a birch wood. Huge birch trees of the kind you find up in Hokkaido, not the puny stunted variety that flank the entrance to your neighborhood dentist's office. These were birches that four bears could have sharpened their claws on simultaneously."

By and large, Murakami's world is an interchange of hotels and bars and coffee shops, and the music that continually trips over their loudspeakers is Western: the Doors, Boz Scaggs, Bill Withers, the Brothers Johnson, the Rolling Stones. (Incidentally, the book's dust jacket tells us that Murakami managed a jazz bar in Tokyo from 1974 to 1981.) The plot unfolds to the buzzing strains of an electric guitar. Where are the traditional stringed instruments of Japan—the samisen, the koto? The hero does not ask. What he does ask—poignantly, a third of the way through the novel—is *Where is the ocean*? He returns to his home town and finds that the sea has vanished: buildings now stand where breakers once dragged to and fro. A friendly bartender offers some clarification: "They bulldoze the hills to put up houses, haul the dirt to the sea for landfill, then go and build there too." As the novel's core image (it appears once more on the final page), this vision of an artificial landscape could hardly be bettered. Why should Murakami fuss over the minutiae of a dissolving past? Instead, he has winningly seized upon a single, sweeping symbol for a world that, programmatically, is being levelled.

IT is difficult not to regard "A Wild Sheep Chase" as an event larger even than its considerable virtues merit. Many years have elapsed, after all, since any Japanese novelist was enthusiastically taken up by the American reading public—and this may soon be Murakami's destiny. The last writer so treated may have been the Catholic novelist Shusaku Endo, but his finest book, "Silence," reached the States twenty years ago, and his subsequent career has been patchy. Something similar might be said of Kobo Abe, whose best and most famous work, "The Woman in the Dunes" (its fame enhanced by Hiroshi Teshigahara's internationally acclaimed film), appeared here in 1964. Specialists in Japanese

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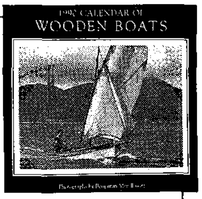

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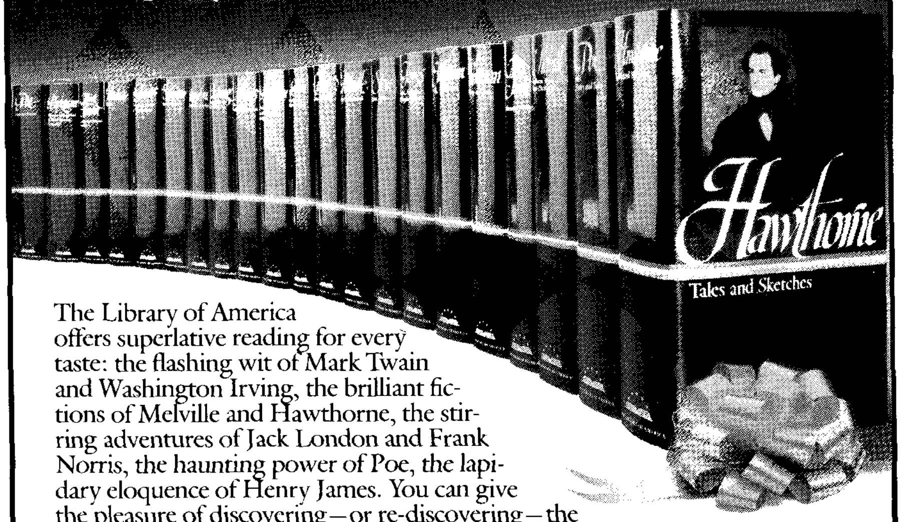
literature often complain that American interest in their field fell away with the passing of the "Big Three"—Junichiro Tanizaki, Yukio Mishima, and the Nobel laureate Yasunari Kawabata, whose deaths all came within a decade of each other, in the mid-sixties and early seventies. At a time when Japan is impinging on our lives as never before—on how we eat and dress and do business and entertain ourselves—its new fiction stirs little excitement outside academe. We are certainly ripe to be won over by a lively début.

Murakami has already won over his compatriots. "A Wild Sheep Chase" is his first book to cross the Pacific, but he has published half a dozen novels in Japan, one of which, "Norwegian Wood," has sold an astounding four million copies. Born in 1949, a quarter century after Endo and Abe, Murakami has evidently been adopted as the voice of a new generation—which seems fitting, since his is clearly a youthful sensibility steeped not only in jazz and rock music but in the disillusionments and dispersions of the student movements of twenty years ago. Just as clearly, when Murakami alludes to Western writers—something he does repeatedly, in an ever-growing list that includes Melville, Dostoyevski, Proust, Sholokhov, Conrad, Ellery Queen, and Arthur Conan Doyle—he is not being showily exotic; he feels at home with them.

What is less clear is where Murakami stands in connection with the literature of his own culture. "A Wild Sheep Chase" seems to flirt, here and there, with long-standing literary traditions, such as the notion of the Japanese as "connoisseurs of silence." He throws considerable energy and invention into a cataloguing of various species of quiet. There is "aquarium-like silence," and silence that hovers "fine as dust"; the "perfect" silence after a snowslide, and a brief silence that is compared to "a pebble sent plunging down a fathomless well"; silence "strong enough to make your ears hurt," and silence that is "a viscous fluid filling every opening," and a "ponderous silence such as follows a massacre." But what begins in subtlety ends in levity, and the more hairsplitting he becomes, the more one suspects him of rumpling tradition, of having us on: "The room was utterly silent. Now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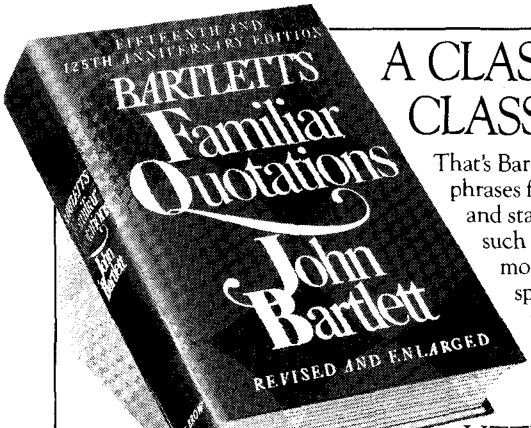
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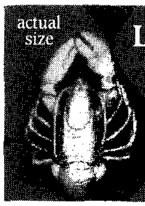
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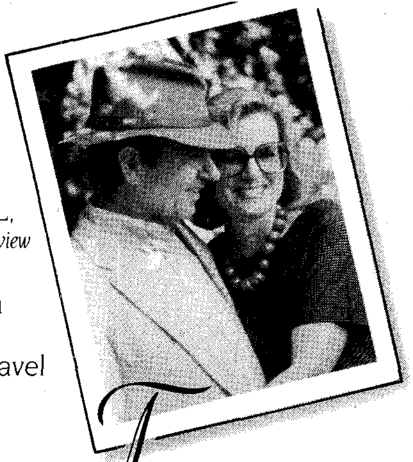

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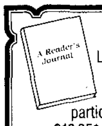

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there is the silence you encounter on entering a grand manor. And there is the silence that comes of too few people in too big a space. But this was a different quality of silence altogether. A ponderous, oppressive silence. A silence reminiscent, though it took me a while to put my finger on it, of the silence that hangs around a terminal patient." Finally, there is this: "The man cleared his throat, then fell silent. This was a definitive silence, one you could judge the qualities of other silences by."

The novel also has a good deal of innocent fun with sexual fetishism (the hero's otherwise plain Jane of a girlfriend has ears so alluring that when she exposes them in a restaurant the "white plaster wall seemed to ripple" and a waiter "who came over with more espresso couldn't pour properly"), which may be a nod at Tanizaki, whose notorious foot fetishism found its way into book after book. But if it *is* a nod it's a fleeting one; there's little in the ambience of this novel to suggest that the creation of particularized parodies was among the author's principal objectives.

No, the book is notable more for shrugging off the past than for hailing it. In a symbolic gesture of severance and estrangement, Murakami launches his prologue on November 25, 1970—the day of Mishima's suicide. The old literary guard is dying off, and their governing aesthetic with them. In one way or another, many of the books they produced echoed Kawabata's famous avowal that he would, in the aftermath of Japan's defeat in the Second World War, henceforward compose nothing but elegies. The fictions of the Big Three often represented a retreat or retrenchment. Theirs was the novel as sanctuary, constructed for the preservation of whatever beauties of landscape and quiddities of national temper might be vaster than war or politics. In a similar vein, Kawabata wrote, "All that is left is for me to return alone to the old mountains and rivers. I consider that I have already died, and I do not expect to write even one line in the future except about the beauty of Japan"—an especially interesting observation in the light of the zippy bravado that Murakami brings to the "old mountains and rivers." Murakami's autumnal Hokkaido is vividly realized —the reader experiences nakedly the encroaching cold, the imminent blizzards—but with a jocularity that seems unmistakably youthful. It is a place where "snow was fluffy, like stuffing spilling out of a torn cloud"—which almost sounds like the result of a pillow fight.

Stylistically, this book about the quest for a mutant sheep is itself something of a mutation or hybrid. It begins as a detective novel, dips before long into screwball comedy, and at its close —when the dead speak—becomes a tale of possession. That such unruly, disjunctive elements mingle harmoniously within it is perhaps the signal feat in a highly accomplished piece of craftsmanship. If "A Wild Sheep Chase" is not in itself an unqualified success—it has its longueurs, its labored whimsies—it may be something more heartening still for the Japanese novel: a presentiment of fresh outlooks and impulses. It would be a choice irony, of a sort that Murakami might relish, if a tale about a missing sheep proved to be a bellwether.

—Brad Leithauser

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

Some Can Whistle, by Larry McMurtry (Simon & Schuster; $19.95). Danny Deck meant to be a novelist, but instead he made millions writing a TV sitcom that entranced the nation for nine years. He's vegetating in the luxurious but empty aftermath of success, with only his smart-mouthed cook, his scholarly, promiscuous best friend, and his answering machine for company, when his long-lost daughter, T.R. (for Tyler Rose), bursts into his life and bowls him and his housemates over with radiance, profanity, emotional savvy, her two small children, her boyfriend (a mild-mannered petty criminal), and the menacing legacy of her ex-boyfriend (a murderous criminal). Danny forgets to work on the troublesome first sentence of the book he was supposed to begin, has frequent migraines, and succumbs to the terrifying bliss of fatherhood. He and T.R. are so brightly drawn that they seem like parodies, but the ideas they embody are real to us: that loneliness and loss live to ripe old age, that the exuberance of love dies young. By now, we should know what to expect when we open a new book by McMurtry, but his snappy, humorous prose leads us on every time; we're surprised to be surprised, again, by the sorrow it delivers.

All New People, by Anne Lamott (North Point; $16.95). Nanny, living north of San Francisco in the pre-"sixties" nineteen-sixties, likes the girls "*none* of the parents and none of the teachers like," who "went with older boys . . . shoplifted clothes, smoked cigarettes," and "were everything I wanted to be." She is a child of the middle-class poor, with mildly bohemian parents (her father's stories are published in *The New Yorker*) who are trying to lead more or less ordinary suburban family lives. (Girls like Nanny may aspire to be bad, but they tend to get straight A's.) In the course of this quasi memoir, Nanny's father leaves her mother and comes back; her aunt leaves her uncle and comes back; her mother's best friend has a baby by the uncle; and her brother becomes uncommunicative and takes drugs. For all their misguided acts, though, the adults in question are suffused with loving-kindness. This extends to the narrator's slutty best friend, to a God referred to as a "cheese-dick," and to the narrator herself.

GENERAL

Nixon: The Triumph of a Politician, 1962-1972, by Stephen E. Ambrose (Simon & Schuster; $24.95). The second volume of this meticulous, absorbing biography begins just after Richard Nixon's second electoral defeat—the loss of the California governorship to Pat Brown—and closes with his reëlection to the Presidency, a landslide victory that leaves this nearly indecipherable man vengeful and embittered. Mr. Ambrose has, with thoughtfulness, thoroughness, and poise, given us our clearest understanding so far of a man to whom nothing mattered except power. The author's grasp of the political issues and personalities of the decade helps us see the realities that Nixon faced and the men he dealt with, while the book's detail delineates Nixon's inability not only to see "himself and his role realistically" but "to take pleasure in living." Mr. Ambrose is

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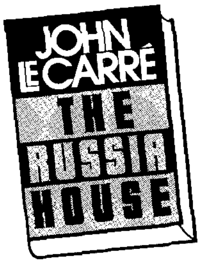

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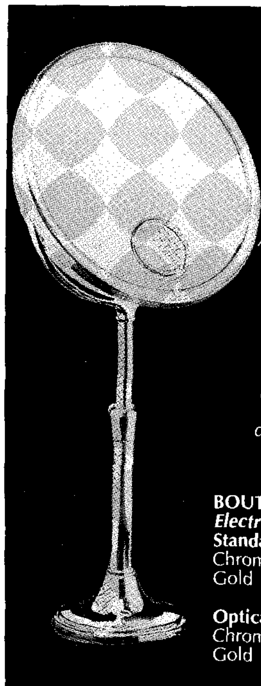

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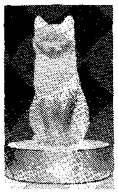

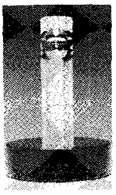

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aware of the work of speculative psychobiographers; his own method, of hunting down verifiable facts and sticking to them, is more persuasive in dealing with this complex figure.

FOR LOVE & MONEY: A WRITING LIFE, 1969-1989, by Jonathan Raban (Harper & Row; $22.50). This book is a hodgepodge. There are autobiographical bits, in which the author tells us how he gave up a safe berth as a provincial teacher, took lodgings in London, and set out to fulfill a boyhood ambition to be a writer, and then there are assorted fruits of his labors: descriptions of journeys and adventures in foreign lands and waters, pieces of fiction and humor, and essays in the form of reviews of books, old and new. Everything here is of high quality (it is a precept of Mr. Raban's that a writer must never lower his standards, even when writing journalism on assignment), but the reviews are outstanding. They deal with books about such writers as Byron, Trollope, Kipling, and Thackeray, and with books by such writers as Saul Bellow, John Updike, Eudora Welty, and Tom Wolfe. They are without exception stimulating, fair-minded, and tough.

DEATH, DISSECTION, AND THE DESTITUTE, by Ruth Richardson (Pelican; $9.95, paper). An astute investigation into a subject that has been overlooked by historians of the Industrial Revolution—the Anatomy Act of 1832, which supplied British medical schools with the corpses of the poor for dissection. The author's diligence, candor, and unpretentious, clear style make a repellent subject—the cash value of dead bodies—bearable. Her sensitivity is illuminating; for example, describing folk beliefs and rituals surrounding death and burial, she mentions "quasi-pagan" components and reminds us that "pagan" in this context means "profoundly religious." Her narrative reveals some of the nastiest secrets of English history, and explains why, even today, there are English working-class people who are terrified at the prospect of a pauper's funeral.

SATIE SEEN THROUGH HIS LETTERS, by Ornella Volta, translated from the French by Michael Bullock, with an introduction by John Cage (Marion Boyars/Rizzoli; $35). Erik Satie (1866-1925), though chiefly remembered as the pioneer composer of Dadaist music and the artistic inspiration of the group called the Six, was a man of many parts. He was a journalist and critic, a caricaturist, an eccentric (he sometimes dressed in robes, sometimes in a business suit, with bowler and furled umbrella), a generally impoverished bon vivant, and he stood for many years at the center of the Paris intellectual avant-garde. His friends included Debussy, Ravel, Stravinsky, Cocteau, Picasso, Varèse, Apollinaire, and Milhaud, and he quarrelled with practically all of them. The letters, of which there are hundreds—chatty, catty, often witty—are by both Satie *and* his friends and enemies, and they are linked in time and in context by Ms. Volta's excellent narrative. Moreover, Satie is "seen" in dozens of drawings, by himself and many of his artist friends. These, together with the letters, give us a novel and incisive biography, and a portrait of perhaps the definitive bohemian.

NOTE: "Currents of Death," Paul Brodeur's report on electromagnetic radiation, has been published by Simon & Schuster ($19.95). Much of the contents originally appeared in *The New Yorker*.... "Late in the Millennium," a collection of poems by Deborah Digges, has been published by Knopf ($18.95 cloth, $9.95 paper). Some of the poems first appeared here.... "A Mystery, Wrapped in an Enigma, Served on a Bed of Lettuce," a collection of drawings by Mick Stevens, has been published by Fireside/Simon & Schuster ($7.95, paper). Some of the drawings first appeared here.

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At the heart of "The Return of Sam McCloud," airing at 9 Sunday night on CBS, it's nice to see all the usual suspects rounded up again looking perfectly quaffed.—*Irv Letofsky in the Los Angeles Times.*

Drunk as a goat, every one of them.

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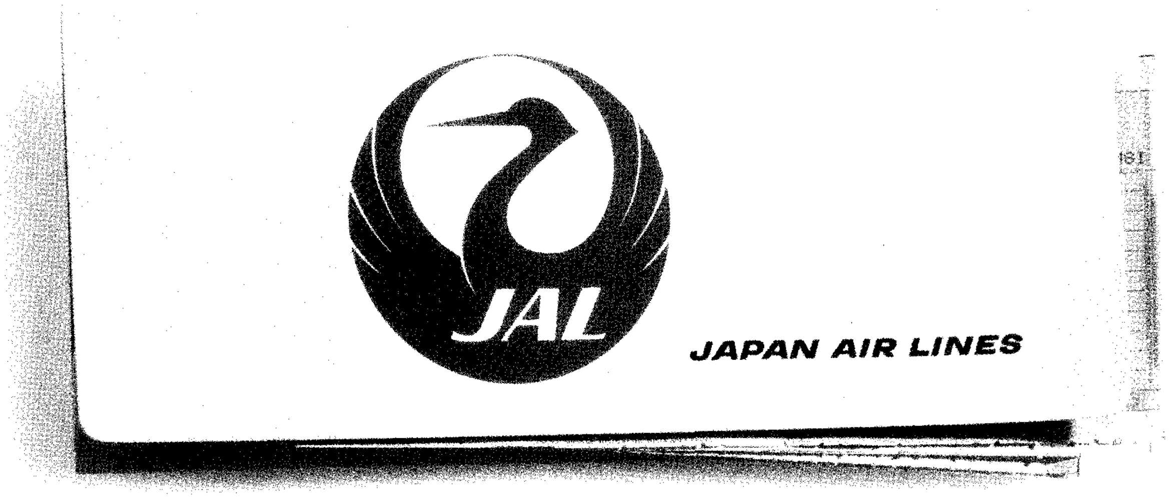

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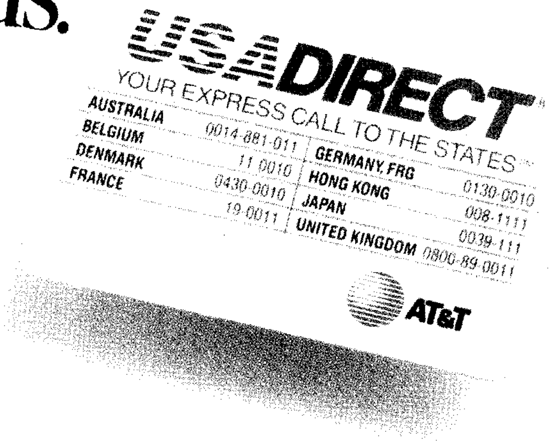

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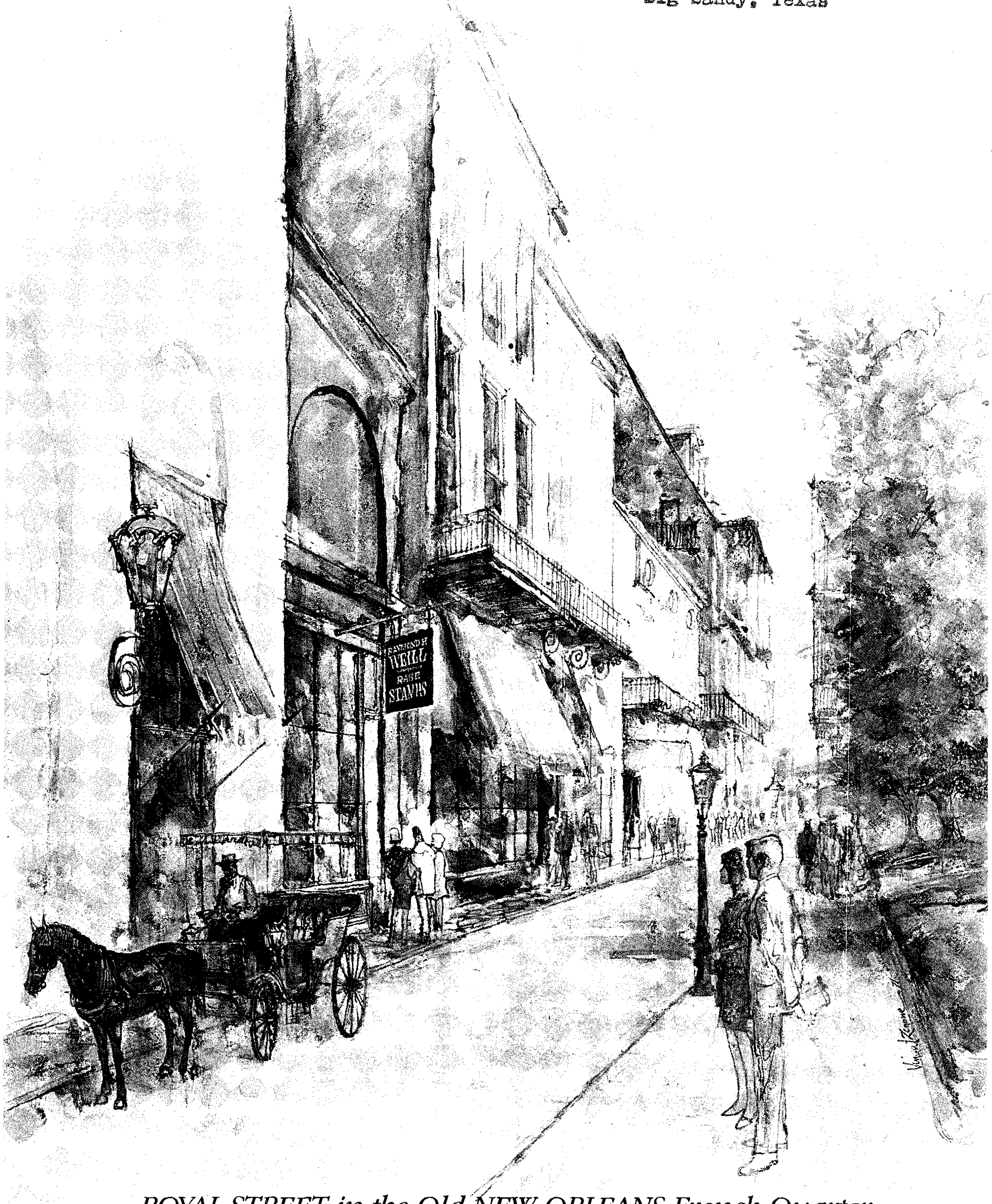

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